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## Contents:

The Evolution of a Reformer . . . . .	Helen Campbell
I Am the Truth . . . . .	Henry Frank
Soul as Body; a Study in Biblical Psychology . . . . .	C. H. A. Bjerregaard
Life's Good in Evil . . . . .	J. William Lloyd
The Blessedness of Change . . . . .	John Milton Scott
The Great Wonder . . . . .	Benjamin DeCassares
Count Tolstoi . . . . .	William Wilberforce Newton, D.D.

## What the Philosophers are Saying:

Edited by C. H. A. BJERREGAARD

To the New People—My Point of View—What Is Philosophy?—The Childhood of the Soul—  
A New Institution of Psychic Research—Cultivate the Gifts of the Spirit—New Thought  
as Seen by a Psycho-Physicist—Björnstjerne Björnson on Feeling for Nature—  
Immortality of Spirit—Immortality of Flesh.

## Under the Chimes:

The Angel Everywhere . . . . .	
The Grace that Makes a Flower . . . . .	

## Editorial:

The Religion of Life . . . . .	Charles Brodie Patterson
Life the Healer . . . . .	John Milton Scott
Marriage Temporal or Eternal . . . . .	

## Reviews of Books:

Practical Methods of Self-Development (Elizabeth Towne)—The Measure of a Man (Charles Brodie Patterson)—My Lady Beautiful (Alice M. Long) Diagnosis from the Eye (H. E. Lane, M.D.).

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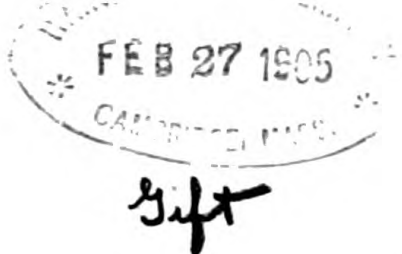
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—EMERSON.



VOL. XV



JANUARY, 1905



No. I

## THE EVOLUTION OF A REFORMER.

ANOTHER STEP IN THE ARTS AND CRAFTS MOVEMENT.

BY HELEN CAMPBELL.

Even at three the child had a dawning consciousness that life was not to be all play, and that it held mysteries to be fathomed. The great house was set in the midst of a garden where he gathered flowers for the daily offering in the temple, walking quietly at his mother's side, his slender little brown hand clasped in her delicate one, bowing with her as he laid his tribute on the altar, then, as she prayed, watching other worshippers curiously.

"A belief is a strand in the cord of our lives, that runs through every fathom of it, from the time that it is first twisted among the others till the time when life shall end." The flowers, the calm, gently-smiling god, the rapt face of his mother, these were the first threads in the strand, a many-colored one, since all human experience was to blend with this first outlook on human life.



It was in the garden chiefly with its thickets of roses and jasmine and all sweet-odored tropical blossoms, that his first energies spent themselves and where the little Oriental planted and watered and dug up like any occidental child, the passion for color and fragrance growing in him daily. With it another had taken root to bear, later, unexpected fruit. At the end of the garden his father, a Cingalese merchant of Colombo, but of a long line of noble ancestry, had built a public bath for the people who came in unending procession from dawn to dark and with whom the child talked.

"To understand human life; that is one end of life," he had heard his father say, and he questioned, "What is human life?" and bent the clear line of his brows in puzzle over the answer: "The souls of men working each the thing appointed it. Later you will see and know."

"He is baby. Do not trouble him," the mother said, and the little sister, older only by a year or two led him away to the play from which he retreated to watch again the shifting panorama always before them. Blue and shining the ocean stretched away before him, and the great granite mole which converted the open roadstead into quiet harbor, in which rode safely every form of craft from slender catamaran to mighty incoming or outgoing steamer, Colombo the calling place for every nation, and its lines of vessels, en route for Australia, for China and Japan, or Calcutta and Burmah. But the city had no slightest resemblance to a European town. There is a Government House certainly and a fort and barracks with a regiment of infantry, most of it up country, and several streets of two- and three-storied houses, where are also some large hotels, shops, banks, etc., great engineering works and a lighthouse. That is the English quarter and then come open, grass-covered stretches, tree-fringed roads, and many little streets and markets with crowded life for every one. In one such



space he could see an old Dutch church of the seventeenth century, and about it the clustering houses of Eurasians, the mixed descendants of old Dutch and Portuguese settlers, whose one- or two-storied houses of stuccoed brick had verandas without and open courts within. Again, beyond the old Cinamon Gardens, a Roman Catholic church and convent were seen, and the intricately carved façade of a Hindu temple, all set in trees and flowering shrubs, in the outskirts, cocoa-palms and banana trees overshadowing all the roads. Through it all twisted and wound the fresh-water lake, at times more like river than lake, in one place less than a hundred yards from the sea, then opening out into broad expanses, with thick wooded shores and islands, white-sailed boats darting to and fro; dark figures, waist-deep in water, washing clothes, and countless children playing or swimming easily as so many fishes. Beyond were hills, ethereal pink in the sunset, but the gorgeous hues in sky and cloud, mirrored in the clear lake, and, towering above all, the mighty monarch, Adam's Peak, up which to the shrine of the sacred footprint, centuries of pilgrims have climbed.

All day and every day the child's eyes watched as motley a crowd as the earth knows; Cingalese, Tamil, Mohammedan, Hindu, Malay, Eurasian and all the rest, for the most part, as he grew, regarded with deep disdain. What else when he knew himself of purest Aryan stock, with a lineage plain to trace for over two thousand years, his ancestors coming from the mainland of India in the sixth century before Christ, followed later by the Tamils, and ages of conflict; both races now in possession, but the Cingalese owning the mastery, and no love lost between them.

The child was beautiful and naturally, for distinct beauty is the portion of the high-class Cingalese, in character and person more like the Italians than any other people; shrewd, sensitive, often romantic, the men with rather large, finely formed



heads, tall and well-made, many of them with the short beard, long, waving black hair, and a singularly composed and gentle manner, full of dignity and grace, reminding one instantly of some pictures of Christ.

Between the two peoples Cingalese and Tamil is a great gulf fixed, for the first are Buddhist, the last Hindu, or Brahminic; Buddhism, and its wiping out of caste, having come to Ceylon in the fourth century before Christ, Buddhist rock temples all over the island, but many faiths of the many nations one after another in possession of this coveted "Pearl of the Ocean," and forced upon the islanders, each striving for supremacy. The Roman Catholic division with the usual astuteness of the holders of this faith, had at once organized schools for the children to which all were sent, he among them.

Many tongues were in the child's ears, but he spoke his own liquid Cingalese, full of Aryan words derived from the Sanscrit, and disliked the harsh Tamil, its *k*'s and *r*'s flying through the teeth, though often reproved, beating the Tamil servants with his small fists, as demonstration of Aryan superiority, and refusing to think of them as any real part of the human life he was to study.

There had been before the Roman Catholic school received him, a short preliminary training from a native teacher who taught the children to write in sand strewn on the ground before them. Drawing and coloring followed this later, and he built Buddhist temples of damp sand, and modeled images of the gentle Buddha. At twelve he already sighed for land all his own, a great dairy farm perhaps and intimate acquaintance with the animal life it held, and wondered why a school could not hold this country life and teach the children all that would fit them to become householders. Long after as he studied the Pali texts, they seemed prophecy of the revival to come, for in them was laid down authoritatively, every principle now



developing itself in the so-called "new education," as yet but a dream for a few advanced thinkers. To himself he seemed a reincarnation of the past; a part of that great Buddhist civilization of twenty-five hundred years ago, which trained the Japanese mind to its exquisite power of brain and hand, the direct inheritance and fruit of these ancient Pali teachings. To restore the power of the past, to revive again the ancient arts and crafts, became slowly a part of the indwelling purpose, but how could this be for a people cowed and degenerate under long oppression, a life which the boy's eyes saw with a growing sense of its fatal nature, and a growing resolution to somehow alter it.

Roman Catholicism in the meantime had added another layer in the singularly varied foundation of his education, both secular and religious. Saints and miracles might be, for priest and nun alike bore witness to them, but already his own standard of comparison ruled. Buddhist ethics are short and simple. Each day the child understood better the meaning of the ten things by which all acts of living creatures become bad, and by avoiding which they become good, but first of all had been the little prayer taught him before he knew the meaning of the words, and recited daily, clasping small hands and carrying them to his forehead, as he knelt:

"I take refuge in the three Most Precious Things. Never either by Thought or Word or Act, may I bring harm to any living thing, nor steal, commit impurity nor lie. Whatever wrong I do may I be pardoned by the Sacred Three,—the Jewel of the Buddha, the Jewel of the Law, the Jewel of the order of the Yellow Robe."

Then, bit by bit he learned, seeking always to practise them each day, the three sins of the body, four of the tongue, three of the mind. The two most clear to him, "Lie not but be truthful;" "Kill not but have regard to life." No man could give

life, no man must take it, and in the temple he was shown, bending under the weight of the great arches his little figure supported, the boy who killed flies and had this punishment and expiation laid upon him. Expiation would release him as, in the end, it released all who sinned and suffered and repented. Some day the boy would stand upright again and go his untroubled way. The blessed Arhats who never sin and who watch over men would see to this. They came through the air like the strong-winged angels the priest told about, but dearer, more divine than any angel. The child's heart swelled as he listened. Why should he not see them, speak to them, perhaps be taken with them, these flying Arhats, and he climbed to the roof, and watched patiently for them to come, longing fervently to be sinless, too, yet angry at last that they paid no attention to his wish.

There was another source of much knowledge; the old men who came and went about the great tank, with whom he held long conversations, and who nodded wisely as they looked at him. "Who knows what may come?" they said. When the yellow-robed monks came to bless the new-born child, it was not the *Bikkhu* who seeks to escape rebirth, and who scorns life, but *Bhodisat* the fighter, he who conquers and uses life, that took him in holy arms and blessed him. He is fighter, and it may be for the redemption of the people. Who shall say?

For this is the ever underlying thought, the hope of all this people, that a foreign yoke may pass, and the old days return when India was the mother of the world in all arts and sciences and crafts, in all poesy and high philosophy. This child holding his beautiful head royally, with imperious yet always questioning eyes and tongue, at minutes it seemed, wiser than they, then turning to his play again. The great tank and its bathing place brought so many forms of human life, all sacred, often suffering and to be helped, since all men were born to help,

and in all were the seeds of self-sacrifice and, it might be, of great deeds. This was certainly true for men for even so small and insignificant life as that of the squirrel that leaped among the branches of the great trees about the tank had been noted by the blessed Arhats and helped in time of need. This was the story told by his mother over and over, of the squirrel who lived also in a great tree by a tank with his wife and little son, and who came home one day to find that a great wind had torn the nest from its place, and that it had fallen and floated now in the tank below. "My son! My son!" the father cried. "How shall I save my son? I cannot reach him, but I can empty the tank, and I will." And now he sat on the edge of the tank and dipped his tail in the water. It would hold not even a little cupful—only drops, it is true, but each drop meant part of the great whole. But as he began there stood suddenly by the tank two men, tall and strong, with faces like a happy god. The squirrel knew them, for all animals see more than the unopened eyes of men. They were Arhats and he looked confidently for help, but they only gazed at him and said, "Why should you begin so mighty a task? You will die long long before it is ended. Save yourself then. Other sons will be born. Save yourself." "Can an Arhat speak thus? That I did not think could be," the amazed and sorrowful squirrel made answer. "If I die what then? I shall save my son if I may." And then the Arhats were gone, vanished in a second, and in grief that no one would help him the squirrel went on patiently dipping and flinging off, dipping and flinging off steadily hour after hour. "What are you doing?" cried the passers-by, and the squirrel answered "I am saving my son. Do not delay me," and as night fell he still went on. And then the blessed Arhats came smiling and stood again by the tank. "All blessing," they said. "It was a great test and you have acquired much merit, O squirrel," and now they lifted



him and the nest with the sleeping little one once more to their own place.

The child as he listened, laughed with joy. This was but justice. In this way must all men help the need of all, and he pondered long as to how and when his own turn might come, in the meantime seeking often for the wonderful bird *kulavika*, whose song even the blessed Arhats would pause in their flight to hear, and the wild elephants and the deer stand motionless as the clear notes fell in entrancing cadences. The singer it seemed also listened, for with each one he rose, then fell suddenly, quivering with the long vibration lingering in the air like the exquisite tones of the tiny bronze and silver gongs in the heart of the temples. They who have purified their hearts could always hear it, but the song was for them, not for him who had no mind to obey the law.

All this was in his mind as he listened, silent and attentive, to the priests and nuns who told him of the hell he must seek to escape, shaking his head but saying no word. All these things must be heard, but back of them was something these teachers had never learned and that made him wiser than they. It was the same later on when his time came for the English school. There were several of these and he tried each in turn, very much his own master, his father at times as he heard his arguments and strenuous assurances, looking at him long with serious wondering eyes.

"Son, you think you are Buddha," he said and smiled gravely, as he went his way. The boy was growing swiftly as is the manner of men under that Eastern sky, watching with more and more eagerness all forms of life; haunting the theatre, listening to all men, absorbing knowledge, thus yet a student at will, learning Latin, English, mathematics, and at twelve poring over Bible stories, that of Rebecca at the well best-loved and most often read. "We shall make him a mis-

sionary to his people," the master said, and the boy smiled silently. A missionary surely but in his way, not theirs.

Often he was truant watching workmen at their trades, handling the blacksmith's hammer, the carpenter's saw, and the weaver's shuttle, seeking to find the soul of each, and what it might mean to the hand that plied it. So each day was full and each day he knew a little more of human life, always more and more passionately Aryan, hating English domination, above all one fact in the life of every Cingalese that day. With the Dutch and Portugese occupation of the island had come a law still enforced by which all Cingalese children were registered at birth in a Christian church and received a Christian name. Three or four generations of this and the old Aryan names were almost forgotten, even so strong a patriot as the boy's father, submitting to the law which the English courts made no attempt to alter. The boy was of more strenuous mould. The day came when he read the story of David and Goliath and sat pondering. "I am David and all call me that. Why is it that I answer to a Hebrew name when I am Aryan?"

Here was matter for much searching out, but one of the yellow-robed monks gave him the clue and showed him lists of Aryan names, the rightful inheritance of an Aryan people. The boy's heart burned within him and he rallied his school-mates and proclaimed rebellion. "You Johns and Samuels and all names of evil sound and of other nations, rise and throw off that that is not a burden to be borne! Here are names of our ancestors three thousand years back! Choose now from them and be no longer mongrel but Aryan!"

Impassioned rhetoric moving a few but falling unheeded on the ears of the majority. Custom had deadened perception, but the boy even then had chosen the old Aryan name which to-day is part of his title, Dharmapala, "Teacher of Truth and

Righteousness," and clung to it privately, refusing wherever possible to answer to the obnoxious David.

Analysis had become a passion, the why of things the first question, his keen eyes detecting the flaw in all familiar methods, and his own soul resolute to see that better ones should come, not alone in this business of education but in all ways that touched the life of the people; obedient himself to all necessary regulation, yet a natural conspirator against alien rule, biding his time with small further token of rebellion. No man had right to rule who had not first learned self-mastery, and he worked on patiently as temperament would allow best, with growing wonder at the things life brought.

At sixteen came the turning point and the sudden fusing of all dreams into one white light of certainty. There fell into his hands the poem that has made Sir Edwin Arnold's name beloved of all Buddhists, "The Light of Asia." Never had the message of the Buddha for all men been made so plain, so compelling, a new meaning and force for the thousands who read. Renunciation was its word, the keynote in all that wonderful record, yet how could that be for him, preparing now for a career in the Civil Service, his father expecting it of him, and the dreams born of the poem with no place in the practical life he must make his own. Yet they staid with him, more and more showing themselves the only real thing for any life he had to live. Hot eager blood ran in his veins; passionate love of art, of music, of all beauty and joy of human life, but how could he yield and take his fill of these, so leaving helpless millions to their fate? Hesitation was impossible and in 1888, just ready for the Government Civil Service examination, he sent career to the winds, and took the novitiate vows of the Buddhist monk or *Brahmachari*, dropping thus the family name of Hevá-Vitarna, and assuming the religious one of the Anagárika Dharmapala, the homeless teacher of truth and righteousness.



We think of this monkhood as necessarily a priesthood, but it is not so in any of our accepted definitions of the word. Buddhism is a free religion and no one holds the keys of a man's salvation but himself. The individual, the superhuman, the miraculous and its power over men, face a religion which condemns and seeks to abolish each and all of these phases. The Buddhist monk renounces yet without austerity or Brahmanic asceticism; a healthy, temperate life one of the laws that rule; and body and soul trained together to the utmost attainment; for every monk becomes an educator and is more or less a life-long student according to temperament. The white robe of the novitiate, the yellow one when probation ends, are put on with a sense of freedom never lost, since at any moment the wearer has perfect liberty to lay it aside and re-enter the common life of men. But the yellow robe is also talisman. All doors open before it, the wearer finding free entrance to the most sacred places, and already recognized as a coming power. So it chanced that at this period he studied Theosophy for a time, knowing and valuing the singular powers of Madam Blavatsky, and the devotion of Colonel Olcott to the work then establishing itself in India. It was at this time that his attention was turned to the Pali and its immense and almost unknown treasures in ancient science and philosophy, and he began the study of this oldest form of the "Ancient Wisdom," a study still continued and later to bear fruit in translation. His command of English and his already recognized knowledge of the needs of the people, made him already a recognized power, and he soon became co-editor of the *Sarasavi Sandaresa*, the organ of the Buddhists of Ceylon, a Cingalese paper devoted to their interests, and in his hand for five years. In 1889 he became editor for a time of *The Buddhist*, an English journal in the same lines, and was at the same time School Superintendent of all Buddhist schools in Ceylon. Later on he began in Cal-

cutta an English journal, *The Maha-Bodhi*, still prospering. Much travel, for he was bent upon knowing India so far as one man's life could master that knowledge, brought him at last, following every trace of the Buddha's footsteps in that mighty empire, to a spot where began a battle so extraordinary, that its story is now told day by day to all who come, but requiring on behalf of the reader a little preliminary explanation.

But three men, alike of English race, have been able to feel and interpret with absolute faithfulness, unerring insight and exquisite perception of the soul of all they have seen, the life of this great India and its child, Japan; for the latter, Lafcadio Hearn; for Burmah and the Burmese, Fielding Hall, in his "The Soul of a People;" and for Buddhist India, preceding both other writers, Sir Edwin Arnold, an unwearied traveller, a close and keen observer, long a patient student of every minutest detail that later was to enter into "The Light of Asia," a poem that has given a truer comprehension of Buddhism and its power to mold and develop life and work into all forms of beauty within and without, than a century of blue books, or tons of missionary reports.

It was in 1886 that Sir Edwin Arnold visited the spot where the Prince Siddhartha became Buddha—as dear to the true Buddhist as Bethlehem to the Christian. But seven hundred years of wars and contending parties, Brahmin first and then Mohammedan possession, had well nigh wiped out every memory of the past. Two hundred years ago the Brahmins had claimed the most sacred possession of the Buddhist—the great temple at Bhudda-Gaya, the central shrine of Buddhism, on the restoration of which the father of King Thebaw had spent over a quarter of a million of rupees. Moved by the desolation of the spot Sir Edwin Arnold suggested to the Government of India that it should be transferred to its rightful owners, the Buddhists, but no action was then taken, and Sir Edwin's return

to England prevented further effort on his part. The old Brahmin priest, long in possession, nodded, well pleased at the departure of this unexpected advocate of Buddhist rights, and returned to his easy temple life of routine rites, few pilgrims or worshippers and much slumber. The Rest House, built by the father of King Thebaw, the usual low bungalow, in this case of but three rooms, was now, however, repaired by the Government, white-washed, etc., and the keys left in the hands of the Superintendent of Public Works, but only an occasional traveller calling for them. Contrary to the usual custom in rest houses, inns in a sense, but inns in which the traveller must provide his own food-and bedding, this one had no kitchen or fireplace of any sort for the cookery each traveller or his servant for him must do, but the priest himself often supplied food from his own store, and added its price to his growing hoard.

Here then at the very fountain head, the long-choked spring could no longer flow and the young Dharmapala looked with hot eyes on this sum of all desecration, and vowed that all should change. As wearer of the yellow robe, and as traveller also he had full right to place in the rest house, and, as devout Buddhist, to worship in the temple, but entrance to the last was forbidden, nor could any argument or appeal move the inflexible priest.

And now began a stage in which the enemy remained entrenched and the invader no less, a friend and fellow student, Sumengala, also wearer of the yellow robe, keeping guard when he could not, and all machinery of law was set to work as busily as legal procrastinations would admit. To claim possession and hold to this claim steadfastly, fighting for legal rights of admission became the absorbing business, and so well was the cause pleaded, that more than forty thousand rupees were raised among the Ceylonese Buddhists, the Advocate General, won over and well nigh as ardent as his client, taking but half the



usual fee, and fighting the case from court to court, one great concession at last made to him in 1894,—that of full “Freedom of Worship” for every Buddhist alive. In the long intervals of waiting, hearings and decisions, Sumengala kept guard, and Dharmapala travelled far and wide, coming to America for the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago Exposition of 1893, hot, eager, at times dogmatic, intense, the zeal of the missionary at white heat, yet with wide-open eyes and ears for all that this new land might teach. Columbus had set sail for India and found America. In that fact alone was a subtle tie, and it strengthened as he found the same symbols, the same architecture, part of the pictured life of the Aztecs and all ancient peoples of America. All study of this unexpected kinship waited, however, as he hastened back to the still-continuing battle, Brahminic virulence increasing as the cause seemed more and more evidently a losing one.

In Japan, on the return journey from America, the Japanese, in token of their own sympathy in the struggle, gave to him a sandal-wood image of Buddha, five feet high and exquisitely carved. With the conceded “Freedom of Worship,” must be symbol of worship, but at this point the old Brahmin, confident that he would be upheld, forbade the placing of the obnoxious thing within the temple, and ordered four janitors to keep constant guard over all entrances. In spite of this Dharmapala succeeded in obtaining entrance in the early morning, and placed the statue on its pedestal, to find it later in the day in the yard.

“Why have you done this?” he questioned the old priest. And the answer came, “Because this image will make serious trouble—a rebellion, maybe—and then what will the Government do? You shall be given twenty-four days in which to take it away. If not then removed it shall be put in a museum.”

An appeal to the collector of taxes in residence, Lord Elgin,

then Viceroy of India, resulted in its being given place in the rest-house. Here now for a series of years the fighters had been forced to submit to every hardship and inconvenience, each attempt at chimney or any convenience for cooking their food, destroyed by the old priest or his servants. Years had dragged on. The mere lad who had begun the fight was lad no longer, but resolute, determined man, the advocate-general on his side, and many a friend urging him on. In his own journals and in all that followed the fight, Dharmapala, in the twenty-four days, wrote article after article. "Arise! Awake! This is deadly wrong to all Buddhists," and on the twenty-fifth day the Government decision came:

"Mr. Dharmapala may keep his image of Buddha and the rest-house shall be as it was meant to be—Buddhist property."

So much gained, but still all land in Brahminic hands, and no room for pilgrims, and now once more began another fight for space.

"The Buddhists treat their dogs better than you Brahmins treat men," Dharmapala thundered, and the friendly collector agreed with him, and ordered two acres of land to be set aside for temple uses, chiefly the lodging and feeding of the flocking pilgrims. A long warfare from October, 1891, to October, 1902, the land at last laid out according to the ancient Pali instructions. A twentieth century victory, and in it a revival of all the wisdom of that elder day, and a determined effort to reach once more the masses, in whose instruction and elevation alone could India again regain her ancient power. But full possession of the temple still lingered, and they waited eagerly the decision of the courts. One verdict had failed, the Brahmins calmly defying it, and fighting in turn in the courts with all the fury of a losing cause, till, in June, 1895, they were finally dispossessed, and the Buddhist worshippers came once more to their own.

For the solitary soldier on guard himself for ten years, save at times when the faithful Sumangala took his place, came a great release. The shrine was won. Now to restore to his people all that the shrine had meant in that day when the Buddha taught the law of life and formulated a religion, which held salvation for all men. What larger wisdom was in the word of to-day? The Pali held it all, the Pali texts enshrining the wisdom that meant all arts and crafts, all science and noble philosophy and, in a later writing he summed it up :

“Psychological analysis, scientific and unerring individualism, a religion that has not these principles could not be universal. A universal religion should have all the elements of development, giving instructions in child-psychology, ethics, hygiene, analysis of religions, art, physical culture, science and a way to become absolutely free from the despotic dogmatism of the priest, theologian, politician and ruler, and also from the government of the Indian gods who do not know the principles of evolutionary development.”

Education then, for every child, rich or poor, high or low. This was the message from the past, the inexorable compelling duty of the present. Acquire wealth that you may be a fountain of beneficence, had been the ancient word to the householder. Make all life beautiful. The earth is for man. Let all living creatures on earth be made happy. Dogmatism, sectarianism, the awful, crushing limitations of the caste system, had grown about them like a shell, Brahminism, Mohammedanism,—a hundred varying sects,—Buddhism struggling for mere existence, often degenerating into deep pessimism and its inevitable accompanying inertia ; the great school of Buddhist monks, fat, idle and lazy as the average monk of the Middle Ages, but here and there a soul alive to all possibilities, and finding in the ancient Pali a trumpet call to action. “Arise ! Awake, man, and save thy brother !”

To arouse, to restore, to see once more reviving all that India had owned and given in the past,—this thought burned a white and steady flame in the soul of the pilgrim scholar, and, as the long fight at Buddha-Gaya ended happily, passed on to India, for two years living with the highest Brahmatic caste, and tasting the luxurious, self-satisfied life of the optimistic friends, whose faith made the existence of incredible wretchedness all about, the simple necessity of a divinely ordered caste system. Could a Brahmin of this order comprehend the work to be done? Did any seed of regenerating life lie in the faith that ruled them? He must know of his own knowledge, and he passed from city to city, Punjaub, Benares, Gaya, living often with Yogis and ascetics, a fact inconceivable to the Brahmins themselves, by whom all outsiders are regarded chiefly as infidel and heathen, though with none of the distinct repulsion and animosity felt by the bigoted Mohammedan. But at times even this Catholic spirit came under the ban, and friendless and alone the pilgrim underwent many hardships, barely noted in his steady search after the soul of things. But for the most part he found everywhere friends and welcome, for the great battle for the temple had made him known to all India, and they listened eagerly to his hope for this mother of nations.

A second time he had made the circuit of the world on two occasions for some months with Sir Edwin Arnold in London, going over to the Oriental Congress in Paris in 1899. In 1899 he headed the movement, still going on, to rebuild Annuradhapura, the ancient city of Ceylon, and in 1900 travelled again in Siam and Burmah, completing also at this time the Digest of the Pali *Sutta* or *Pitaka*, the discourses to be found in the second collection of the whole Buddhist Scriptures:—the teachings of the Buddha as to the philosophical schools and the general life of ancient India.

A third visit to Japan in 1901, and three months' study of the



industrial situation there, determined finally the nature of all future work. In America must be studied every phase of that industrial development that made part of its greatness. From America must be drawn helpers who would understand the only real need of the people and restore to India her ancient arts and crafts.

Once more then, the circuit of the world began for this man without backing, relying only and absolutely on the supreme power of right—self-made in the noblest sense, leader by divine right, a great peace and a great purpose in his beautiful eyes, commanding, yet gentle—his whole atmosphere and bearing carrying the compulsion of his thought; a saviour of men, careless how his own life fared, if only this end might be achieved. A year and more in the United States, going steadily from one Technical Institute or Industrial School to another, Tuskegee and Carlisle included, studying, questioning, planning definitely at last, each step in the difficult path before him. Not through any work among higher castes could India again come to her own. Only in raising the masses, and they the lowest, the Sudra, the Pariah first of all. Calcutta journals followed his progress and commented on his work, a leading one, *The Englishman*, as follows:

“Dharmapala, the Ceylonese Buddhist, who has been interesting Boston philanthropists in behalf of industrial schools for Sudra children in India, is very well known in Calcutta. He is an extremely ardent religious reformer, and is a consistent and formidable opponent of orthodox Hinduism. . . . Dharmapala has gone farther, and denounced these systems of caste, together with that of animal sacrifice, in no measured terms. One of the tenets of his faith is that the regeneration of the people of Asia is to be brought about by the lower classes, as the higher castes have shown themselves incapable of assimilating the best ideals of the West. It will be noticed that the schools for which he has induced Americans to subscribe, are for Sudra children, the lowest of the low.”

The Arts and Crafts movement, the revival of “home industries,” and the bearing of both on the enlarging thought of edu-

cation, had made a ripple even on the still surface of Oriental life. English rule for a hundred years had done much for the Brahmin, but absolutely nothing for the masses in the way of education, year after year falling into ever deeper hopelessness and degradation. An exhausted soil and little or no knowledge as to modern scientific methods in agriculture, and the facts of intensive farming meant repeated famines, and a like lack in knowledge of forestry denuded the country of trees, and thus brought about the long droughts and fierce destructive storms, which are the result of these conditions.

But the missionaries by thousands? Is their work to be ignored? Never, where it really touches the life of the people; but missionaries are not sent out primarily to educate industrially, but to teach the Christian religion and, till very recently, have had neither the training nor the particular wish to educate along these lines, and so have done little toward the cause of manual training. But there are signs now arising of a new appreciation of the religious faiths and spiritual experiences of non-Christian peoples, the long and almost fatal lack of this recently forcibly stated in a noble address by the Rev. Charles Cuthbert Hall, President of the Union Theological Seminary, who protests utterly against any further addition to the ranks of untrained missionaries in Asia: "An evil rather than a good if they remain unconscious of the nature and value of the faiths of the people among whom they work."

Direct manual training is the remedy; that training that awakens conscience in work and happiness no less, and to this end of further knowledge the pilgrim scholar will still study till April, 1904, when he sails once more for India, with a trained director, the outfit for a small and carefully-planned beginning at Benares having already preceded him; a seed planted under as many difficulties as beset Booker Washington, and no less certain to grow into a mighty tree. A new order

of missionary must in time join hands with him, thus far only a solitary one here and there seeing the meaning of the new movement in all lands. Sympathetic study and comprehension, faith that will make these mountains of long ignorance and helplessness—a hope not to be quenched by delay or dullness, or any obstacle in the way; a certainty that in happy, fruitful, blessed work lies the salvation of all the earth—this is the heart for the worker. No dreamer then of vain dreams, but a thinker whose thought crystallizes into practical, beneficent action, the Anagārika Dharmapala passes on to his own, a common purpose, a certain assurance that in this work all men are forever brothers and all the wide world a home.



The teachers in God's great school are many. Joy and sorrow, love and loss, daily work, household tenderness, health, sickness, strength, helplessness,—one by one they come, solemn figures, some with radiant faces, some veiled and shrouded. Each speaks its words of command: "Be glad," "Be patient," "Be faithful," "Strive," "Lie still and wait." Often we break in upon the lesson with an importunate demand: "Show me the end!" But each teacher, grave and tender, says only, "Do this that I bid thee." The full answer may be a long time in coming. And yet, all the time, God is so near! For the present want we may always find Him sufficient. . . . Go forth to work, to serve, to love! This little life passes quickly away. Its shadows and sorrows are for a moment; its virtues, its victory, its peace, are of the eternal.—*George S. Merriam.*

There is in man a higher than happiness; he can do without happiness, and find instead thereof—Blessedness! Was it not to preach forth this same Higher that sages and martyrs, the poet and the priest, in all times have spoken and suffered,—bearing testimony of the Godlike that is in man, and how in the Godlike only has he strength and freedom?—*Thomas Carlyle.*

# I AM THE TRUTH.

BY HENRY FRANK.

## I.

I AM THE TRUTH! How bounds my spirit forth  
From prison'd walls, like the bird's exultant song,  
When waking zephyrs of the morn, the North  
Wind calls, to move the dawning mists among,  
And drive them 'neath the golden Chariot's wheels,  
As Daylight o'er the darkling planet steals.

## II.

I AM THE TRUTH! Nor heed the false outcry  
Of Error's raucous plaint of ills and wrongs,  
That shape the world and human life awry.  
For I hear naught in Discord but its songs;  
To me, all wrongs are right, all ills are good,  
And sense-deceptions, but a mocking brood.

## III.

I AM THE TRUTH! For Truth is everywhere,  
Maintained by equilibrious balance of  
The infinite atomies of earth and air,  
That constitute the worlds beneath, above.  
For naught is lost, of matter, motion, breath,  
In the vast reach of Cosmic Life and Death.

## IV.

I AM THE TRUTH! Nor crippled, cow'd or curs'd,  
Howbeit Fate may seem to shape my lot!  
For, as the stars, my spirit has been nurs'd  
By Love, which ever like a mother sought  
To garb me with the radiant robes of Peace,  
And cause the pangs of aching Want to cease.

# SOUL AS BODY, A STUDY IN BIBLICAL PSYCHOLOGY.

BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

Xenophon wrote (in his *Memorabilia*): "It is not sufficient to have read the Delphic inscription, 'Know Thyself!' We must fix our attention upon it and set earnestly to work to examine our own selves; for it will be difficult for us to know anything if we know not ourselves."

I know of no better motto to the following chapters than these words. The exhortation is the most rational and as the inference is that "man is the measure of all things," we consequently by such a study shall be given a key to the universe and to universal knowledge. That the "Thyself" is a universe will be seen in the course of the papers to follow.

The Self which shall be the subject of these chapters shall be presented such as the Bible teaches it, because I have so often been asked to speak or write on Biblical Psychology. I choose this form most willingly because the Biblical ideas are those that lie at the bottom of most of the Western psychology and because they furnish a transcendental method for my teachings, a method which is the only suitable one to the subject. Oriental psychology is essentially naturalistic and lies too remote from Western culture of mind to be understood and be of much use. But I shall, when opportunity offers itself, introduce its notions as well as those of other systems, non-biblical.

## THE NATURE OF MAN.

The subject, "The Nature of Man," as a matter of course, begins with definitions of the three words, *nephesh*, *ruach* and

*neshamah*, with the corresponding terms from the New Testament *psyche*, *pneuma* and *pnoe*, viz., soul spirit and breath, or the intelligent principle. An understanding of these three words, together with that of *leb* or *kardia*, the heart, constitutes almost all there is of Biblical Psychology. When their nature is clear, it is easy to realize how their intercourse, etc., is.

At the outset, it must be understood that neither the Old Testament nor the New Testament contain any definite *system* of psychology with perfectly definite terminology. The Bible is not a scientific book and touches metaphysics, cosmology and psychology only incidentally. The three terms mentioned are not used consistently. The term "my soul" may alternate with "my flesh" or "my bones," when the ego as a sensitive personality is meant. Each of the four terms may be used as a term for the seat of all the faculties without any essential difference among them. They merge into one another like the Hindu gods, which in one moment represent single divinities concerned with distinct functions in the universal economy and in the next they become to the worshipper the highest divinity including the others as subaltern forms.

It is, however, possible to distinguish among the terms and to construct a system which is fairly correct and comprehensive of all Biblical thought. Prominent psychologists and Biblical philologists have partly done it and it is the result of all that work, together with my own observations, I shall give in the following papers:

The fundamental fact with which all psychology begins is that *I am*, I find myself as a single, self-same and substantial being. I also find myself existing with certain qualities: sensitive, causative and intellective. In these qualities I resemble to a great extent the animals. In others, moral, religious and spiritual, I differ from them. My query, therefore, is Who am I? What am I? and Whence am I? And these are the spe-

cific questions that ought to be answered by a study of psychology. The method of answering them will differ radically, when a modern psycho-physicist takes hold of them and when the Bible gives answer. The latter method shall be the one to be followed, because these papers are written for the New People and the mystic, and the religious minds of the New People know that knowledge of God was frequently enjoined in the Old Testament as an essential qualification of a true Israelite. Knowledge of God was more than burnt-offerings (Hos. vi, 6). The New people are the true Israelites and know that "I Am" is the secret of their union.

With the emphasis upon the "I am" is already given a clue to the understanding of the fact why such terms as "my flesh," "my bones" and "my soul" may be synonymous and expressing "I am" at times and at other times expressing only various aspects of "I am." On the various steps of progress we express ourselves differently because we are different from ourselves and voice differently the life that passes through us.

When the "I am" speaks we have no philosophical difficulties with the use of these phrases as the most profound expressions we can apply at the moment. Philosophically we can then enclose the whole of our existence in the phrase "my flesh," because all so-called grossness has vanished from it and to us it then means our *alter ego* or Form. We use then the phrase as a term for our cosmic life and have at the time the most thorough going idealistic notions. There is, however, always the understanding in our mind, that we speak in the possessive case of *my* flesh, etc., etc.

But there is still deeper meaning in the lack of *system* in the use of these psychological terms, and it is in this that the Old Testament, for instance, represents a most thorough-going Monism. The New Testament, especially in Paul's teachings, emphasizes distinctions and the reader easily loses the less



clearly expressed unitive elements, *which are there, nevertheless*. Again, one must always keep clearly in mind how terms are used. When the Divine speaks to Man we hear clear emphasis upon distinctions and it is easy to see that the terms are used in specific senses and with reference to the common understanding of language. It is done in order to reach minds that live in darkness and vulgarity. On the other hand, when a twice-born mind speaks of itself it does not speak in the language of the vulgar. My readers will understand me when they remember that they frequently have heard teachers speak to their audiences and using, for instance, these terms very differently from the way they use them when speaking in private and to friends.

The twice-born, being unbound by space and time and not under the tyranny of words or conceptions which are conditioned by earth form, may at one time centralize themselves as sense existed and so idealize sense that it becomes their highest notion and form of life. At another time they may center themselves in their causative or intellective qualities and raise them to the absolute. They do as they please and as they want in order to reach certain ends outside themselves. All this is in accordance with their perfect freedom. In one moment I may exalt æsthetics, in the next ethics, etc. Under all conditions, I remain "I am"—if I am a "twice-born."

One cannot read and understand the obscure hieroglyphics of biblical writings without remembering that their dates differ vastly from our own and that they originated under conditions radically different from our own day. And again, biblical readers should first learn the meaning of the language they use themselves—something many do not know!

## LIFE OF THE HUMAN SOUL AS NEPHESH.

(1) Soul in general designates a being, a living existence, and the term has both generic, specific and individual meanings. Generically it distinguishes the animal life of man and beast alike. It is said (Job xxxiii, 6) that it is the breath of the Almighty that gives man his life. The book of Job calls respiration "the breath of God in the nostrils of man" (xxvii, 3). Exactly the same thing is said respecting animals (Ps. civ, 29). Man, vivified by the creative breath of God, is called "living soul;" animals are also thus designated (Gen. ii, 19; i, 20; ix, 10, 12, 16). Joshua destroyed "all the souls" that were in Makkedah (Josh. x, 28). (2) Specifically, it distinguishes the personal life in man from mere animal life, when it says "the first Adam was made a living soul" (I Cor. xv, 45). The Genesis account (Gen. ii, 7) of the creation of man may carry an interpretation in such a way that man's creation appears to be different from that of the animals. Man, vivified by the breath of God, is called *nephesh chayyah* (Gen. ii, 7), "a living soul," viz., an animated being, or, as in Gen. vii, 23, "a living substance" (*vequm*), but as he is set as lord over creation he is therefore a "living substance" different from the rest of creation. The Israelites always understood that the superiority of man and his resemblance to God consisted above all in his ruling ability. God's controlling might is extolled throughout the Old Testament. Man's "image of God" did not consist in moral excellence. The claims that it did rests upon a false interpretation of Gen. i, 26; in that passage the idea of the image is distinctly associated with the idea of dominion. It was this dominion that was lost at the Fall. It would be proper to translate *nephesh* here in its specific sense and to read "man was made into a living individuality." Philo (Leg. alleg. III, 336) held this idea. He wrote

that the soul of man is ethereal, a something severed off from God. It is said he writes, "He breathed into his face, *the Spirit* of life," and, in another work (*de opif. Mundi* 90) he wrote: "This Spirit proceeding from the very being of God, took up its abode in man." Man, then, is Individual.

Much is gained if we translate "living *substance*," and designate man as an individual, viz., man is then on the divine plan and there is meaning in the phrase "being created in the image or likeness of God."

The Hebrew for "substance" is *yequm*, from "to stand, to endure, *be* ever the same," or, as we have it in English, "Self" which means "the same." Man, then, is the "living Selfsame."

The Greek *anastema* is synonymous to the Hebrew and means height, tallness, as of a mountain. It means also that which stands erect and a building. All the words in Greek that begin with the root of this word mean lordship, ownership, ruler, earthly lords as well as tutelary deities; they mean energetic acting, both good and bad. Man, then, is the Lord of creation; a prominence like a mountain; a monument, and this answers perfectly to the command given him to subject the earth.

The Latin for "substance" is *substantia*, "that which stands under," viz., the essence; the real thing; the reality which underlies in any thing, mental or material. The exact Greek equivalent to the Latin *substantia* is *hypostasis* and occurs as a technical term with the Neoplatonists denoting the complete definition of an individual. Applying these senses to the phrase "living Substance," gives man most exalted excellence.

The Greek word *hypostasis*, as used for the Trinity, is equivalent to the Latin *persona* and if these words can be applied to Man as a "living substance" we may well translate that phrase like this: "Man is God's revealed manifestation."

(3) Individually, the word *nephesh* distinguishes one man from another man, and thus lays in every man a foundation for the personal life of the Ego. An example of this usage may be found in I Sam., xviii, 1: "The soul of Jonathan was knit with the soul of David and Jonathan loved him as his own soul."

#### THE SOUL AS BREATH.

The soul is termed *the holder of life* alike in man and in the beast. The soul is recognized as the subject concerned in all substance, hazard or loss of life (Compare Gen. ix, 5; Josh. xxiii, 11; I Kings xix, 3; II Kings xvii, 7; II Sam. xxiii, 17; I Kings ii, 23; Prov. vii, 23; Ex. xxi, 23; Lev. xxiv, 17; Esth. ix, 16, 31; Job ii, 4; Deut. xxiv, 6; Ex. xxi, 30, xxx, 12; II Cor. xii, 15; Acts xv, 26). The soul is connected with the world of sense. The life of the body depends upon the existence of the soul and the soul's temper and energy depends upon the state of the body.

This latter fact, that the body is the vessel and instrument of the soul, calls for some thoughts on the body.

(1) The body of man came into existence prior to the soul: that is the Scripture teaching. The contrary, that the soul formed its own body is not Scripture doctrine. "God did not permit the soul to be present at the formation of the body," says Antiochus of Ptolemais, "that it might not glory at having been a fellow-worker with God." Gen. ii, 7 seems to contradict this inasmuch as there it is said that God breathed the soul into man and that it was as a consequence of that that the body became living; yet it cannot be denied that the body was already formed.

(2) The body was formed out of dust (*aphar*) by which may well be understood elementary matter; numerous passages in Job and the Psalms, for instance, carry that meaning where

this word is used. The body is microcosmic or in the image of the universe in the same sense as Man himself is directly in the image of his Maker. This teaching about the body as an image of the universe is one of the most glorious doctrines of some occultists; it contains helps to the understanding of God as beauty as no other doctrine does and it gives us a kabbalistic power and a joy found nowhere else.

It is noteworthy that it was red earth, *adamah*, of which the body was made; the Fathers translated it *purrha*. *Purrha* means red, but also fiery, for instance, in Rev. vi, 4, we hear of a red or fiery horse which can mean nothing but "the element" of fire. We may well conclude that the body was a fire body, such as understood by occultists.

It is also noteworthy that "the earth" had just been "watered" before God took it to make Adam out of it. What does it mean? It means this, that to the "elementary" fire was added "elementary" water. The body is composed only of gases under different forms: oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen and carbonic acid, viz., of various fires. Let us call the one group *red* and the other *white*; we have then the fundamental color of organic beauty or the color of the Beloved (Solomon's Song v, 10: "my Beloved is white and ruddy"). The Beloved has always been understood to be the Christ. The Sufis always call God the Beloved. That this blending of white and red always means something exalted may also be seen from Lamentations (iv, 7) where Zion describes her Nazarites as whiter than milk and "more ruddy in body than rubies." In common parlance red means love and white means purity. Combine the two colors and we get pink as the symbol of the at-one-ment of the two. And, what is more delicate than pink? Only innocence can wear pink or white. Combine "earth" and "water" or let the two orders of gases combine under the impulse of the divine breath and we get the most

marvellous sculptural architecture known in heaven or upon earth. The angels have no body like ours; they marvel at it. A physiologist, no matter how materialistic he may be, forgets his philosophy in ecstasies when he describes the wonders of the human physique; the artist adores it and worships the facts before him; he gives his statues his own soul, as did Pygmalion of old. Is it any wonder that we in the New Testament should hear it said that the body is the temple of the Holy Ghost? Surely, in some places they hold wrong ideas of the body! Let us learn to treat it as a cosmic phenomenon!

Overzealous ascetics and other weak men have sadly erred from the Biblical ways, when they ignorantly condemned the body; they meant to subdue "the flesh" but mistook the body for it.

#### BODY AND "THE FLESH."

By body must be understood the form or figure of man (but form must not be confounded with shape), viz., the plastic principle after which he is moulded; his measure, symmetry and harmony; the arrangement of his elements, their contents and significance as full of rhythm, proportion and beauty. Body is primarily a quantitative expression, but in philosophy and psychology it carries very often a qualitative meaning.

Theologically, by the flesh is understood the material out of which the body is formed; it is matter and body is form. The flesh is subject to corruption, contingency and weakness and these lead to sin. In this sense the word is used in Ps, lxxvii, 39, about the people "they were but flesh; a wind that passeth away, and cometh not again." It is this sense that brings the Hebrew *basar* in connection with the N. T. idea of *sarks*, such as St. Paul uses it. Theologically, it means also the "physiological" or "natural" body characterized by sensations and passions.

It is this gross body which the ascetics wish to subjugate and annihilate, not the body (viz., the form) which this matter serves as a means of manifestation.

On the question whether this method of the ascetics is right or wrong either ethically or in any other philosophical way, much may be said for and against. This should, however, be said here, that rationally no defence can be made for the utter denial of matter in this form. "Corruption, contingency and weakness" should not be understood in an ethical sense; these terms should be merely expressions for natural conditions because matter exists for us always in combinations, the laws of which are evidently best characterized as mutability. Moreover, to an Occultist matter is our *Mater* or Mother; consequently we would not dare to defame her or her works. To the Biblical believer "God saw that all his works were good" or had the God-character; neither can he therefore say or think anything un-godly about "the flesh." To the Spiritual everything is spirit and the Mystic keeps company with all these exalted views. The New People must side with all these people of Truth.

The Hebrew *basar*, flesh (1) means literally flesh as distinct from the outer skin; the living and dead flesh of human and brute beings. (Lev. ix, 11; xiii, 10; Gen. xli, 3; xvi, 3; xl, 19). Extending the use of the word it comes to denote the whole body (Lev. xiv, 9) and even the whole man as a personal being (Neh. v, 5; Job xxi, 6). It is even said that man consists of flesh and soul (Ps. xvi, 9; lxiii, 1). (2) The word also stands for the relation of consanguinity or by marriage, for instance, Gen. ii, 24; xxxvii, 27; Neh. v, 5; Is. lviii, 7; Matt. xix, 5; I Cor. x, 18. Most translations put this as "near of kin." In the same significance stands the fuller phrase "flesh and bones" and this is peculiarly biblical. (3) The word is also used as a synonym for "mankind" or human nature particularly; it is



even extended to denote all terrestrial beings possessing life (Gen. vii, 21) especially finite creatures in relation to God (Is. xxi, 3); it is especially the frailty of man which is to be marked by this usage. "Flesh and blood" is a phrase peculiar to N. T. and common in Rabbinical literature. In general it can be said that the meaning of the term "the flesh" as applied to man means his creaturely nature or his nature from the creaturely side. (4) John Laidlaw, a high authority in Biblical Psychology, has this to say (A Dict. of the Bible, Ed. by J. Hastings, Edinburgh, 1899, Vol. II, page 14) on "the flesh:" "It is one of the constituents of human nature. O. T. usage of the term presents a variety of combinations. The whole of man is expressed as 'flesh' and 'soul' in Ps. lxiii, 1; Job xiii, 14; xiv, 22; as 'flesh' and 'heart' in Ps. lxxiii, 26; Ezk. xlv, 7, 9; Ec. xi, 10; Pr. xiv, 30; as 'flesh,' 'heart' and 'soul' Ps. lxxxiv, 2; in all which a duality of outer and inner, or lower and higher in man, is plainly intended. But so far is 'flesh' from being despised in these contrasts that it is joined with the higher elements in the relation of the whole man to God and to his future (?) hopes, as in Ps. lxiii, 1; xvi, 9; lxxxiv, 2; Job xix, 26. In the N. T. its use in this sense for the lower element in man, without any ethical disparagement, though not very frequent, is still clear. In a sufficient number of passages it occurs coupled with 'spirit' in the Pauline writings as well as others, to show that these two are the natural elements of which man is made up, exactly as 'flesh' and 'soul,' 'flesh' and 'heart' are in the O. T., *e.g.*, Matt. xxvi, 41; Rom. ii, 28, 29, I Cor. v, 5. "Flesh" is used by St. Paul of corporeal presence, cognizable by the senses, in contrast to fellowship in 'spirit,' II Cor. v, 16; Col. ii, 1, 5; indeed, of man's earthly or bodily life without moral qualification, Gal. ii, 20; Ph. i, 22. Even when man's sinful state is his topic, the dual nature is sometimes expressed in the usual terms; 'desires of the flesh

and the mind,' Eph. ii, 3; 'defilement of the flesh and spirit,' II Cor. vii, 1, seem to mean that man's nature, in both its constituent parts, is affected by sin."

## OBSERVATIONS.

How singular! The Bible says, as I have shown, something about "the flesh" whereby that "element" is made the symbol of frailty—an idea which fanatic men have used to build theologies upon, which utterly condemn "the flesh" and identify it with Evil.

Again, how singular! The Bible has told it and men have believed it that their God humbled Himself for their sake so much that He descended into that very flesh, which they called the evil.

Again, how singular! God's coming in the flesh is but an apotheosis of the flesh! It can be nothing less! Mystery as it is, it has caused men to adore the flesh and they have built temples and consecrated religious orders to a perpetual service of glorification of the flesh!

Again, how singular! Men see now in the eating of flesh consecrated by themselves, the only and the only real connection they have with their God! Flesh is to them both a curse and a blessing! At Christmas they celebrate its elevation to be a divine instrument of salvation. On Good-Friday they cry because their god has gone the way of the flesh into the grave. On Saturday their god lies in the grave and Death has triumphed. On Easter morning they again rejoice and raise the flesh. They sing for joy. The resurrected flesh is seen in transubstantiated form till it on Ascension day passes beyond earth bounds—but still remaining "flesh."

Verily, no psychology has yet fathomed this mystery and explained it in rational terms. Can that be done? I think not; nor do we desire it.

The "flesh" is a mystery and must remain so. Its nature and purpose is a subject for the emotional man. We may well experience it, but never understand it. But this should be understood by the readers of these biblical psychological notes, that they should stand in awe before "the flesh!" It is well enough to profess the Spirit, but what could they know of Spirit, if the "flesh" and its mysteries were removed?

Do I preach the flesh? Far from it; the flesh defined above is a mystery not only for the initiates but for all.

More shall be said in the following papers.

#### SOUL (NEPHESH) AS BLOOD. THE PHYSICAL SOUL AND LIFE-PRINCIPLE.

The idea of the unity of the blood and of the soul is not exclusively peculiar to the Bible. From the remotest antiquity mankind must have discovered the importance of the blood for the continuance of life. The death of a wild animal in the chase or the slaughter of a domestic animal was evidently due to loss of blood. Wounded men also died if their blood continued to flow. To the Hebrews "the life (Hebrew "soul") of the flesh is in the blood;" the blood "is the life (Hebrew "soul") of all flesh" (Lev. xvii, 11, 14). (In the Revised Version "the blood thereof is all one with the life thereof.") Compare Deut. xii, 23; Gen. ix, 4. That the soul had its seat in the blood was the unanimous doctrine of the Egyptians and the Persians; it is found in the pontifical books of ancient Rome and the Greek physiologists sought to establish the doctrine scientifically. Critias taught absolutely that the blood was the soul; Pythagoras said that the soul is nourished by the blood; Empedocles held that the heart's blood is the seat of the soul and the Stoics taught that the soul was the exhalation of the blood. Even Philo held that "the soul is poured out, or offered, in the blood." All this appears to us as the crude notions of

ages not yet risen to states where the mind can distinguish between the fact of the soul (the bodily soul) residing in the blood and the fact of their identity. The key to that which has just been quoted and that which follows is this, that by soul in the cases cited, we must understand Life or Life-Principle, viz., in our day we translate NEPHESH in the passages quoted with Life not soul, because we distinguish between the two terms and use them to designate various degrees of soul-life, one lower and one higher. However, soon after Bible times, Philo made the distinction and declared that it was only the sensuous soul, not the intelligent and thinking soul, that was called the blood; but he did not reach the still better way of putting the subject, viz., that the spirit reveals itself in the soul and that the soul lives and moves in the blood.

The Hebrews were forbidden to eat the blood that was in the flesh. In the first place blood was an object of awe because living existence depended upon it, and, in the next place, because they knew of a divine prohibition, repeated and explicitly emphasized in their scriptures: Gen. ix, 4; Lev. iii, 17; vii, 26; xvii, 10; xix, 26; Deut. xii, 16, 23; xv, 23. The reason for the prohibition was that Jehovah had said (Lev. xvii, 11): "I have given it (viz., the blood) to you upon the altar to make an atonement for your souls." Blood was to be used exclusively on the altar and not on the tables, as food for God, not as food for men; as a sacrifice and not as meat.

It must, however, be understood what is here meant by blood. Only the blood of beasts is forbidden, and practice has allowed the eating of the blood of fishes through the fallacious idea that the blood of fishes has not the same relation to their life as the blood of other creatures and the Thora does not forbid the blood of fishes. Perhaps the true reason is that the blood of the fish is "cold." Neither does the Thora

forbid human blood. Why? Because it is homogeneous to man. He, therefore, who thus sucks the blood perchance from one who has cut himself, does nothing unlawful. Jesus might therefore legally ordain his blood to be drunk. Much Folk-lore has sprung up around this idea of the human blood. Perhaps the horrible Blood-Accusation against the Jews also has its foundation here. On this subject which does not belong in a psychology see the lengthy and exhaustive article in *The Jewish Encyclopedia*, Vol. III, page 260 (Funk & Wagnalls, 1902).

Before I proceed to speak (in the next paper) on the soul in its supernatural relations, etc., I will terminate this chapter by a summary and some anticipations of what is coming in the following.

NEPHESH, soul in the Old Testament is not the opposite of body, but rather the principle of life, this considered both as manifesting itself in the corporeal functions and in the conscious activities of the mind. The real contract is between "flesh" and "spirit" (mach) and the soul is the middle term, the mid-world between the two, partaking of both. The soul is the seat of a double life. The soul, however, is *essentially* spiritual; that is implied in its origin from the Divine.

In the New Testament there is made a distinction between "soul" and "body," though the Old Testament usage is still very marked.

It is interesting to note the double nature of the soul; without it there could be no at-one-ment of Spirit and Matter. And, again, if the blood did not hold the life-principle or be "the soul" of the organism, there could be no organism. It is therefore no wonder that they were considered identical and that they are represented in so many and so varied forms in all religious rituals.

## HISTORY OF PSYCHOLOGY.

The history of psychology on the subject of "the nature of man" reflects the general history of Man's development. In the most ancient times, when no distinction was made between spirit and nature, the soul was commonly regarded as an attenuated matter, and air or fire or a mixture of various forces. Socrates and Plato were the first to attain to definite notions of the soul's immateriality and independence. Aristotle taught that the soul was the body's *entelechy* or active power and thereby was the eternal reason, *Nous*, more or less thrust into a shadow. The doctrines of salvation and of heaven introduced by Christianity gave the doctrine of the soul an independent foundation and raised the soul to a supreme position. The dualism prevalent in the Middle ages so magnified the soul and minimized the body, that the gap between them caused the soul to be looked upon as a distinct being. The Church encouraged asceticism and the mystics under false notions indulged in all sorts of macerations of body. From the time of Descartes new methods were introduced in psychology and many attempts were made to tie body and soul together. The doctrines of the school about *assistentia divina*, *occasionalismus*, *harmonia preestabilita* originated in those days. All this nationalism had again to give way to renewed empiric philosophy and that again was silenced by Kant, Hegel and the emancipation that followed the French revolution. Our own day sees materialism, under the form of psycho-physiology, to triumph. It is to be hoped that Mysticism and the New People will conquer it and there are vigorous signs to prove that the hope shall not be vain. May these papers on "Biblical Psychology" contribute their share to establish some students in the New Life!

## A GIFT MORE RARE.

BELLE RAGNAR PARSONS.

To weep with him who weeps :—  
This is not hard, forsooth,  
If e'er ourselves have tasted  
Keen sorrow,—toil,—or pain.  
It is but human sympathy  
And comes  
As mist attending rain.  
To laugh with him who laughs :—  
This is a gift more rare :  
To feel an inner joy and offer praise  
When e'en a friend doth win  
Fair fortune,—fame,—or happiness supreme  
To laugh with him who laughs and to rejoice.  
With heart sincere and unreserved delight,  
When to another comes Success,  
That prize each man doth seek unto himself.  
If praise our hearts can pour  
Upon a fellow's shrine,  
Then are we great indeed,  
And then  
Is sympathy divine.



## LIFE'S GOOD IN EVIL.

BY J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

What a wonderful difference a little shift in the view-point makes!

I had always perceived that life was a battle, and had always shrank from it, praying passionately for peace, but how differently it looked when the clear thought came that peace was in the battle, and the fatal war in my avoidance of it.

To the soldier, battle is not an evil, for it is only by battle that he can prove his courage and strategy, only through battle can he win glory and distinction. Therefore, he thirsts for conflict. A soldier in peace is like a man in a pit. He may run only a dead monotonous round. But battle is to him like a ladder, let down, by which he may rise to higher levels.

So it is with life's battle everywhere. If we apprehend it mightily, it is to us a ladder let down, a flight of stairs by which alone rising becomes possible. Every evil is a step by which whosoever puts his foot on it, with springy determination, rises a grade higher in the scale. And this is no exceptional thing but a universal law. Survey life as we may, we shall everywhere see before every living creature a ladder of evil let down by which it may rise if it will, by which rise it must, by which alone can it rise.

The evils are multitudinous and infinite in procession and form,—heat and cold, drouth and flood, fire and water, starvation and surfeit, tooth and claw, blow and cut, open enmity and smiling treachery, pride and shame, hate and lust, evil and indolence, force and craft, disappointment and satisfaction, ignorance and misinformation, cowardice and recklessness, indigestion and fatness, the stupidity of asceticism and

the nerve-racking of excess, temptations of beauty and repulsions of ugliness, privations of poverty and repletions of wealth,—the list goes on interminably until it is perceived that everything is potentially evil, needing only the wave of a wand to change white to black.

Surely this is not accidental; there must be deep and significant meaning in the provision for evil, its presence and proportion in every scene of life. There is such exquisite care about the management! Turn where we will, do what we may, the Serpent is always in our Eden, the due proportion of poison in our cup, the needed pain and peril come punctually to the moment. Or if to-day is all sunshine, to-morrow is thick with clouds and bereft with rain; if the years stretch on in smiling peace, suddenly comes calamity, swift and awful, with the agony of cycles in the snap of an eyeblink. In the wide swing in the needed revolution, the circle is completed and the balance holds.

And now I knew why. Attainment, complete consciousness, self-revelation, and all-inclusiveness, is the end of life, and the necessary steps are only through the gates of evil. And every time we overcome evil, and are not overcome by it, we advance one step and rise one degree in our growth and godhood. But to resist evil with hatred is to transfuse into it our own strength, our own faith, to vitalize it and clothe it with mailed terrors, so that it stands black and awful in the way. And as we strive with it, it turns cunningly, so that when we strike it, it is below us in the path, and then every step we make it retreat by force of vengeful blows carries us further away from our goal. Every fierce blow at evil, every thrill of hatred toward it, is a recognition of its actual existence, that is of its true separateness from and antagonism to good, a step toward and away from At-one-ment and the center. For we cannot strike it till it is behind and below on the path, and then when

we face it, our back is turned squarely to the beautiful and every step is awayward to hell. Now all black magic deceives us; bravely we fight fire with fire, and overcome evil with evil, and see that we prevail, and that our fire retreats, but do not see that every moment evil grows more large, living and real, pain sharper, despair more knowing, and the serene heights further away. It is hard to understand that whoso conquers evil by evil is himself conquered by evil, but so it is.

Paul had the true word, "Overcome evil with good," and long before him the loving Hindoo, Siddhartha, and the quaint Chinaman, Lao-Tsze.

But resisting evil by evil applies to the spirit, not to the means or form.



THE world says with a large airy sweep of the hand, "The opposition to progress is all in the past; the great reformer or the great genius is recognized to-day." No, in the past they tried to kill a great truth by opposition. Now we gently seek to smother it by making it a fad. So it is written in the book of human nature: The saviours of the world must ever be martyrs. The death of Christ on the cross for the people he had come to save typifies the temporary crucifixion of public opinion that comes to all who bring to the people the message of some great truth, some clearer revelation of the divine. Truth, right and justice must triumph. No matter how slight seem results, how dark the outlook, the glorious consummation of the past, the revelation of the future, must come. And Christ lived thirty years, and he had twelve disciples. One denied him, one doubted him, one betrayed him, and the other nine were very human. And in the supreme crisis of his life "they all forsook him and fled," but to-day—his followers are millions.—*William George Jordan.*

## THE BLESSEDNESS OF CHANGE.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

To many of us the saddest of the New Year lies in our moods which darken from the fact of the changes which visit us as clouds visit the earth. In many of our moods Change looks in upon us with such woesome face that he wins from us an answering look of despair. Change seems to us like a fire burning up all the beautiful things of our lives, leaving upon our hearths but the black ashes of regret for things that are no more. Change seems ever the colossal thief, a marauder of malice, devastating the fair cities of life, despoiling it of all its jewels of joy, of all its home faces, of all its home firesides, of everything which built houses of charm upon the earth inviting us to stay and turn its friendliness into choruses of abiding neighborliness.

The hand of change touches the rose, and it fades visiting our hearts with the lament of its passing. It sends away the beautiful year so that we can no more look into its gracious face. Beautiful are the flowers of springtime, but our eyes see them in shadows because we know that they too will pass away. Beautiful are the grapes purpling to the kisses of the autumn sun, but they seem like the evening purple of the hills which tell us that night is falling. Beautiful are the maple leaves in autumn burning their flames of crimson and gold on all the hill-sides and in all the valleys; but a chill touches us as we look, for we know that the winds of winter will soon turn them out of this glory into the dust and dullness of death. Beautiful the dog whose tender faithfulness companions us, but enters too the shadow upon our joy, for we know that our life will some time be lonely for him. Beau-

tiful this hour of mirth, but it will pass, never again making its brightness in our lives. Beautiful that song which enraptures our ears, but silence comes and we listen in vain for the replication of these happy waves of the wind on the beaches of time. Beautiful is the face of the mother, making a sky of the perfect June above our young lives, but she goes returning not again to the aching vision which so pitifully yearns for her. Beautiful is the little child, woven of our very being's holiest love, attuning our heart to a perfect song, but falls the shadows of death and, attempting to sing the old lullaby, our voices but moan the desolations of our hearts. Beautiful the flame of life burning in our own bosoms, dreaming dreams, achieving nobleness, waking in the mornings with a joy in our hearts as the dawn awakens with a thrush voicing its delights. Oh, the charm of simple living! Oh, the grace of creating, of doing things which are well worth while! But in the midst of the deed a hand touches ours, and the deed is forever unfinished. A shadow steals across our hearts multiplying its deeps until no one sees the flames of our lives at their fires.

Nowhere can we voice the one exquisite joy and claim it as an eternity belonging to us. Change claims it leaving us bereft. Nowhere upon all our earth can brave prowls cleave the seas to some island where change never wantons, where friends never die, and joys never pass, some island where it is always noon, high noon, the sun forever unshadowed, the songs of life and love forever at their melodies.

From this fact of change, seeming to shadow us with cruelties, is there no refuge wherein the heart may hide safely? In the midst of this night is there no star that may call to its fellows until they crowd the black spaces with glory promising the coming of the day? For these moanings of our orphanhood is there no mother voice of comfort, no lullaby to

soothe as with sleep's silken softness? How can we find peace in the world where all life is as much in flux and flow as the hurrying river or the restless sea whose waves forever pass, never again the same waters cresting together in the same wave?

Some get peace by submitting to the inevitable. They accept the fleetingness of things, the fact that they have here no continuing city, and refuse all attachments with any desire for permanency. They will garner nothing to their heart as a finality. Toward all things of the human life they are moment-mooded, and save themselves much of the ache of losing by never laying claim to any of the gifts with which change seems to mock us. Somewhat across this field lies the Buddha's path to peace. Detach yourself from all these elusive changes, and you will not suffer in the losing of them. Cease to love, cease to desire, refuse all entangling alliances with this world, have naught to do with it excepting to endure it unto the end, excepting that for the very sorrow of existence you compassion those who are entangled in the thickets of illusion bleeding from their many wounds.

Whether it be the sweet stoicism of the Buddha or the harsher stoicism of some of the other philosophers, it is not enough to have a peace which after all is but the benumbing of life, some palsy which creeps across us so that we do not suffer because we cannot feel. Not suffering we are not enjoying. Instead of the Christ at joy in the lilies of Galilee and the sparrows of Nazareth, we have become dull desert sand or emotionless rock.

To accept life in spite of its shadows, to live it to the greatest fullness we can in spite of inevitable deaths, to sweeten the way we walk, although by it nowhere can we build an eternal home,—this is better than to passively endure. If the rose must fade, its beauty shall enchant me to the utmost fullness

even though the brightness of that life make deeper the shadow of its fading. If the song must pass, I will sing it as though its glory were to fill eternity, even though the silence thereafter may have the greater ache. If the friend I love must go so that no more I look into her face, I will so look now, I will so enjoy now, as if this were the eternal life we dream, although for this very high joy the blankness which the dear face leaves has a blacker look of despair, a deeper grief of loneliness.

Let everything be done, let everything be enjoyed, let all life be lived as if eternity were smiling upon us in its changeless sunshine. Thus we will get the utmost out of life, and with life itself be so surcharged that despairs will simply be as unable to possess us as the shadows are unable to possess the light. Not simply that so we "join the choir invisible of those immortal dead" whose lives incorporate into the race making it a nobler race,—not simply that, although most worthy is the Buddhalike compassionateness which would have us live unto such great end. That great end will be accomplished if we so live as though life's sole end were not the giving up of its individualities that the choir invisible may sing on, but the enjoying of its perfect fullness as an eternity passing not away. Comfort will come not so much in what life purposes as in its constant spirit. It is not the deed which counts but the soul which does the deed, and in its beautiful deeps has other countless deeds to do as the sun has in its heart a beauty without end.

When Cuba was yearning for freedom, a patriot made honorable surrender, relying upon promises which turned into falsehood. He could have gone to his death in the benumbed spirit of stoicism, in a spirit of sullen doggedness, in a spirit of bitterness, in a spirit of complaining pessimism, in a spirit of raillery at fate, in a spirit believing that all life is failure

and no cause holy. Instead of this, he transmuted his death hour into a glory of patriotism. He would not submit in silence. He would not believe in failure. Death could not shadow him with despair. With all the fervour of a soul in love with a great cause, he shouted: "Live Cuba! Live Cuba!" until the cruel bullets worked their will. Likewise countless of the sons of men have made their death hour their hour of coronation by the spirit in which they met the inevitable, refusing to concede any victory that should be final over the life they found good, over the cause in whose great end life held its sanctities. It is the crown of thorns which Jesus wears as the King of the World. It is from his cruel cross as from a throne he rules the earth. There are many deaths like his in their inevitableness, in their outward brutality and pain. The thieves who were crucified with him experienced all that which he outwardly experienced. The difference was in the spirit with which he met his death. That spirit has glorified the thorns into the most illustrious crown that ever gemmed any brow, has glorified the cross into power unequalled by multiplied thrones. One of the thieves met the inevitable and cruel death with bitter cursings at his fate, turning the fact of death, the fact of agony, into the bitterest gall. The other, catching the spirit of Jesus, turned the gall of death into the honey of a noble spirit, into a great hope, even as the bees turn poisons into the very graces of their hives.

This is the possibility which, amidst all the changes which befall, lies within the reach of us all. We can meet every change which comes in a spirit that will turn it into some noble beauty. All great souls so meet life's changes. The spirit within them is a quenchless light which falling upon the dark of changes turns into spiritual beauty, into fineness and strength of character, even as the sunbeams falling upon the



storm clouds show us that the white secrets of their hearts are rainbows. This spirit is the alchemist transmuting the base things of change into the gold that is finer than the finest of the wheat. It is the enseeded life which falling upon whatever dull and dark soils life's changes may bring gathers out of the very deeps of the darkness the radiancy of tender blossoms and noble fruits. This spirit is like that mystery of life which abides in the darkness of the imprisoning egg, brooded into a deeper darkness by the mother's breast, yet breaks it forth into those winged gladnesses that hymn the dawn. We can turn every darkness of our life into the birth of some new beauty, into the wings of some new joy, into the fruit of some new nobleness. The changelessness in the midst of change, abiding with us like God, is just the noble and joyous spirit with which we meet every experience of life. As a vine wins out of all the changes of all the years, the nights and the days, the winters and the summers, the storms and the sunshines, the splendor of its ripened grapes by the grace of the life living within it, so we can turn into fruit of noble being, of divine character, all the experiences which visit us, if we keep our life at its full of the highest of which we have dreamed, in which we have been awake.

But there is a comfort beyond this. This may be a friend's thoughts consoling; the other is a mother's thoughts singing out our tears because singing into our hearts the radiancy of joyous life. This mother's thoughts are the truth about change. Ignorance is always a slanderer. The narrow vision cannot see true. Knowledge must enlarge our horizon if the earth is to report itself true to us. The truth is that change, which we often lament, filling the thought of it with sad regrets, thinking that it is the one great darkness in our world,—this change is our angel of light. Something gets between us and it, and we mistake the shadows so cast for the light

itself. I would fain have us see true that we may know the blessedness of change, that we may see it one of the shining beautiful angels which blesses us beyond measure, which gives us everything that there is of beauty and joy, of life and love and hope, everything of truth and nobleness hiding within its strong and tender heart, the very comfortings of that immortality for which we yearn.

When we lament, singing our "change and decay all around I see," it is but a partial vision. We have looked upon change as though it were but something from which to shrink, a shadow in whose bosom is no light, a storm which no sunshine is mastering into peace. We have looked upon it as if one were to see only the night and forget the other part of the verse which makes up the song of our earth. It is as if one were to look only upon death, and remember not at all the life which is the answering chord which makes up the music of the man. It is as though one saw only the winter and forgot the summer, that other happier half that rounds out our perfect year. It is as though one saw only the storm, and failed to recognize the shine which is the weather's other essential wing whereby it flies singing its song of the year. It is as though one saw the beautiful seeds go into the dark soil to waste and die, and never saw the gracious other part of that experience, the blossom living and laughing in the summer's wind.

Ever is it the partial view that carries with it the shadow for our hearts. A finger may shadow out the sun. Freedom from sorrow is often but the taking of our hand from our eyes that we may look into the sun of joy. Ignorance makes the sorrows of earth. It is the awkward knife that bruises and wounds failing to help the vines to a richer fruitage. Jesus is right when he says that "The truth makes free." Buddha is right when he says, "The truth alone can deliver us

from error, sin, and sorrow." To grow in the knowledge of the truth is to grow in grace, the grace that is full of the comfortings of the eternal purposes of life, of the everlasting meanings of the universe.

What is the truth about change? It is in the world. It is in everything. Wherefore? By the grace of change all things exist. Nothing can be but that change is resident within that thing. It is an essential worker in all the creation. By it all things become. Within it all things live and move and have their being. Banish it and we banish life having left but great masses of matter, the bodies of death from which the living soul has fled.

Study the career of the seed, and learn the blessedness of change. A seed is changed out of the sunshine of the air into the shadow of the soil. It experienced light; it must experience darkness. It experienced life; it must experience death. It experienced a perfection of its outward body; it must experience the wreck and wastage of that body. The body it took in the sunlight in the darkness changes into the dust that abides as soil. Holding this partial truth about the seed as though it were the whole vision of the fact, we can only lament from the shadows of our ignorance these changes which have befallen, each one of which seems out of glory into shame.

But the full-orbed truth says to us that the seed experienced darkness that it might experience light. It experienced death that it might experience life. The meaning of the changes was that life might be transformed into fuller life. Only by this way of change could the blossom come; only by this path could life walk into the glory of fruit. When you are looking upon the rose, you are looking upon a glory which change has wrought. When a harvest is goldening for your eye, you are rejoicing in a beauty which change has achieved. When

the waters of river or sea are enchanting you, you are enchanted by the grace of change. But for it, river could not be river; sea could not be sea. When you are looking upon a sunset, you are looking at the wonders wrought by change. Could you eliminate change in the desire to hold one color there radiant before your eye forever, you would destroy the color, you would shame the sunset with failure. When you are listening to the song of the oriole, you are hearing one of the enchantments of change. Could you banish change that you might hold that song deathless upon the winds, you would destroy both oriole and song, shaming orchards with failure. When you are looking into the smiling eyes of a little child, it is a grace of change which is shining upon you. Could you banish change that you might hold that beauty in some eternal outwardness, you would have but a marble image of life and love,—a stone mocking you when you are hungry for bread. Put your hands upon the organ, find the lost chord, determine that it shall never pass, grip the keys that you may hold it here in changeless song, and you have lost it, not into the silence out of which it may again be called, but in the discords that are screaming in your ears, unfitting for music, destroying the chord of charm.

Banish change from out your life that you may hold the delight of the hour in deathless experience, and malignant enchantment has befallen. Love has hardened into stone; life has indeed become death. Your delight is no more because you slew its beautiful soul which is ever the angel of change. Changeless constancy congeals the blood and passes the kingdom of life under the sceptre of death. Changeless constancy in the sky means no stars, no sunshine. Changeless constancy in the fields means no flowers, no fruits. Changeless constancy in the organ means no music. Changeless constancy in the baby means a baby always, that horror

from which mothers shrink. Changeless constancy in the mind means no thoughts, no truths discovered, no great creations wrought. Changeless constancy in the heart means no love. Changeless constancy within these temples of life means no life.

The universe lives by change. Life is motion. In action there must be a coming and a passing away. The universe is all action. The beating of man's heart is but the echo of the beating of God's. Let the heart of man cease action, and we call the changelessness death. Could the heart of God cease beating the universe would pause and pass into the kingdom of the dead. The flame that is in the noon-day sky is the result of motion. Something is in a hurry, and its busy haste turns into this grace of light. The earth is in a hurry, speeding with a greater swiftness than the electric spark which girdles it with the whisperings of man. It is all alive with action, those actions, the things of life and beauty which we love. All the life, all the love, all the truth, all the beauty, every flower, every bird, every beast, every child, ourselves, have the sanctity of our individualities, the fervorings of our purposes, the sweetness of our joys, the achievements of our years, by the simple fact that we change.

If, therefore, every grace is by the blessedness of change, surely when the shadow is upon us, we will not despair knowing that light has not forsaken the universe. When the grief aches, we will refuse it as life's final meaning, knowing that joy is not far away. When defeat appals, we will make no surrender, clinging still to our flag, knowing that victory is as certain to come as that out of the darkness of soils comes the brightness of blossom. Every loss has its other side of gain. Every pain has its other side of pleasure. Every decay has its other side of life. The pauses in the music when one chord has passed that another might be-

come are so brief that we scarcely notice them as pauses but simply as modulations of the sound. The waste and renewing, which ever goes on within us that the flame of life may be kept at its full blaze, are so instantaneously interactive that in our consciousness we do not divide them, holding them indeed as they truly are, a simple single act of life. Between that flame of the sun which burned in the primeval palm and the blaze of coal upon my hearth there is a longer pause, the crash of some cataclysm destroying the life of the forest and burying it beneath rocky deeps, changing it from the woody fiber into this black carbon; but the activity at last renews, and what was free in the air so many centuries ago again passes into its freedom through this blaze which is a dear delight of my winter. If what they tell us is true, that this our earth was once a burning planet, the fire so intense that no life could exist anywhere, yet those first fires by the grace of change now burn so gently through all the earth, a crimson flame in the rose, a glow of purple in the grape, a mellowness of gold in the corn, a blush in the maiden's cheek, a sparkle of joy in the baby's eye, a light of great love in the face of Christ, is there any dream of love, peopling all the desolations that are wrought in our earth with the glories of resurrection and life, that may not come true?

By the blessedness of change we are ever in the midst of dream possibilities; the miraculous is always being done; the unexpected is always developing its surprises; the actuals out-grandeur the ideals. My dreams have their sanctions in the rationality of the universe, in the way the reason of the universe has wrought its worlds. I dare stand in the presence of my desolation which change has wrought and declare that the limitation is in my vision, that beyond my power to see or understand, the other part of this change will show itself as a beautiful creation, will justify the divine righteousness, will

prove that life is master of all, that love is and was the lord and king of everything, of every movement by which worlds become and are.

The logic of the universe is that death is not death, that somehow it is swallowed up of life, that it is some change in life's endless manifestations, life being the great eternity in which the everlasting love lives, in which the everlasting love moves. When man affirms upon the basis of his ignorance, he affirms shadows. Ignorance cannot voice the truth.

To affirm that death is the end because we cannot see beyond it is illogical. All the past wonders of the evolution of our earth contradict the affirmation. To anyone beholding the fire mist which became a planet, each evolution, each change, each growth, would have come as a surprise. Had he insisted that what he knew was all, he would doubtless have turned away into the vast blank of his ignorance and never seen "the crystal and the cell, the jelly fish and saurian, and cave where the cave men dwell." He could not have faintly dreamed of that monster amphibian, half serpent, half bird, being refined into that joy of the oriole fluting through the blossoms of June. A poet might have dreamed it, a religious soul might have dreamed it; a heart hungering after diviner things might have dreamed it; anyone having caught the full meaning of this truth about change might have dreamed it, and all their dreams, which could have been but a faint dawn flush of the great day of God's dreaming, would have come true.

No one who refuses the wings of imagination, of prophetic insight insisting that he must stand with final feet upon the facts as he now sees them, could have, when witnessing the birth of our earth in the great fire mist, predicted that there was a gracious change at work which would lead out of that furnace of fire the green meadow there and the gentle sheep

that pasture by its happy brook, that door-yard yonder and the tender baby playing in the shadow lilacs cast. Yet here awake and come true is God's dream that burned in those fierce fervours of his love. How these fierce fervourings have gentled by change into the life of a little child, and the rose there in the child's hand, burning its happy flame for all happy eyes!

The logic of things which change has wrought is the sanction of our dreams of immortality, not simply as a holiest sentiment but as a logical necessity of the heart, as the inevitable manifestation of the blessedness of change. The other essential half of death must be life, and death but the shadow that life has cast. It is no more wonderful that we should be than that we are. It is no more wonderful that we are than that we have been. It is no more wonderful that the life which lives in us to-day has lived in us in past incarnations of which we have forgotten as we have forgotten many things of our childhood, than that the life that lives in us now came by the grace of change away up through fire mist and planet, through monad and monkey, and the endless generations of men to be this loving, thinking splendor which we are. By change God is living his life for us in all his worlds. By change he is living his life in us in the midst of all our experiences, and the constancy which consecrates the inconstancy is just this: that it is eternal life which he is living. If the life he is living for us passes through death, it is that fuller life may be experienced. So comes the seed to its blossom. So comes the worm that creeps lowly upon the earth to wing its resurrections in the butterfly. So the shame of broken eggs comes into the honor of singing birds. Only by change could the lonely fervorings of God's loving heart become worlds, and little children, and men and women, and man's achievements, his art, his literature, his civilization, his



prophetic dreams of diviner things to yet glow from the touch of his eager creative hand.

God can sing his hymn of creation in our ears only as note after note fulfills itself and passes, as chord after chord fulfills and goes into the silence, its very becoming its passing away. Creation is his happy heart manifesting through change, glorifying it. By the grace of change his heart can open into a flower showing me something of its eternal beauty. By the grace of change his heart can enshrine itself in a lamb that I may learn something of his everlasting gentleness. By the grace of change, his heart can build a temple of motherhood in which I may learn something of his everlasting motherliness. By the grace of change, his heart can come to me in the smiling face of every friend that I may learn something of his everlasting friendliness. By the grace of change his heart may become the beauty of the child that I may learn something of his everlasting childheartedness.

He cannot sing a bird within our summer sky but in the fact that wing and wind must part as the joyous flight fulfills. Bird song cannot be but that wind and throat must part and pass into silence in the fact of filling the song's golden measure full. So burn the flames of our truest thoughts, the fires of our tenderest, holiest loves. So have our friendships their grace, and every human fellowship its joy. So only can the human love divine become the child, the maiden, the mother, the sainted memory which brightens in the night of death.

God's other name is change. Change's other name is love. Love's other name is life. And life is the eternal reality of the universe. It is the absolute to which all things are related for existence. It is that eternal energy from which all things proceed. This truth of change can become our New Year's holiest thought. It may become such a glory in our hearts

that, in the midst of every shadowing grief that may befall, its gladness may cast a light by which our feet may walk in safety.

The blessedness of change realized by the heart can set with folded wings silent upon the nest of memory comforting us as a mother comforteth her affrighted, weeping child, in the promise of diviner wings yet to fly, diviner songs yet to be sung together, a more splendid life yet to be lived under sunnier skies. There is comfort in this larger vision, even the faith that the eternal goodness will shepherd our troubled hearts in green pastures and by still waters. The changelessness that abides all the changes is just his life of which we are some deathless part. It is just his love from whose divineness we can never part, out of whose glory we can never fall into any endless wrath. Every glory of life which I have experienced and am experiencing in him is eternal. The beauty that has gone is not perished. It is simply a musical pause in the endless anthem of love and life. My friend who went into death went into fuller life. When I am ready for that fuller blossoming and experience its grace by the help of change, I will know that he has not been lost, that the broken fragments of earthly friendships are somehow found in a beautiful fullness, when God's great meanings have worked their glories out. In what I see of the wonder workings of life, how its activities are ever at change that it may abide the beating heart of the universe, I teach my heart the blessedness of change, let my soul look into its shining angel-face; so that when nights, through which I cannot see, befall the stars of hope will still shine with the undimmed confidences that life is eternal though I cannot experience its fullness now; that love is everlasting, although but a bit of it may glory in my heart at this time; that in God everything rests secure that it may come into the full realization of the beauty he is always

meaning; that through all the changes which befall, myself and those I love are finding God, the eternal life, the deathless love, the everlasting beauty, the abiding joy of all lives which may change but never end.

Mysterious Night! When our first parent knew  
 Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,  
 Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
 This glorious canopy of light and blue?  
 Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
 Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
 Hesperus with the Host of Heaven came;  
 And lo! creation widened in man's view.  
 Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
 Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,  
 Whilst stone and leaf and insect stood revealed,  
 That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!  
 Why do we then shun death with anxious strife?  
 If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?



The Cosmos is singing—resounds from end to end with the mighty reverberations of Harmony itself; it is as rythmic with the music of the spheres as are autumn fields with the reverie of crickets. Yet 'tis compassed in the Soul—receives there the divine impress. There is but one motif; from the call of the hyla to the mother's Lullaby—but one motif. It is in our dreams we hear discords. When we awake it is into this Song of Life—and to find ourselves singing.—*As Nature Whispers.*



You need not tell all the truth unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be the truth.—*Horace Mann.*

## THE GREAT WONDER.

BY BENJAMIN DE CASSERES.

To see, one must close the eyes. This is the paradox of insight—a seeing into. The physical world is nothing but insulated force. It is only the mind's eye that can pierce the arras of images and behold the universal knit.

The mystic sense is a form of vascular activity. It is the palpitant ethereal in us, the radio-activity of the corpuscle. In the sluices of the brain cells it rises to consciousness.

Our brains are portable universes, and our souls are unbirthed worlds. God created the material world, Bishop Berkeley destroyed it, and Herbert Spencer recreated it. We are coequal with the creative gods. Man weaves microcosm into macrocosm, bastes the ideal to the real, hems soul to body. He tracks the roving ideal from its lair in the cell of the polyp to its full growth in his own brain, and he pins the Eternal to a Law. His dreams transfigure the Known to the Unknowable.

We have no criterion for anything. We live in a Mystery. The data of life are consciousness and pain, and these may be myths; one may be dream texture and the other an illusion of the nerve cells. Seas of Sound, Light and Motion swirl in our brains, and the "great processes" are cell-eddy. Thought is cerebral sight. We may trail Circumstance back to the Primal Antagonism and there it is lost. Consciousness is the flash produced by friction. Birth is recomposition of old matter, and death is dissolution and recomposition. Mind is evolved from mud, and mud is mind in transition. Form is purely accidental, and the accidental is the unexpected inexorable. Time is the space between thoughts, and thought is Time spluttering. Space is the distance between two illusions,

and illusions are what might have been projected on the blank screen of to-morrow. All growth presupposes pain, and all pain engenders growth. Society is the systematization of instincts, and instincts are stratified lusts. All knowledge is word-juggle. To know all would be to know nothing. The mystic waits and wonders.

And yet this Great Wonder is the back stairs to the stars—it is the Northwest Passage to the pinnacle of the cosmos. It is where one beholds most, but where one knows least. It is to feel all things—and yet to stand in universal relations. It is a vision of things in their totality, but not in their wholeness.

Everything is grounded in mystery. Nothing is certain, not even the uncertain. Everything is swimming, and the stable does not exist. Life is a series of guesses, and there is mystery in a match. The commonplace is the habitual, and the habitual is a mystery that has grown stale from sense-insistence. Life undulates; there is no such thing as a level; a straight line is a myth, and all directions are indirections. Up and down are movable points on horizons that do not exist; focus is an eye trick, and motion is cell-palpitation.

All things radiate from a common point, and differences are the same looked at from various angles. The sap that flows in the tree, the blood that flows in the veins, the fires that flame from the sun, the waters that run to the stars, the flush that mantles the maiden's cheek, and the passion litanies breathed by silent lovers are aspects of force. Starshine and eye-glance and water-gleam are the same. The star sees itself through the medium of the human eye, and the moon shines on itself. Law created the brain, and the brain is a crucible of Law. So each thing is a compendium of all things, and still the All is not found.

All acts are multiplied in the doing. Our breathing builds or destroys unknown universes, and a gesture is a signal to

eternity. The cells are chalices of desire. Every act is a breeder of beings. On what shore breaks the last vibration caused by the lowering of an eyelash? Does the lover alone throb with ecstasy when his beloved's eyes thicken with love-mists? And who shall say that our most subtle smile does not stir to life a thousand unseen existences who have been quivering on the thresholds of life?

No act ever succeeds or fails; it does both. We influence the unknown at every turn. We are unknown workers in an unknown world. We weave to-morrow on the shuttle of to-day and unravel the past each minute. All things are trying to stand still and go at the same time. Men desire rest and motion simultaneously. They desire rest in order to accumulate the power to go on; and they desire to go on in order to be able to rest. Self-conservation is the basic principle in both rest and motion. It is an everlasting ebb and flow. But the mind ravished by the Great Wonder is beyond ebb and flow.

"Things pass into their opposites by accumulation of indefinable quantities," says Walter Pater. In that process is buried the paradox of evolution and the concept which breeds the mystic mind. Hate is comic, for you shall in time become that which you hate; and the thing you scorn—behold! that thou art. "Tvāt Twam Asi" ("for that thou art") repeats the Hindoo sage when the west talks of Me, Thou, It. "Tvāt Twam Asi" repeat Schopenhauer and Emerson. A fact is but a glazed surface on an abysmal mystery. It is the symbolist in art who knows this. And all symbolists are mystics.

Evolution is a method, and method is the mantle of law. The Law itself lies out of time and space—it is the Spencerian Eternal Energy; it is the thing that knows neither "forward" nor "backward," "upward" nor "downward;" like ether, it permeates all things; it floods the atoms; it is worldshine—consciousness. The Law—that is the Great Wonder.

Our souls are a method—part of the mantle, and every act is redolent of the past. Things rise to a summit and flow down on the other side, and the baby in its birth hour may have attained the highest pinnacle of the inconceivable, for the birth of a babe has more of accomplishment in it than the maturity of a man.

Nothing is spurious; all things are in their place. Artificiality is the curd on the natural. No man wills; he is willed; for he is a growth, and his roots are in the primordial. The secret is in the seed, and the seed is the Secret. No man can say, "I am evolved;" he is forever evolving. He is a "god in the crib," and his acts are only hints of his dreams.

Decay is growth seen from the other side. Decay and growth flout permanence. An eternal continuance dragging its anchor; a measured swirl of unmeasured waters; light flowering to form; abstraction masking as a concretion—what else do we know?

We came from the simian and tend to the sublime; and as the simian for ages was big with man, so is the sublime heavy with its unborn gods. The worm treads fast upon the heels of God. Change has woven shrouds for myriads of Creators, for the universe subsists *en passant*. The opal in the dawn was spun by the lilies of the field, and the human form is chiselled stardust. Alchemy is as universal as gravitation.

The universe began in an equilibration and will end in an equilibration. A sigh, an unrest, a faint ripple caused by some antagonistic principle—and the Law moved, and Suffering was born. The pageantry of the flooding fates began. Vega in Lyra and the ant on its hill were diswombed in travail. But why? With that question the Great Wonder falls on us.

You cannot seize upon the past or the future. The universe is an eternal minute forever tottering to its doom—cosmic splash; mist torrent; dream follicles that have burst on the

brain walls. Our sublimest act is still the abracadabra of an Unknown God—a God who hides behind a leaf and scribbles his contrarities; a God who is flea and futurity; who is oxygen and Arcturus. There are cabals held in the acorn, and the gods are enthroned in diatom. The radiating laws are hubbed on a pimple, and “evolution” is but a spoke in the Wheel of Fire.

Genius has the Great Wonder; it is its sixth sense. The mind that has envisaged the cosmos in a glance exhales the ether of the unplumbed spaces his eyes have beheld. He is a white flame fleshed for the nonce. And his poems and pictures and philosophies are fables of the Great Wonder.

Without this sense of wonder the singing of the stars is tincan music. The universe is doggerel. With the mystic gleam the universe is still doggerel—but scrawled by a Shakespeare.

The mystic—the epiphany of the Great Wonder—in literature and art persists through the systole and diastole of realism and romanticism. Zola has been called the prince of realists—yet he gave us “The Dream”—mediæval in its touch. There are some pages in it as ethereal as filtered dawn. And the glamour of mystery pervades it all.

No action is complete—and there is no such thing as a “rounded deed.” Our bravest acts are but balked dreams—fine conspiracies of the soul turned away in a word of chance. So realism cannot satisfy. The soul craves completion. It accepts “Madame Bovary” and “Nana,” but it will read “Paul and Virginia” to the end. And on the day after the end it will demand “Pilgrim’s Progress.”

Science is bankrupt. The unlettered mystic in the Indian forest three thousand years ago knew what science is just now beginning to tell us. Wisely they announce that atoms are, after all, but centres of force. “There is no such thing as matter,” said the Hindoo, complacently, ages ago. Goggle-



eyed Science has just discovered a substance called radium, which gives forth particles without losing weight. Nothing can be lost, nothing can be gained in an infinite universe, has been the essence of mystical teaching from Heraclitus to Emerson. The Great Wonder's method is divination.

To the mystic, life is a "conscious slumber." Goethe, Balzac, were great somnambulists who in a dream wrote hastily and feverishly what they thought they saw, then went back to bed again. Poe's soul never awakened to a single reality. From the ebon vaults of the Unconscious it stole upon a world of toppling shadows, ashen-hued days and vaporous, opiate fallows. Instead of universal law he felt the universal awe, and his life was a meditation on shadows.

Walt Whitman had but to name a thing and straightway that thing became a mystery. This solid seeming and substantial world he made to reel, and hung the mystic glamour of his soul upon the ant. He saw no greater mystery than the hair on the back of his hand, and he said that "a glance of the eye shall confound the science of all time." The plodding fact-grubber crawls upon a rim like a fly on a vase, but the mystic is the light within.

To those who walk the world with open eyes, yet see not—those bald realists who believe that when you have named a star you have explained it—Ideas stand for things. But to the mystic things stand for Ideas. They translate particulars into generals. Goethe drew the universe into his soul, and his dying words were, "More Light!" He had translated all things into thoughts and all thoughts into visions, and, standing of all men of the century on the pinnacles of the spirit, he still stood in the dark. The light he had was just great enough to show him the impenetrability of the darkness beyond and around. But he fared forth with the Great Wonder in his soul.

The mystics in philosophy, literature and art do not differ essentially in any age. Environment cannot touch them. Knowledge comes—and goes; the mystic lingers. He is above time and clime, and the “modern investigators” are ancient crooners that shall be. Heraclitus or Maeterlinck, Lucretius or Tolstoi, Spinoza or Thomas Hardy, Sir Thomas Browne or Amiel, Buddha or Carlyle, Shelley or D’Annunzio—their premise is everlastingly the same: Shadows—shadows that emerge from a Void, scud across the earth, some in fury, some in pallid calm—and then the Void again. A ring, a circle; an arc of consciousness, an arc of sleep; an emergence and a disappearance—like that modern illusion of stagecraft wherein fifty men, by marching in a circle before and behind the scenery, simulate an infinite host—that is life.

These solemn-suited Brethren of the Great Wonder dwell in the husk of things, but are not of the Husk. They are wizard souls glaring through the lattice of dreams, praying sceptics immured in the Tomb with the Black Panels. Their type of face is the face of Percy Bysshe Shelley—the Angel Israfel in flesh.



If we walk not with God, but take the world into the woods—that is not solitude, for we are crowded and elbowed by the multitude of our thoughts, rude and undisciplined as any crowd. Only when we are divested for the time of the world-thought do we really derive the benefit of solitude. For this is its truest benefit, that the din and hubbub should cease and the Silence be heard.—*As Nature Whispers.*



FEW things are impracticable in themselves, and it is for want of application, rather than of means, that men fail of success.—*La Rochefoucauld.*

## COUNT TOLSTOI.

A MEETING WITH THE RUSSIAN WRITER AND REFORMER.

BY WM. WILBERFORCE NEWTON, D.D.

The fame of Russian national literature rests chiefly upon the works of Pushkin, Gogol, Turgenief, Lomonosof and Tolstoi. Pushkin was the poet, Gogol was the dramatist, Turgenief was the novelist, and Tolstoi is all three combined, with the added vocation of a self-impelled seer or prophet.

A few years ago, while attending divine worship at the Greek Church in Dresden, a singular desire asserted itself to visit Count Tolstoi at Moscow, and see the man in his own home. The Greek priest, to whom this wish was expressed, in a patchwork of conversation which sounded like the Tower of Babel experience, was kind enough to procure an interview with a Russian Countess who was one of his parishioners. This lady at once seconded the idea, and wrote to friends at St. Petersburg and Moscow, preparing the way for the American visitor, and securing a passport from official headquarters, which saved all unnecessary annoyance and delay.

The sister of the Countess was Lady-in-waiting at the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg, and other friends, to whom letters were given, forwarded the pilgrim on his journey.

At Moscow the family was found, residing in an old and dignified residence, but the Count himself was on a visit to an old friend, a Russian nobleman, some fifteen miles beyond the sacred monastery of Troitsa. Word had been sent by him, however, to the family in Moscow, in case of the coming of the American visitor, to forward him by rail, and a mysterious telegram, in undecipherable Russian, concluded the arrangement.

The next morning, after a start at six o'clock, Troitsa was reached at nine, and a sleigh, in waiting at the depot, conveyed the stranger to the plantation of Count Tolstoi's friend, a certain Prince Ourouzeff, a pious layman of the Greek Church, and one well known for his philanthropic and charitable deeds. As the knocker sounded on this old Russian chateau, or farm house, it was answered by two strangers, one tall and square shouldered, the other, as it seemed then, a small and sensitive looking man, clad in a peasant's smock frock.

The tall gentleman was the host, Prince Ourouzeff, the smaller person was Count Tolstoi.

A lunch followed in the large open hall, where the fire-place blazed with burning logs. Our fare was simple, almost monastic, in character. We sat upon benches and were waited upon by an aged man-servant and his wife, who had frequent conversations together in hoarse stage whispers, behind the screen, concerning the details of the lunch.

After luncheon we walked through the library of the Prince, and inspected his various old folios, while Count Tolstoi played a waltz of his own composition upon the piano.

Then followed a long tour over the farm or plantation with the Count, in which by turns the visitor and the author acted the part of interviewer, and asked questions vigorously. There was nothing forced or stilted in the interview, which was conducted in French, German and English, according to the mood of the moment. It seemed as if in some way one was talking to Emerson. Then the man conversed as George Fox might have done, and again in the moments of religious access, this quiet, unostentatious man seemed like Wesley. He forced one to listen, yet seemed happiest in asking questions. One looked into the face of the man and saw in it all the record of his eventful life, as he himself has penned it, in his two books,

"My Confession" and "My Religion." One thought of all his creations of imaginations, as he has given them to the world in his greater novels and lesser stories. He said, among other things, that he expected he would end his days in Siberia, but that it did not matter where he lived or died, so that for the rest of his days his life could tell. He said he did not organize because Christ did not organize. He simply lived and spoke the truth. But it was asked, "Did not Christ call his twelve disciples and establish a brotherhood called the Church?"

To this he replied that organization came after life: his followers could organize, if they cared to do so: it was his object simply to live, and let his life tell. Then he asked about the Shakers in America—were they not an interesting sect? He had read some sermons by a certain Phillips Brooks; did I know the man? The sermons he thought most spiritual. He inquired with the deepest interest about the writings of Henry George, and listened with a keen relish to the recital of days spent together with this well-known author in the Sunday School of old St. Paul's Church, Philadelphia.

"How strange!" he said, "It is such a little world, after all!"

He considered purity, humility and truth as the three elements of character which make it a power. As he looked out upon life he declared that it was war, society, and government which corrupted men. The Christianity of to-day he considered a spurious one. To get God's power into men we must return to the simple teachings of Jesus. He thought that if we occupied our minds with nonsense God would not reveal Himself to us. There would be no room in our lives for Him if we were occupied with foolishness, and when God comes to a man He must have room enough to feel that He is welcome.

He said that he himself should like to visit America. He

had received many invitations to make the journey. But he would not travel. Travel dissipates life, and he wanted his life to tell upon his country. So he would stay quietly at home and sow the seed of truth and let the next generation reap it.

He was fond of American authors,—Thoreau, Emerson, Theodore Parker, Bryant, Whittier. But he feared the American people were running to luxury and riches too rapidly. That was the way the republics of the past perished.

Asked about his belief in the revelation of truth to the world by Jesus Christ, he affirmed that for himself he saw God only through Jesus Christ, and that whether He were wholly man or wholly God it mattered not, since He alone it was who brought the highest light to men.

In the gray of a Russian evening, as the April moon shone down upon white snowfields, the traveller was driven back in a sleigh to the night train for Moscow. And as the prancing horse-hoofs and the tinkling sleighbells sounded in the frosty night the old familiar words of the Gospel came into my mind with a new and most intense meaning,—

“But what went ye out into the wilderness to see? A reed shaken with the wind? But what went ye out for to see? A man clothed in soft raiment? Behold, they that wear soft raiment are in Kings’ houses. But what went ye out for to see? A prophet? Yea, I say unto you, and more than a prophet. And from the days of John the Baptist until now the kingdom of Heaven suffereth violence and the violent taketh it by storm. He that hath ears to hear, let him hear.”



REAL success in life means the individual's conquest of himself. The great question is not "What have I?" but "What am I?"—*William George Jordan.*

# WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS ARE SAYING.

EDITED BY C. H. A. BJERREGAARD.

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## MY POINTS OF VIEW.

"Many are the wand bearers, few are the mystics." I seek the latter, not the former. They are "the few chosen." The "many called" cannot help the New People. There is "a little flock," called by various names, but representing the true center; a better and another world, than the one we commonly see. I know some of that flock and will let them rule. A philosophy from "the heart" is better than one from "the intellect." I will teach the former and analyze the latter. I believe the readers of MIND will want nothing less. The New People live and breathe only such an atmosphere!

"I yielded myself to the perfect whole."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The self-same Power that brought me there brought you!"

## TO THE NEW PEOPLE.

All life is from within. It would therefore seem useless to pay much attention to mental facts, such as those presented by speculative philosophy, because these are in the main cold results and lie upon the circumference. It would seem as if we ought always to live within, always ought to stand with our faces turned heavenwards, waiting for a vision or listening to the celestial music. Men have thought so and have acted

upon such thoughts but the results have been confusion. To realize "the within," to receive the heavenly vision and understand all the mystery that continually descends upon our hearts and minds it is necessary that we should cultivate our gifts for such blessings. Philosophically these gifts are our perceptions and our ability to translate the perceived elements into thoughts or such mind-forms which will allow us to remember these, our experiences, and enable us to convey them to others. In general this is the burden of philosophical studies, rightly understood.

It is proposed to record month by month what great and good men and women have perceived and expressed in thought forms and to present these to the readers of MIND in a systematic way. Our readers should thus be enabled to compare notes with others and to learn what is going on in the world of mind. While it will always be most interesting to the New People to hear what other New People have experienced, we shall not as a rule review or retell stories from the so-called New Thought magazines; many or most of our readers know where to find them. We shall go out among the schools that stand apart from the New Thought, but nevertheless study the same subjects. They perform a work of greatest utility to the world at large, and also to the New People. They do two things: (1) They test the new life and inspirations, and, if these can stand the test, they attain scientific value, and, (2) they work from below upwards to the new life and inspirations, which they know are there, but which they desire to take by own endeavor rather than receive as free gifts. In the establishment of the Kingdom, these schools do a work similar to that of the Tenth Legion of which Tacitus speaks; they fight upon the frontiers and they enlarge the borders of the empire of mind. They are like the ploughboy preparing the soil for the seed and the value of that cannot be estimated.



But just as mere ploughing is useless if no seed is sown, so is the study and work of these schools useless to us if we do not know how to handle rightly their products. We must be like the hive bee; it does not get honey from the flower, it gets nectar or sweet water, but it puts something of itself into that water, viz., formic acid, and it becomes honey. It is the personal element or contribution that becomes the main thing in the study of the results attained by the schools and it is that which the readers of *MIND* must furnish in order to profit by the reading of the matter of this department. The editor can only record it and accompany it with explanatory notes.

### WHAT IS PHILOSOPHY?

It seems most appropriate at the opening of this department, that I should define what Philosophy is and what my real purpose is.

What is philosophy?

Verbally the word simply means "love of wisdom," but that gives no real definition. Such an one can only be attained by giving the most prominent uses of the word in the past, or rather by pointing out the history of the word, such as it forms itself in the use made of it by prominent philosophers and a few others. Leaving out the Orient, which has no philosophy in any of the senses given to the word in the West, I begin with the oldest Greek use. *Herodotus* uses it to signify a scientific training and knowledge such as one attains by travelling. *Pythagoras* is reported as the first to call himself a philosopher. *Diogenes Laertius* tells us that philosophy arose among the Greeks and that there are three divisions of it: natural, ethical and dialectic; the first occupies itself about the world and the things in it; the second about life and how things concern us and the third is conversant with the arguments em-

played by the other two or, as we say to-day, it is epistemological, concerning itself with the idea of knowledge, its origin and value. To this day this division and the objects of the three are the most popular and generally recognized and I shall use the three terms in the classical sense. When I refer to Oriental subjects parallel to these of the Greeks, I shall use other terms and define them. About Pythagoras, Diogenes tells us: "Being asked by Leon, the tyrant of the Phliasians, who he was, replied, 'a philosopher.'" And adds, that he used to compare life to a festival, "some people come to a festival to contend for prizes, others for the purposes of traffic, and the best as spectators; so also in life, the men of slavish dispositions are born hunters after glory and covetousness, but philosophers are seekers after truth." Cicero reports substantially the same. In the Symposium by Xenophon *Socrates* says: "we are workers for ourselves in the pursuit of wisdom." *Xenophon* means by the word philosophy a pondering and reflecting disposition of mind. *Plato* used the word variously. In one place it is said: "He who is a philosopher or lover of learning, and is entirely pure at departing, is alone permitted to attain to the divine nature. And this is the reason why the true votaries of philosophy abstain from all fleshly lusts, and endure and refuse to give themselves up to them. Again, "They who have a care of their own souls, and do not merely live moulding and fashioning the body . . . when Philosophy offers them purification and release from evil . . . whither she leads, they turn and follow." Again, "The philosopher always holds converse through reason with the idea of being." While *Plato* thus places philosophy as the highest guide of men, he is very bitter against the philosophers, but by philosophers he means the Sophists of his day and not the followers of the heavenly doctrine. Philosophy is to him man's highest guide and master. *Aristotle* under-

stands by philosophy the science of Universals and the term is synonymous to metaphysics. It is a science of Truth and its source is Wonder. Aristotle in contradistinction to Plato sought to read the universal through the individual; he distrusted the abstract, the general and the transcendental; his philosophy is love of the concrete. To the *Stoics*, philosophy was a search for virtue. To *Epicur* it was search for happiness. *Neoplatonism* does not concern itself with philosophy as a speculative art, hence we get no real definitions from it.

Of the *Church Fathers* Justin declares that true philosophy and Christianity are identical. *John Scotus* holds that true philosophy is also true religion. Most of the *Church Doctors* subordinate philosophy to theology; even *Campanella* did so, but *Paracelsus* gives Nature to philosophy as its main object. To *Fr. Bacon* philosophy is simply a name for all scientific knowledge. He divides it into three branches: God—Nature—Man. To *Hobbes* philosophy is the natural sense in-born in man; to *Shaftesbury* it is "study of happiness." *Jacob Boehme* writes: "In philosophy the subject is the Divine Power, what God is, how nature, the stars and the elements are created in God's nature, and how all things have originated. *Berkeley* defines it as "a striving after wisdom and truth." *Kant* holds that philosophy is "the system of all philosophical knowledge," but adds that this is a school notion. "There is a *World-notion* and that is the ideal of the philosopher," and, "philosophy is the science of the relationship of the human mind to that notion." Metaphysics answers the question "what do I know?" Ethics, "what ought I do?" and Religion "what may I hope?" Anthropology answers: "what is Man?" *Tenneman* teaches that "philosophy is the science of the ultimate." *Schelling*: "to philosophise is acting . . . and at the same time *self-recognition* in this acting. All knowledge is part of a philosophy which aims at partaking in the Original

Knowledge." "Philosophy is the science of the eternal ideas of things." "It is an absolute knowledge." *Hegel* defines philosophy as simply a thoughtful consideration of the object? *Schleiermacher* said that philosophy was "the profoundest thinking by means of the profoundest consciousness." *Schopenhauer* looked upon it as "science in motion," and *v. Hartmann* as "speculative results attained by inductive-scientific methods." *Windelband* has it that philosophy is "the science of universal values," and *Paulsen* that it is "the collective notion of all scientific knowledge." The various notions about philosophy and its field, such as they appear among the living English and American philosophers, will appear as I proceed from month to month with essays and reviews.

Summarizing the foregoing specified definitions, it will be seen at once that philosophy is not a discipline with firm and exact boundaries and contents. This much can safely be laid down as the character of philosophy in its historic development, that with the classical people (and the Orientalists, too) its subject matter is Nature; that it is a cosmology; in the Middle Ages it becomes the servant of theology and does not aim at solving any problems of itself; in modern times it searches vigorously for Truth, and is in the main a science and method of Truth: epistemology. It would then seem that it has not yet attained "self-consciousness," if I dare say so; philosophy is not yet what it is going to be. When we shall have attained wisdom in the full sense of the term then shall our philosophy or "science of wisdom" be complete. In the meantime we use the tool as it is. It has been of great importance in the past, and in the present it is more vigorous than ever and of farther reach than ever in the past, and it is almost entirely emancipated from the trammels of the schools.

It will also appear from the foregoing that the object of philosophic search has in the main been for truth and good-

ness. I will in this department use philosophy in much wider senses. I want to use it to express the mysteries of the Motherhood of the Divine, the glories of Beauty and the fourfoldness of the life of the Spirit. These are neglected subjects outside the circles of the New People; I will, therefore, with the help of the New People, make them better known. Again, the New Life is commonly presented under form of philosophy and religion with the exclusion of Mysticism. The result is that the New Life cannot be fully presented. Mysticism rests upon the third possible foundation for knowledge, viz., upon intuition, spontaneity and the soul's realization of its fundamental and essential identity with the Divine. I shall often introduce the Mystics, not only those of medieval Europe, but the Sufis, who are almost entirely unknown in the West, and yet they are bearers of the highest types of Mysticism!

### THE CHILDHOOD OF THE SOUL.

After having answered what philosophy is, and shown that *directly* it cannot help the New People to further progress, it is but proper that I should point out the direct road to the New Life. I say, therefore: Let us retire to the Mystic Silence that broods in the atmosphere about us. It is one of the names for Reality. Let us work ourselves backward through our common consciousness, and go behind all that which we call civilization and its forms. Let us close the doors of reasoning and intellectual vanity. Let us feel, gropingly if we must, for those primitive strata of the soul which we pride ourselves foolishly on having overcome when we "came of age" and assumed the toga of citizenship. Having thus exhausted ourselves of all that which nowadays goes as the patent of nobility, we may descend to states of the childhood of the soul, to con-

ditions so completely unstrung that we may begin to comprehend the nature of the foundations of human intelligence, to a world nowadays rightly called the Unknown World.

The Unknown World is simply Ourselves, strange as it sounds to some. We do not know it, because we have eaten of the poppy seeds, which veil men's eyes; we have drunk of the waters of that dark river which runs through the world and which is the death of the higher senses; in our ears sound confusion; our hands are no more pouring the holy oil of devotion upon altars of simplicity; our hearts beat irregularly and our nerves tremble from lack of divine vigor. We have sinned—and lost ourselves!

We may recover the childhood of the soul by silence and solitude: in them the Mighty Arm is stretched out towards us!

Some of our readers may find that silence and solitude in Nature, others come to communion through Mind.

“God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures  
Boasts two soul-sides—one to face the world with.”

and one which can find the way back to the ancient melodies; one which can recall the sorrows and sights of primitive lovers and can find the Divine innermost.

Let us retire to the childhood of the soul when we write and when we read! The subject matter of that state and its leadership is the only proper topic of our conversation! It is the One!

#### A NEW INSTITUTION FOR PSYCHIC RESEARCH.

Prof. James H. Hyslop writes to the *New York Sun* under date November 11 a letter advocating the establishment of an institute for psychic research. The letter, printed in the issue of the 13th, contains in the main the same thoughts as his article on the same subject in MIND for November, with the addition of the following paragraphs:

"The general plan which has been incorporated has the indorsement of fifteen leading psychologists, teachers and physicians, nearly all of them connected with universities. They comprise men of Harvard University, Clarke University, Columbia University, Pennsylvania University, Cincinnati University, Indiana State University, and others. Among the men back of this work are and were: Lord Rayleigh, D. C. L., F. R. S.; the Marquis of Bute, K. T.; the Bishop of Ripon, the Hon. William E. Gladstone, Lord Tennyson, John Ruskin, LL.D., D. C. L.; Sir William Crookes, F. R. S., the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, K. T., F. R. S.; Sir Oliver Lodge, F. R. S.; the Hon. Arthur Balfour, Prime Minister of England; Prof. Balfour Stewart, Owens College, Manchester; Prof. W. F. Barrett, Royal College of Science, Dublin; Prof. J. C. Adams, the Observatory, Cambridge; Prof. Henry Sidgwick, Cambridge; Prof. Bernheim, Hôpital Civil, Nancy; Prof. Boutlerof, University of Petersburg; Prof. Charles Richet, Physiological Institute, Paris; Prof. Max Dessoir, University of Berlin; Prof. William James, Harvard University; Prof. S. P. Langley, Smithsonian Institution, Washington, D. C., &c."

"It is in the interest of this work in both fields that Mr. and Mrs. C. Griswold Bourne, Central Park West, have opened their house to a series of private meetings where the importance and sanity of the work can be properly presented. The first task is to disillusionize the public as to the nature of it.

I may add that the board of trustees for the institute has not yet been completed, but Prof. William James of Harvard University, Dr. Minot J. Savage, and Dr. R. Heber Newton are on the board."

MIND desires to recall its readers' attention to the November article in MIND, and to give the utmost publicity to this letter and to endorse the editorial comment of the *Sun* that "such an institution would be an honor to American science and, if intelligently conducted, would have a practical therapeutic value aside from the light it would throw upon some of the darkest mysteries of human consciousness and suffering." But let us understand each other! This institution will not encourage the development of "supernormal psychology," but only investigate whatever elements of it it can get at. It desires to know *about* psychic mysteries, but does not care to possess the prophetic mania. Its members are not to be mystics or ecstasies, cultivating "the inner voices" and "heavenly lights;" they will not come "within the circle," but will remain

riding on the circumferential line, enjoying and wondering at the marvels of a supersensible and central world. Keeping safely outside the charmed circle, they will look through telescopes and other scientific apparatus, but the celestial fire shall not touch them. The readers of their future reports cannot even be inspired by the poetic arts, for inasmuch as this institution fears the madness of the Muses that falls upon him that approaches the gates of poesy, the reports can only be prosaic documents; mere sounds.

### CULTIVATE "THE GIFTS OF THE SPIRIT!"

Will not the New People come together and in devotion open all the gates that shut out the heavenly influences which come to us through the *supra*-conscious fields? Why should they not throw their personalities upon the blissful fires that burn in the innermost recesses of the heart? By so doing the transmuted *sub*-conscious powers shall reveal the great Being.

The New People possess "the exceeding greatness of the power of God;" let them, therefore, commend themselves to their heaven-born guides, that their spiritual gifts may be developed according to "the diversities of gifts, but by the same Spirit." If they will do that, the marvels of psychology—call it super-normal psychology!—such as Paul mentions these in his first letter to the Corinthians, Chap.xii, shall be evident. Such Psychic Research would be worth while! It would contribute to the fund of human knowledge. Psychopathology can only analyze and, because its light is artificial, it cannot shine into the Darkness, the Unevolved!

"Follow after love; yet desire earnestly spiritual gifts!"

It is proper and right that those who profess themselves as bearers and representatives of Culture should engage in studies



like those proposed by Prof. Hyslop and his society, and the New People may join such undertakings. We live in two worlds; we want to know the solid ground we walk upon in one sense of our existence, as much as we "descry the mystic heaven and earth within." The modern culture is mainly concerned with facts of tangible nature; it endeavors to understand what laws there be which govern human society; it desires to discover and to conquer as much of the yet unknown countries that border upon the domain of its present existence. It would incorporate the stars, if it could encompass them. As yet, its outposts and scouts have not found any trails through the circumambient glories. The New People bridge space and time by their spiritual life. They are familiar with the lights set in the firmament to divide the day from the night. They are the light-bearers, or the true uniters of Outer and Inner. No abstraction or impersonal principle can be the medium. It must be in the human form! Their pattern is Christ, "the principle, in whom all things stand together." (Col. i, 17.)

Will the New People call together all those who have the mark upon their foreheads? In the earnest of their convictions let them join for the cultivation of spiritual gifts!

The editors of MIND stand ready with a form of organization for such as may wish to join them in the endeavor. In general, it can now be stated that those who apply will, from an inner necessity of the case, divide themselves into two groups. In the one, the largest, will naturally come those whom vague, though honest, desires drive to seek the higher life. In the other, in all probability, the smaller one, will come those who can answer correctly the crucial questions: (1) "Why do you come?" and (2) "Have you received the Holy Spirit?" The proposed organization shall not be hampered by ecclesiastic or other official control; it will only guide and teach as far as it is able. The Spirit shall rule!

## NEW THOUGHT AS SEEN BY A PSYCHO-PHYSICIST.

In a late number of the *Monist* John H. Noble gives a summary of The Psychology of the New Thought movement, as that movement is understood and explained by William James in his "Varieties of Religious Experience," his Gifford Lectures at Edinburgh, 1901-2, and published the next year. The summary is, as it claims, only a summary and is not critical, and will in the main serve to spread the lecturer's ideas. It is, for instance, extensively quoted in "Philosophical Review." As these ideas represent only a minimum of what New Thought really is, and as this movement quietly is classed with "varieties," which really means abnormalities and such odd mental and abnormal features which the modern psycho-physical student delights in examining, it seems desirable to call the attention of New Thought people to the summary and the book itself, and to put them on their guard, if need be.

What William James' own standpoint is will appear from the following:

In the September number of *The Journal of Philosophy, Psychology and Scientific Methods* the professor declares himself in an article headed "Does 'consciousness' exist?" Contrasting "thoughts" and "things," "spirit" and "matter," "soul" and "body," he writes:

"In the hands of such writers as Schuppe, Rehmke, Natorp, Münsterberg, at any rate in his earlier writings, Schubert-Soldern, and others, the spiritual principle attenuates itself to a thoroughly ghastly condition, being only a name for the fact that the 'content' of experience *is known*. . . . I believe that 'consciousness,' when once it has evaporated to this estate of pure diaphaneity, is on the point of disappearing altogether. It is a name for a nonentity, and has no right to a place among first principles. Those who still cling to it are clinging to a mere echo, the faint rumor left behind by the disappearing 'soul' upon the air of philosophy. . . . For twenty years past I have mis-

trusted 'consciousness' as an entity; for seven or eight years past I have suggested its non-existence to my students and tried to give them its pragmatic equivalent in realities of experience. It seems to us that the hour is ripe for it to be openly and universally discarded."

Feeling all solid ground slipping away, he hastens to add:

"To deny plumply that 'consciousness' exists seems so absurd on the face of it—for undeniably 'thoughts' do exist—that I fear some readers will follow me no farther. Let me then immediately explain that I mean only to deny that the word stands for an entity, but to insist most emphatically that it stands for a function."

And to make his denial of spirit most emphatic, he adds:

"I mean, no aboriginal stuff of quality of being, contrasted with that of which material objects are made, out of which our thoughts of them are made."

In the last paragraph of his essay the professor declares that all this comes to him intuitionally, and endeavors to ward off the charge of materialism which he knows will be levelled against him, and he reiterates his statements by declaring:

"Let the case be what it may in others, I am as confident as I am of anything that, in myself, the stream of thinking (which I recognize emphatically as a phenomenon) is only a careless name for what, when scrutinized, reveals itself to consist chiefly of the stream of my breathing. . . . Breath, which was ever the original of 'spirit,' breath moving outwards, between the glottis and the nostrils, is, I am persuaded, the essence out of which philosophers have constructed the entity known to them as consciousness."

The readers of this magazine could now hardly be ignorant of the professor's qualifications for a full and impartial view of the subject of New Thought. I shall, however, add one more note. The lectures numbered XVI and XVII deal with Mysticism. The professor begins by saying:

"Whether my treatment of mystical states will shed more light or darkness, I do not know, for my own constitution shuts me out from their enjoyment almost entirely, and I can speak of them only at second hand."

That they "shed darkness" will appear when the reader hears that mysticism "is certainly something suggestive of pathology," and that "the drunken consciousness is one bit of the

mystic consciousness, and our total opinion of it (viz., mysticism) must find its place in our opinion of that larger whole," viz., drunkenness. Think of it! Hereafter we must look for the mystic in drinking-saloons, for the man of vision where intoxicants flow freely, and for the ecstasies at bacchanals; inn-keepers are its priests, wine cellars its temples, and sots its altar servants. That Sufi Mystics use such language we know, but Prof. James is not using symbolical language as they do. His nitrous oxides and ether and "the consciousness produced by intoxicants and anesthetics, especially alcohol," are the real thing of the dram-drinker and inebriate.

The New Thought movement is dealt with in lectures IV and V, called "The Religion of Healthy-Mindedness," a good classification. Emphasis is laid upon that natural optimism which characterizes its devotees, but the bottom facts which allow them to cultivate "healthy-mindedness as a religious attitude" are not mentioned. It is supposed that anyone can deliberately exclude evil from the field of vision. Those familiar with New Thought and what that name stands for know how "deliberately" this can be done and is done. There is something of a "gift" in this matter. Only those centred in the One, or the Universal, or whatever they may call the Centrality of life, are able to "exclude evil," because they only know its unsubstantiality.

New Thought and "Mind-cure movement," we are told, are the same, and there are various sects of this New Thought—most unfortunate expressions, to say the least! However, this is true, I think we can say "it must now be reckoned with as a genuine religious power." Its doctrinal sources are said to be "the four gospels; another is Emersonianism, or New England transcendentalism; another is Berkeleyan idealism; another is spiritism, with its messages of "law" and "progress" and "development;" another the optimistic popular science evolution-

ism; and finally, Hinduism has contributed a strain. Most so-called New Thought people, who, by the way, do not like the term at all, would ask the Professor for his authority for finding doctrinal sources in "spiritism." I suspect that the word "occultism" might have been better, yet I would find it difficult in a few words to say just what was meant by "occultism" in this connection. The lecturer continues: "But the most characteristic feature of the mind-cure movement is an inspiration much more direct. The leaders in this faith have had an intuitive belief in the all-saving power of healthy-minded attitudes as such, in the conquering efficacy of courage, hope and trust, and a correlative contempt for doubt, fear, worry, and all nervously precautionary states of mind." Well thought, but might have been said better! As stated, not enough emphasis is laid upon the fact that the believer lives from out the Centrality of existence; "the leaders" have more than an "intuitive belief;" they know a Certainty, and they live *the* life. "The gospel of relaxation," the "don't worry," rest upon realizations that go far deeper than volitions, and the "trustfulness" known among these people is a result of experience, not an attitude assumed by any intellectual effort. The tonics that leave health, youth and vigor upon their faces and body in general are perceptions of the beauty that permeates all nature, both without and within. The freedom which these people possess is an expression of their actualizing the fact that in their innermost life they are not bound by space and time, and need not subject themselves to all the ailments and bonds of such conditions. Though our lecturer does not himself know these deeper things, he is not blind to the fact of the enormous spread of this miracle-making movement. Says he:

"The plain fact remains that the spread of the movement has been due to practical fruits, and the extremely practical turn of character of the American people has never been better shown than by the fact that

this, their only decidedly original contribution to the systematic philosophy of life, should be so intimately knit up with concrete therapeutics."

For this reason Prof. James thinks that New Thought people "form a psychic type to be studied with respect." In spite of this "respect" and the honor thus bestowed, it must be said that the term New Thought is not synonymous with the systematic philosophy of life for which that term stands. The new movement, which is so poorly expressed by that term, is a renaissance of mankind, the introduction of a New Age, and this New Age has established its metaphysics on the axiom that "reality consists of an absolute system of immutable ideas" and made Good the motive of all its actions: "It sees Good in everything." When Nature is put in the witness-box, she testifies that her innermost life is not her own; she points to her smallest and her greatest things and asks: "That vision—is that not He?" And then she leads the way and enters her child, Man, upon the Path to Self, admonishing him that she is ready to become his servant and will be so the moment she recognizes in him the Master. So much can we already see of the New Age.

Prof. James refers all the mystical in New Thought, etc., to the subconscious self, "nowadays a well-accredited psychological entity," as he rightly says. I shall not dispute anything he says about this "self;" he is an acknowledged teacher and, no doubt, "the subconscious" is a field we all need to open and draw from. But its opposite pole, "the supra-conscious," is also of infinite importance. The people, who usually have been called "the mystics," may have been his and our masters. With one accord they call it Good's presence in Man, the "image," "the Christ," the ultimate of the Divine's descent into Man, etc. Of this Prof. James speaks only indifferently and as something "supra-natural," which of course to him, ma-

terialist as he declares himself, can only be something incomprehensible, morbid, "saintly," "miraculous," and consequently beyond psycho-physics.

Mr. John H. Noble, in the *Monist*, quoted above, sums up James' facts and opinions thus :

"(I.) A deliberate mental attitude of optimism is psychologically reasonable. In New Thought practice the experiment of deliberate optimism has been tried on a large scale, and the results, material as well as mental, now form an imposing mass of objective fact.

"(II.) Hero worship is instinctive with mankind. New Thought belief holds that the specific defeat of the inferior side of man's dual nature is not positive, but negative; not frowardness, but lack of courage; as a religious creed this is new.

"(III.) The discovery that there exists a fact that consciousness beyond the threshold of our primary or ordinary consciousness marks a very important advance in the science of psychology. New Thought belief holds that the superior part of man's dual nature tends into the subliminal consciousness, and that through the subliminal mind every individual is united with a Universal Mind.

"(IV.) All religions hold that there is something not ourselves from which we can obtain help; psychology agrees that there is something beyond our ordinary consciousness from which help comes, but cannot say that that something transcends the individual's sub-conscious self. New-Thought practice systematically seeks help by way of the subliminal mind.

"(V.) Psychology has suggested that conscious intentness probably raises the threshold of consciousness, and hinders the advent of ideas originating in the subliminal mind. It is a fact of experience that regenerative phenomena ensue upon the abandonment of intentional effort by the ordinary consciousness. New Thought advocates systematic mental relaxation and meditation. As a religious practice this is not new. It is found in the oldest religious systems known, the alleged effect being that the individual thereby becomes sensibly conscious that he is one with the Absolute. New Thought belief further holds that the individual thereby draws upon an infinite energy, and therewith produces physical effects in the objective world. The remarkable growth of New Thought movement must be attributed to practical 'fruits.'

"(VI.) The characteristics of the transient state known as mystic consciousness resemble the characteristics of the habitual religious attitudes of saintliness. The religious attitude, considered even as a subjective mental condition, must be deemed one of the most important biological functions of mankind.

"(VII.) An alleged result of relaxation, concentration and meditation is the revelation of truths that transcend the knowledge obtained by the senses and reason alone."

With all its shortcomings, the New People must nevertheless thank Prof. James for his work and his pleadings for them. He has brought their case before the learned world as one worthy of respect, not as an insanity, a heresy or something to be burned at the stake, which probably would have been the case if this movement had occurred some centuries ago.

Let the people continue in their intense self-affirmation :

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control,  
These three alone lead life to sovereign power."

Let "the song of the soul victorious," which is of freedom, lead this people to drink of the perennial stream of love that flows from "the limitless self!"

### BJÖRNSTJERNE BJÖRNSON ON "FEELING FOR NATURE."

Prof. A. Bugge published a very interesting article on "Feeling for Nature" in the Norwegian magazine "Samtiden" (No. 5, 1904). The article gave a résumé of the history of the subject, and in the No. 6 of the same magazine Statsraad J. Løvland inserted an article endorsing Bugge and adding something on the subject as regards the Norwegian peasant. He makes objection to the Professor's words: "Even to-day the most of our peasants think a piece of ground is only beautiful when well tilled and fruitful;" and to this: "It has taken Man a long time before he learned to love Nature for her own sake." Statsraad J. Løvland says also that Prof. Bugge's words, which follow, fit exactly the case of the Norwegian peasant :

"There is a race, which from time immemorial has loved nature; the deep silence in the vast forests and on the shores of the shining waters; the running brooks, the notes of the black thrush, the song of



the nightingale, and the ku-ku of the cuckoo; which has loved nature not only in her milder moods, but also in her largeness and might, etc. That is the Kelt, especially the Irish."

Our author then quotes expressions to corroborate his assertion. He cites Gunnar on Lidasende's exclamation; he mentions Embert Hougen's descriptions of nature and those of Jörgen Moe, Ivar Aasen, Vinje, Blix and Garberg, laying special stress upon a statement made by Bishop Bang that Blix's hymns were so peculiarly attractive because of their "springfeeling," and, finally claims that these peasants whose names just have been quoted, and a few others have made rich contributions to the literature touching the peasant's inner life and its connection with nature.

In the last number of the magazine *Björnsterne* Björnson comes out in his usual impetuous manner and contradicts Statsraad J. Løvland, charging him with gross errors, etc. Then he writes:

"From my childhood and youth on the farm I cannot remember one single fellowmate who had any other feeling of beauty in the country than for the space which was well filled with crops. They had no feeling for the sweep of the waters around the projecting ledges and their drawing powers; they felt nothing in the attractive lines of far or near mountains, their quiet but powerful architecture; they knew nothing of Buggestrand's wild melancholy and never felt it falling upon them like a dark poem; they never partook of the strange influences in the passes where the fjords meet. Of late I have found more minds open for larger beauties than those of Eidsvaagen. Now they tell the travelers where I had been sitting in entrancement and where I had drawn others after me. The many hundred travelers and the guide-books have now opened their eyes.

"Is it not so? If they had had an inherent feeling for nature—why then did Jotunheimen, Geisanger, Stryn, Hafrsfjord, Eikisdalsvand remain undiscovered until this day?

"I have known many Norwegians in America who have said to me: 'Good Lord, that I might return home once and see the old homestead!' They have mentioned various things that drew them, and most often a foss or water fall. That was feeling for nature; about that there can be no dispute.

"There is no doubt about it that the poetic mind (and there is more of it among us than many know) feels satisfied and at home in a

beautiful nature, especially when in solitude. But to get a clear understanding of what it was those longed for, it was necessary that they should discover the contrast on the vast and interminable American prairies, or come across something that awakened memories, or that they should have fallen in love with certain poems or songs which recalled images, or stories, or which expanded life and drew it into unknown sentiments; or—above everything else—that they should have seen landscape paintings by the best artists; such teach us to see, teach us to renew acquaintance with that we have seen before.

“Among all of those in the poor old parsonage and among those I otherwise met, I can remember only one who loved to follow the cattle to the woods and the uplands. And he wished to do it—because he could then read certain books he had got hold of! It was Hans Neraas, merchant in Kristianssund. But I have met others who got farther on in life and who have talked about how much they like those young days and how charming the woods were.

“In the Nøes there were no søeters, but in the Gudbrandsdal there are søeters, and most people like the life at søeters when they know it. If really a feeling for nature existed, why is it that so many leave the country when they grow up? Feeling for nature rarely gives way; it has a strong hold upon the mind and it draws.

“When we shall have more enlightenment, and especially if this enlightenment brings more song and poetry into our lives, then we shall have more feeling for nature and fewer will leave the beautiful Norway.”

Perhaps we may believe Björnson's statements about his countrymen, the Norwegians. If they be true, they are severe arraignments, but they are not necessarily true as regards other nations. Personally, I believe he is wrong, if he applies his own experience and the lack of nature-feeling among his own friends to all the Norwegians. But he made one remark which many students of to-day will endorse. He said some of his acquaintances were obliged to come away from Norway in order to discover Norway and the beauty of its landscape. That remark seems to corroborate what ethnologists hold to be true, that the modern nature-feeling is a result of culture and not an immediate sense.

I shall revert to the subject in a future number of *MIND*, and endeavor to show the close connection there is between religion in the broadest sense and Nature.

IMMORTALITY OF SPIRIT AND IMMORTALITY  
OF FLESH.

Prof. William Osler, of Johns Hopkins University, who delivered "The Ingersoll Lecture" at Harvard this year, stated emphatically what was the standpoint of science on the subject of immortality. He said:

"Knowing nothing of the immortality of the spirit, science has put on an immortality of the flesh, and in a remarkable triumph of research has learned to recognize in every living being at once immortal age beside immortal youth. The patiently worked-out story of the morphological continuity of the germ plasm is one of the fairy tales of science. You who listen to me to-day feel organized units in a generation with clear-cut features of its own, a chosen section of the finely-woven fringe of life built on the coral reef of past generations,—and, perhaps, if any, you citizens of no mean city have a right to feel of some importance. The revelations of modern embryology are a terrible blow to this pride of descent. The individual is nothing more than the transient off-shoot of a germ plasm, which has an unbroken continuity from generation to generation, from age to age. This marvelous embryonic substance is eternally young, eternally productive, eternally forming new individuals to grow up and to perish, while it remains in the progeny always youthful, always increasing, always the same."

Then quoting Beard in "The Review of Neurology and Psychiatry for January, 1904," he continued with that writer's words:

"Thousands upon thousands of generations which have arisen in the course of ages were its products, but it lives on in the youngest generations with the power of giving origin to coming millions. The individual organism is transient, but its embryonic substance, which produces the mortal tissues, preserves itself imperishable, everlasting and constant.' This astounding revelation not only necessitates a re-adjustment of our ideas on heredity, but it gives to human life a new and a not very pleasant meaning. It makes us 'falter where we firmly trod' to feel that man comes within the sweep of these profound and inviolate biological laws, but it explains why nature—so careless of the single life, so careful of the type—is so lavish with the human beads, and so haphazard in their manufacture, spoiling hundreds, leaving many imperfect, snapping them and cracking them at her will,

caring nothing if the precious cord on which they were strung—the germ plasm—remains unbroken.”

There is no cause for alarm! The above simply asserts that science can prove its position and that the flesh is immortal, and that is well and good! We have long known that spirit was immortal; now we join to it the other side of existence as being of the same quality. It is a great triumph for Mind. We know now that we have two immortal servants at our command. We! Who? Anybody? No! Only the New Man!

The New Man is the Child. Father “Spirit” and Mother “Flesh” are the parents and the three form the Holy Family.

There can now not be any excuse for lack of progress for anybody.

### SIGNIFICANT TENDENCIES.

We have before us a new book, which calls itself *Introduction to the History of Modern Philosophy*, by Arthur Stone Dewing. (Philadelphia and London, J. B. Lippincott Company, 1903). It is a book that will be useful to New Thought people and is accordingly recommended. In the opening chapter it deals with the meaning, scope and problems of philosophy, every word of which we wish to press home into the minds of our readers. It will give them positive information and clear out confusion and mistiness. Chapter VI deals with Immanuel Kant and his work; inasmuch as Kant’s method in the three “critiques” is so much like the method of the Mystics—of which I shall speak in a future essay—the New People ought to be familiar with it. This book may serve as a Hand-book for the purpose. Perhaps the most interesting part of the book are the concluding paragraphs on “Significant Tendencies in the Philosophy of the Present Time.”

"The history of metaphysical studies in the Nineteenth Century has tended to develop a system in which intellectual, emotional, and empirical factors are each recognized and each given its appropriate place. It is doubtful if there is any idealism which does not find a place for the achievement of science, no intellectualism which does not lay considerable emphasis on experience, and, on the other hand, the modern forms of realistic pluralism recognize, although they do not accept, the monistic arguments."

Such is the state of metaphysics to-day; it is all-embracing, it is "pluralistic," as it has been called. Being thus so comprehensive, it is no more so onesided "systematic" as before the Nineteenth century, and the principle of its comprehensiveness is the Monistic Idea. All of this the New People will understand and with this key in mind they may profit by the study of these modern tendencies. As examples, our author points to Lotze, Royce and F. H. Bradley, and gives summaries of their thoughts.

The most significant tendencies in the philosophical thought of the present day of the schools is the emphasis laid upon *the starting point* and the *method of procedure*; these again depend upon *presuppositions*, or, in other words, shall we start with *experience* or with *thought*, with a "given something" or with thought? Of course, this is the old conflict of "subject" and "object" after a fashion, but the fashion is entirely new and presupposes psychological insights entirely unknown to the past.

The modern schools stand sharply over against one another; thinking oscillates between experience and thought and the endeavor is to find the deeper unity. Numerous conceptions of and methods for finding the Absolute are being proposed, but as yet the philosophers have not found that the only at-one-ment of the antinomies of mind is in Mysticism or in the field that lies beyond intellect. The philosophers are using the intellect only as a guide, unwilling to learn its inadequacy to do the work required.

# UNDER THE CHIMES.

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## THE ANGEL EVERYWHERE.

I know an angel with sweet face,  
And heart that's full of every grace,  
Whose eyes awaken in the spring  
That they my happy eyes may greet  
In gentleness of roses sweet  
Which seem the raptures thrushes sing.

I've seen her beauty in the brook,  
Her eyes from water-lilies look,  
And glance into the dragon-flies,  
And glow within the daffodils,  
As all the meadow sweetly fills  
With flowers laughing back at skies.

She walks the mountains, and they glow,  
The sea, and waves in beauty flow ;  
Her garment rustles in the grain ;  
Her hand is building in the oak ;  
The vines are but some word she spoke  
When conning o'er a sweet refrain.

I've seen her calm within the sheep,  
Her storm when splendid lightnings leap  
And air into new sweetness runs :  
I've found her friendly in the kine ;  
I've found her lonely in the pine ;  
Her perfect fellowship in suns.

Of us she has a gentle thought,  
And children of her smiles are wrought  
That we in gentleness abide :

She loves, and mothers come to be  
That love's so perfect ministry,  
And all the world is glorified.

In every song we hear her voice;  
In violins her thoughts rejoice,  
Her beating heart in all their tunes:  
'Tis just her gracious overflow  
That sings the oratorio  
And fills the earth with birds and Junes.

Altho' we owe her every good  
We wrong her gracious angelhood,  
And think her hand but sorrow gives,  
But seeing shadows, not their light,  
Not knowing that no joy's aflight  
But that within its heart she lives.

We've often heard her earthly name,  
And let it kindle sorrow's flame  
Within our hearts so full of fears,—  
Her name so sweet when we but learn  
That through her God's true love doth yearn  
That joy smile gently through our tears.

She's just the blessed angel, Change,  
That through our earth doth sweetly range  
To do God's kind creative will,  
That everything that comes to be  
Shall do love's holy ministry,  
And all the earth with goodness fill.

I've so beheld her goodness here  
Transfigure each creative year  
That when she seems in death to cease

And lose within its endless tomb  
 The hearts that to our own did bloom  
 In many a mercy, grace and peace,

I have the sunny hope that still  
 In all her graces they fulfill,—  
 These loving ones we've lost awhile,  
 And that when in us kindred grace  
 Has wrought, we'll see each holy face  
 In olden love upon us smile.

And so I love her, trust her, give  
 This angel welcome place to live  
 Her glories out in all my ways,  
 That, when storms beat or breathes a calm,  
 My heart, my life will be her psalm  
 She sweetly sings to God in praise.

I bless this angel blessing me;  
 I'm happy when her voices call;  
 I'm glad she lives in each dear friend;  
 She lives in me and everywhere  
 To make the whole creation fair  
 In lives that change, but never end.



### THE GRACE THAT MAKES A FLOWER.

The blessedness of this world of Thine, O Master of life, is in its changing. If life tarried in one phase of its manifesting, it would crytallize out of life into lifelessness. It is action and, when action tarries too long, it is an outworn shell on the shores of life. Life is motion, and motion is the grace that makes a flower blossom, a bird fly, a wave crest to the kisses of the sun. The emotions of the heart which are the



sacredness and joy of this world are life at those changings which make the song of a soul.

With the tides of its changing the sea kisses all shores, and is thereby minister of life. Tarried it in a one changeless kiss to the shores it loves, it were a curse, turning into a salt scourge ministering death, not life, to all that love it now and live by the grace of its changing. Could we enchant the clouds that they hold that beauty yonder forever, changing not, passing not away, the ministry of life were gone out of them, and they could not drop their showers that grasses and grains, flowers and fruits might live. Against the wrong of our enchantment would all these beautiful things of the field cry out. Even the bird's song would grow faint unto death pleading that gracious changing of the clouds where through the waters gladden the earth and satisfy all singing throats that thirst.

If blossom tarried a blossom and changed not, fruit could not round to the kisses of the sun, and the endless generations of beauty would fail to hallow our earth. Could the leaves of the maple stay always, smiling their gentle green into our eyes, it could know no growth, and the fine wood for voicing the human soul in passionate harmonies could not become the enchanting violin. That passion's phrase by which the violin captures our souls in entrancement of delight cannot be held in an eternity that pauses, never to pass from the glory of our gladness. Attempted to be so held, it would scream in discord, its blessing turned a curse. Would we hold our beloved untouched of change, in that one delight of the radiant smile that seemed to us the very soul of beauty, it were not life that continued to smile upon us, but simply a marble memory of what was.

And so the blessedness of the world is in the changes by which all things that gladden become and give the glory of

themselves to the earth. The invisible beauties of the heart of God appear by the grace of change, and we may learn the lesson of the loveliness that is the life of the universe. The motions of God's heart are the emotions of all the beating hearts of earth. The actions of his love so busy in blessing are these countless lives that make this world not desolation but delight. A throb of his heart is the oriole spinning the golden skeins of change into its song. 'Tis a pulse of his thinking that upon the wave smiles beauty to my eye and fragrance to my nostril, as the waterlily opens its heart of gold to the golden kisses of the sun. A beat of his kindly heart became the peach that by changing grew and ripened and held but for a few days its globes of the honeyed wine that I might drink to the love of God that loved me in all the sweetness of the fruits.

In all the beautiful things of the earth, 'tis the angel change that smiles upon me. In all the useful things of the earth, 'tis the angel change that serves me; and so I'll fear her face no more, no more from her hand will I shrink, but love her and delight in her ever present fellowship. That I change, delight in the new emotions, enchanted by the new thoughts, blessed by the new truths, I will no more lament, but give my heart to the changes in every noble gladness.

And that my friends change, I will not blame them, but rejoice that they too are by those changes more and more mastered by life. And for the shadows that befall in the changings, I will have the comfort that life is eternal and its activities only making the beautiful shadows of the temporal; and the joy of my soul is that I am not simply an activity of life, but life itself and shall forever and ever rejoice in my changing universe.

So, Master of life, for changes I thank Thee, and rejoice that through all their beauties I find the gentle, deathless center of all my being.

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## THE RELIGION OF LIFE.

"There was never so great a thought laboring in the breasts of men as now. It almost seems as if what was afore-time spoken fabulously and hieroglyphically, was now spoken plainly, the doctrine, namely of the indwelling of the Creator in man.

"What is the scholar, what is the man for, but for hospitality to every new thought of his time? Have you leisure, power, property, friends? You shall be the asylum and patron of every new thought, every unproven opinion, every untried project which proceeds out of good-will and honest seeking. All the newspapers, all the tongues of to-day will of course defame what is noble, but you who hold not of to-day, not of the times, but of the Everlasting, are to stand for it; and the highest compliment ever received from Heaven is the sending to him its disguised and discredited angels."

*Emerson.*

The above quotation is one from a lecture of Emerson on The Times, and what is said of the receptivity of the mind of his day can be even more truly said of the mind of people at the present time. The light that the few saw brightly but the many in a dim way is now shedding its effulgence through the minds of the many. The world is coming to see and understand life as it has never done in the past. Multitudes of people are reaching out for greater knowledge and understanding. The mysteries of the past are being unfolded. The things that were held secret are being disclosed. Life is in a state of ferment. Never was such activity displayed in the past as in the present time. The world is writing its history, its book of life, with a rapidity that is simply bewildering to the person who is not abreast of the times.

Destruction and construction go hand in hand; the tearing down of the things that were held sacred in past generations and the building on their ruins of more enduring structures is taking place on every side. The conservative man views with alarm the overthrow of his cherished ideals. To him the world seems to be going all wrong, the very foundations of Religion and Morality being destroyed, but this view exists solely because he is not attuned to the new order of things. The evolution which is taking place in life is now a conscious one. Mankind is beginning to perceive that law and order obtain throughout God's Universe, and that conformity to this law and order is the one object of life, and so men are consciously using the power that is within them to create a new world, to manifest a kingdom of God on Earth, to bring the hidden power and glory into external existence, and so verify that the soul is not dependent on things, but the soul makes things, that the religion of life itself is disclosed by life, that the old conditions were only stepping-stones to new ones. What the prophet Emerson believed he saw in his day is being fulfilled in our own. But there is a mightier power at work than Emerson's intellectual conception of life. It is not man's intellect that creates the world, it is not man's intellect that renews life, and not by any thought or reasoning process do we find God. A purely intellectual conception of the Kingdom that is latent in every soul is an impossible thing. A servant cannot comprehend in all its fulness the master's will, and intellect is but the servant of the Master. What a man feels is greater than what he thinks, and thoughts and words are but feeble instruments at times to express the inmost depths of man's feeling. The new light that is coming into the world, that is shining over the threshold of the new day is that a man to be great, should feel after God and come in vital touch with his fellow man through his deepest and

true feelings. This being the case, thought and word and deed will follow as a natural sequence, and man will thus truly express himself from the centre to the circumference of life. The love and adoration of the people of both the past and the present time, for the Christ or the Buddha, has not been for their intellectual conceptions of life, has not been for what they have taught, but rather for what they have revealed and what they have lived. Their loving service to humanity has endeared them more to humanity than any one or all other things. Loving service comes from what a man feels. The new commandment of life, which is just as new now as it was 2,000 years ago is that "ye love one another," that love is a fulfilling of the law, and that only by it and through it can come the fulness of life.

The intellectual reconstruction of the world is an impossible thing. No matter how clearly men may see the truth, if such truth is only held as an intellectual conception of right, wrongs will be perpetrated by man on his fellow man regardless even of true thought conceptions. Intellectually, man knows a hundredfold more of the right than he lives, but if a man feels, he lives what he feels. A thousand men have written books on the cruelty and injustice of man to his fellow man, but the love of a Jesus or a Buddha would outweigh in its productiveness of good, all the logic and mental reasonings of the thousand. What the world needs more than all else, is kindness of heart, good-will, more brightness and hope, more joy and gladness, more faith in mankind and its ideals, and last of all, more love. Through the expression of all these feelings the mind of man would become renewed, quickened, strengthened, made whole, and the world would rejoice in the spring time of a new age, an age wherein righteousness would cover the face of the earth, as the waters now cover the face of the great deep.

The prophets for this new age are needed more than they ever were in the past, because humanity as a whole is more ready to receive a life-giving Gospel than ever before. Humanity is hungering and thirsting, and the desire for a fuller life is being everywhere expressed. Let the prophets of the new age proclaim not what a man should think, but rather what he should feel. Let them make a new departure, no matter what ridicule or censure they may bring upon themselves from those who do not understand what they are trying to do. The true reformer of every new departure in life has had to contend with all manner of persecutions, coming even from those to whom he would do the greatest good. Let no obstacle great or small stand in the way of this gospel, that what a man feels makes him what he is. When we look about on every side, and see the dried and withered-up forms of people, dried and shrivelled up by their thoughts, because of the lack of vital feeling, we feel constrained to cry out, "Oh, that God would fill the minds of people with the spirit of his love and goodness."

Thoughts only become great as they are filled with the spirit of love. The mind only becomes illumined as it draws its vitality from the soul feeling. The coming religion will dispense with thought-out creeds and empty forms. It will not even ask whether a man be a Roman Catholic or a Protestant, a Jew or a Mohammedan. The balance of true fellowship will so unite its members that each one will become a law unto himself as regards what he thinks. No one will be taken to task or questioned about his beliefs or unbeliefs, because where love is, there is freedom, there is unity, there is peace and satisfaction of life, wherein a man comes into at-onement with God and man.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

## LIFE THE HEALER.

The world's wonder worker is life. Its miracles multiply beyond the countless stars in the sky and the countless sand-grains on the sea shore. It is the great alchemist. It takes a bit of dirt and fashions it into the fairness of the rose. By its transformation a bit of granite is wrought into that lens through which a beautiful soul looks out upon you. Once it had but fire mist. Then it had a planet. Now it crowds that planet with lives. Everywhere in river and sea, in forest and field, in city or town, life has the countless temples it has wrought for its gracious indwelling. Life is the master of the world. Life, the wonder worker, is the master of us. As it moves under the microscope, it reveals wonders enough for worship. Could we understand it there in the diatom, we might understand it here in the horse. If we understood it in the horse, we might apprehend some of its ways in the heart of the Christ. But we do not understand. Life transcends us, and is our master.

Whatever it is, there is no end to it, even as there is no end to the air. By breathing the air it cannot be used up. For us who breathe it, it is a world without end. In its exhaustless wealth millionaires are paupers, and all the things which man accumulates by his patient toils are but the dust and ashes of failure. Greater than the air is life. Bountiful as the air is life. Immeasurable as the air is life. Exhaustless as the air is life. As freely is life at our service as is the air, which is tributary to the tiniest lung cell which asks its service. If "it is life whereof our nerves are scant," it is not because of any scantness of life lying about and within us waiting upon all the doors of welcome that it may enter into us with fullness, giving grace for grace. It is told of a ship

that it was for days bereft of water, its sailors by thirst distressed. Its crew hailed a passing sail and called out eagerly for water. The answer was "Dip down and take it up. You are in the mouth of the Amazon." So, however we suffer for lack of life, it is not because there is no abundant life. Life is beneath us, above us, about us, within us, oceans of life, worlds of it, skies of it, eternities of it. All that we need to do is to breathe it in. It is ours for the asking. Dip the buckets of your need in its measureless deeps, and they brim with it, satisfying your thirst. We are a channel opening up into its infinite ocean. Clear out our channels, and our banks are abrim with its fullness. Life is as eager to enter all places of welcome as the rising tide is to enter all the open sea-ways. Life's great insistence is to enter into this we call matter, transfiguring all soils into its image and likeness. It is all eagerness to brim in us its banks.

From this truth what follows? That it is no more wonderful that life should heal than that life should make a blade of grass; no more wonderful that it should heal than that it should fashion the perfect child; no more wonderful that it should heal than that it should have made the strength of the oak; no more wonderful that it should heal than that its fullness should dwell in the rugged man who had never a day of sickness in his life. The question of health is simply the question of getting rightly related to life. There is music in the air. Rightly relate to it a violin, and in the air there is no end to the story of music its winds will tell. In life there are the melodies of health. Rightly relate yourself to life, and in that life there is no end of the delights it will sing through you.

Some member of your body is diseased. Is it any more wonderful that life should cure that disease than that it created that body's member in the beginning, and filled it with perfect



health? The greater wonder is not in the healing of your body but in the fact that you have a body wrought out of life. The miracle of healing is not the great wonder, but the miracle of original health is.

And yet the simple wonders of life, whether of original health or of healing, cease to be miracles in the realization that life is natural, that it is as native to us as the sun is native to the sky or growth is native to a grain of wheat. It is natural for the sun to rise. It is natural for the wheat to grow. It is natural that we should live. Disease is not natural. Evil is not normal. The fact that a newspaper will fill its columns with the story of a murder, tells the story of the unnaturalness of murder. That the little hurt in the finger cries out through its voices of pain is an evidence that the wound is not natural, that disease is not native to the body. When this is realized we will cease to expect disease; we will refuse submission to it; we will claim our right to fullness of life, to wholeness of being. Life thinketh no evil; it cannot work a wrong. Goodness is as native to it as light to the sun. Life cannot wound. Life seeks ever to heal all wounds. In the midst of everything that hurts, life is always the diligent knitter of the ravelled sleeves of care. Smite a tree with an ax, and could we see, we would behold all the energies of life bent to the healing of the wound. Wound yourself with a knife, and the choicest couriers of life are dispatched to heal that breach in the walls of the sacred city. Break a bone, and life eagers to re-knit the sundered fibers. Life is the healer, because it is life. We are the healers of ourselves because we are life.

When we learn how to command life, how to use it, how to enjoy it, how to fly in its fullness, sickness will be as alien to us as sin is alien to heaven. It is not in the medicine but in the life that healing abides; it is not in the skill of the

physician but in the life that is the overcoming of sickness. It is not in the mental healer that the power resides but in the life. It is not the book you read which heals you; it is life. It is not the truth you learn which makes you well; it is life. However anyone may help us, whether man or book, whether physician or metaphysician, we should not enslave ourselves to the superstition that power resides in the man or his teaching, in his thought or his word, in the gentleness of his spirit or the skillfulness of his deed. Life is the healer, the life that made you, the life that loves you, the life that is in you, the life that is measureless, that is as abundant as the love of God, the life that is all full of eagerness to keep you in its perfections, the life that is eternal,—eternal in its abundance, eternal in the fineness of its quality, eternal in its power, eternal in its endurance, eternal in its kindness, eternal in the joy with which it gives itself unto all its living ones.

See how full of life the universe is. Fill your mind with the abundance of the life that is in the earth. Let your heart brim with the joy of simple living. Realize that you live and move and have your being in the abundant, eternal life, and can no more lack for it than the fishes can lack for the sea when swimming in it or the birds can lack for the air when flying in it. Believe in life. Think life. Love life. Claim life as your inalienable right. Get so into the midst of its sunshine that you cannot see any shadows of disease, and you will find that life is indeed the healer, and means for you itself so abundantly that no more can discord be struck in those harmonies which life always wills, in willing itself.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

## MARRIAGE TEMPORAL OR ETERNAL.

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 23, 1904.

EDITOR, MIND,  
NEW YORK, N. Y.

DEAR SIR: In your issue of November appeared a book review containing the following statement: "Its positive thought about marriage is more wholesome and cleaner than the thought abroad in Christian Science, which, if not directly, then by inference, looks upon marriage as something not quite nice; as a low condition to be outlived by the soul."

A careful study of the Christian Science text-book, and Mrs. Eddy's other writings, will be convincing that your book reviewer is misinformed on that subject. True Christian Science is in accord with the teaching of Jesus, "But they which shall be accounted worthy to obtain that world, and the resurrection from the dead, neither marry nor are given in marriage," pointing to a future spiritual life wherein there is no marriage; but Mrs. Eddy declares in "Science and Health, with Key to the Scriptures," "Marriage should improve the human species, becoming a barrier against vice, a protection to woman, strength to man and a centre for the affections." The silly twaddle of fanatics should not be mistaken for the correct teaching of Christian Science.

We would suggest incidentally that an exposition of other theories does not necessitate a misrepresentation of Christian Science.

Yours sincerely,

ALFRED FARLOW.

OSCAWANA-ON-HUDSON, Dec. 8, 1904.

MR. ALFRED FARLOW,  
BOSTON, MASS.

DEAR SIR:

The book referred to in your letter is "Truth and Health," by Fannie B. James, published by the Colorado College of Divine Science, Denver, Colorado.

The writer of the notice of that book believes, whether Mrs. Eddy or the Theosophists, the Christian Church or the Buddhists, or any one, teaches that marriage is but a passing thing of the flesh, to be outgrown as we spiritualize, to be refused in the interests of our spiritualization, that the highest and cleanest idea of marriage is not taught. Celibacy, as a conviction of righteousness, holds a thought of marriage that does not work for cleanness in the individual heart, nor in the heart of the world. Marriage, not as a convention but as a beautiful fact in the universe, is centrally spiritual, is in its essence divine and eternal. At the center of all is Love and its Truth. When we call to it through the names of Father or Mother, it is not a symbol we are using. We are praying in terms of reality. When that Love, in manifesting, dominates, we have the female. When that Truth, in manifesting, dominates, we have the male. Sex in its inmost is God, and therefore every manifestation of God is through sex. In the mind that sees this truth, holding it in reverence, purity abides, and the outgoings of that pure thought make for sexual righteousness in the world. This we understand to be Mrs. James's teaching about marriage. This we do not understand to be Mrs. Eddy's, even as your letter allows. Celibacy as the greatest purity is the logical development of Mrs. Eddy's teachings. He who here and now desires to actualize the truth of the inmost of the universe, who wants to demonstrate God, will, as do many of the fine souls, who are de-

sciples to Mrs. Eddy, look upon marriage as something which cannot belong to their exalted life, as something which is a part of their "mortal mind," which works but nightmare woes and wounding illusions in the thoughts and lives of men. Whatever concession to the conventions of the world any teaching makes, it cannot by that concession escape the logic of the principle it centrally voices. Unless our thoughts are centrally clean and true as to the thing they think about, their issues will be no higher than they. If in our inmost mind we do not have the highest thought of sex, that low thought, although held for the sake of a mistaken highest, will work in the measure of its power in the world, what will not exalt and purify.

In the judgment of the writer, marriage will never be purified of its "closets full of secret shames," the love of him and her will never manifest on the earth its divinest souls, nor by the grace of its love regenerate, until the mind of man holds the most exalted idea of sex, believing that somehow marriage in its spiritual essence is eternal. When anyone must think short of this and enter into marriage, they have not the highest power for exalting and purifying their marriage. In their marriage they cannot be reflecting the divinest they believe. Always will they be shadowing their marriage with the thought that they have made some concessions to what is not the highest, to what is not an abiding beauty of the universe. From the thoughts of the mind come the purification of the life.

What you seemed not to see, in the necessarily brief words of a book notice, is a contention between two great world theories about the fact of sex in the universe. The writer holds that the truth lies with the teachings of Mrs. James. The manifestation upon earth of high souls through marriage, the spiritualization of souls through marriage, the beauty of holi-

ness in marriage will come to pass in that measure in which sex is held in the minds of all as the eternal righteousness of the universe, the joy and holiness of the Divine.

Whatever good Christian Science is doing in the world has the approval of him who writes these lines. Its gospel of optimism, making so many hearts happy, finds him rejoicing with them that rejoice, holding the movement and its founder in great respect. Nor is this appreciation held in the silence, but as occasion asks it is voiced. This does not blind him to its defects, to the partialness of some of its views, to the false mingling with the true. Greater than Mrs. Eddy or Mrs. James is the Truth, as the spring time is greater than the one valley or mountain which is answering it with oaks or pines, with violets or grapes, or things of lesser worth and beauty.

Mind's ideal is fairness. It thinks it has no prejudices. It is not afraid of the truth. It is not afraid *for* the truth, believing that always can truth take care of itself by its truth as light takes care of itself by its light. It is perfectly willing to give Christian Science a fair hearing in its pages. But always will it think its own thoughts saying them as best it can not narrowed by devotion to a personality or a book, to an individual or an organization, however old, however new.

With kindly regards and sincere appreciation of all the good which Christian Science is doing in this Town of Time, I am,

Sincerely,

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.



His culture is broadest who sees everywhere the good; his deepest, who perceives the Spirit sustaining all, and hears the rhythmic beat of the Universal pulsing in every life.—*As Nature Whispers.*

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

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THE MEASURE OF A MAN. By Charles Brodie Patterson. Price \$1.20 net. Upland Farms Alliance, Oscawana-on-Hudson, N. Y.

This is Mr. Patterson's new book, which does not reach us in time for adequate review this month. It is the outflowering of his years devoted to spiritual thinking, to the finding of the ways that lead to a perfect and happy life. It should be like wine at the Canaan marriage, the best kept to the last. It is in two parts. Part I., "In His Image," has an Introduction and "The Natural Man," "The Rational Man," "The Psychic Man" and "The Spiritual." Part II., "The Son of Man," has an Introduction, and "The Son of Man as Man," "The Son of Man as Idealist," "The Son of Man as Teacher," and "The Son of Man as Healer." He says of it:

"My message is optimistic; one of peace and good-will to all men; one of healing to the sick and recovery of sight to the blind; of liberty to those in captivity; one wherein the acceptable year of the Lord is proclaimed."

PRACTICAL METHODS FOR SELF-DEVELOPMENT, SPIRITUAL, MENTAL, PHYSICAL. By Elizabeth Towne. Price \$1.00. Published by Elizabeth Towne, Holyoke, Mass.

Elizabeth of the Sunbeams, she might be called, for her word is always bright with joy and purposed in gladness. Like the sunshine smiling on the fields to get the answering smiles of the blossoms, Elizabeth Towne radiates to awaken radiation in others, even the radiation of such a joyous life,

that nigh the human dwelling, nor sickness, nor, sorrow, nor evil can come. She never thinks in shadows. She never casts gloom. This is her chief grace, coupled with a cheery common-sense which keeps her feet well upon the earth, while her head is in the sky. Not perfect is this little book, only one would as soon think of pointing out its faults as scolding a little child who is all smiles. She does not give an index, but some of her chapter titles are, "The Rising Tide and the House of Sand," "Realization in Detail," "To Grow Spiritual Consciousness," "Points on Breath," "When Sins Come A-Visiting," "To Command Yourself," etc. Her concluding word is her book's summary:

"My joy of living and loving and growing I give unto you, gentle reader."

Out of her book a gentle reader will increase his gentleness.

MY LADY BEAUTIFUL; OR, THE PERFECTION OF WOMANHOOD. By Alice M. Long. Price \$1.00. Chicago, M. A. Long.

This is a book that believes in sunshine and the beauty-working power of a smile. It believes in a beautiful soul, but that that soul must be helped to manifest in a beautiful body—a body beautiful in health. It might be called a book of physical and mental hygiene. It teaches the practices of physical expression with the mental attitudes, getting therefrom the best results in a fulness of physical life. It is well illustrated, showing how to do the thing taught. "Beauty is its own excuse for being," Emerson said, and he must have meant a physically beautiful woman as well as a rose, a mentally beautiful woman as well as a sunset, a spiritually beautiful woman as well as a star. To be beautiful in soul is to be good. But a beautiful soul well expressed in mind and body—this is worth the devotion of days.



THE DIAGNOSIS FROM THE EYE. By Henry Edward Lane, M.D. Price \$2. 145 pages. Kosmos Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.

The author believes that the "wonderful science of diagnosis from the eye," first given to the reading world in 1880 by Ignay Peczely, a Hungarian physician, "enables one to recognize with absolute clearness the whole physical and mental condition of man, guiding us in the struggle against the drugging fraternity and turning the difficult vocation of the true physician into one of delight and satisfaction." He believes that the condition of "every organ and part of the body is infallibly reflected in exactly defined sections of the iris." In the establishment of each point laid down declares the writer, thousands of eyes were minutely examined and the methods carefully tested in verification. In the "Key" to the diagnosis, the surface of the iris is divided into thirty-six sections and the spots, lines, shadings, etc., visible in each of these is declared to indicate the peculiar ailment or state of health of the corresponding organ or part of the body. In referring to the allopathic treatment of disease, the author crisply characterizes its basic principle: "for instance, the 'hunger typhus' might be treated by an extract of sweat gathered from capitalistic brows as modern 'statesmen' resort to powder and bullets to quell a famine riot."

TABERNACLE SHADOWS OF THE BETTER SACRIFICES. 128 pages. Watch Tower Bible & Tract Society, Allegheny, Pa.

St. Paul's phrase in reference to the things of the Levitical law, "the shadow of good things to come," is elaborated in this little volume to the extent of some 130 pages. The author of the "Millennial Dawn Series" here takes up in detail the tabernacle paraphernalia and amplifies their spiritual signifi-



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"Stanton Kirkham Davis has succeeded in an eminent degree in bringing his philosophic discussions within the easy grasp of the busy man of affairs who has little time for calm and serious contemplation. It is an appeal to all that is best in man's nature, and seldom have I read so rational a presentation of the ethical needs of to-day as is here presented. The author's portrayal of the Seasons will delight all lovers of fine prose poetry. It reveals the mind of the careful student of Nature and the imagination of the artist and poet. It suggests at times some of the best flights of Victor Hugo; it has also something of the rugged quality of Walt Whitman. The author is clearly not only a philosopher and teacher, he is a poet and an artist. This is a book that merits wide circulation. No one can read it without being made healthier, saner and happier for its perusal."—*The Arena*.

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Perfect and Eternal . . . . .

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Thinking Life . . . . . John Milton Scott

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# Charles Brodie Paterson's New Book

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## JUST FROM THE PRESS

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# THE MEASURE OF A MAN

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### CONTENTS

#### *Part One*

#### IN HIS IMAGE

##### Introduction

- I. The Natural Man
- II. The Rational Man
- III. The Psychic Man
- IV. The Spiritual Man

#### *Part Two*

#### THE SON OF MAN

##### Introduction

- I. The Son of Man as Man
- II. The Son of Man as Idealist
- III. The Son of Man as Teacher
- IV. The Son of Man as Healer

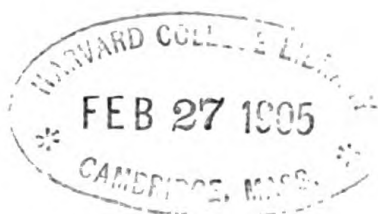
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—EMERSON.



VOL. XV



FEBRUARY, 1905



No. 2

## GOD MINUS MAN AND GOD IN MAN.

BY THE REV. S. R. CALTHROP.

The word "God" has two quite legitimate, but distinct and separate meanings, which must never be confounded with each other. The first meaning is "The All," and is necessary both to philosophy and science; the second and more popular meaning, in its best use, is "The Spirit who surrounds and interpenetrates all worlds and all existences." Endless confusion results from the jumbling together of the two. Both philosophy and religion have suffered from this fruitful source of error. By it philosophy has been condemned to a tread-mill round of bad thinking, and religion has been cursed with a doleful amount of bad believing.

If, then, as philosophers, we are considering God as "The All," we must always mean the One Infinite Substance which not only pervades but *constitutes* the whole universe; the Substance which fills all spaces and all worlds, and *includes* all worlds and all existences in one all-pervading Unity.

If, therefore, as a philosopher, you speak of God as "The

Absolute," "The Unconditioned," "The Infinite," you must always mean God as "The All;" or your deductions will be false, and you will be a blind leader of the blind.

"The Absolute" is defined to be that of which no possible *relations* can be predicated. It is a magnificent conception that God, as "The All," is "The Absolute;" for there can be nothing *outside* of God, "The All," to bear any relation to God: that God as "The All" is "The Infinite;" for, since His Being fills infinity full, there can therefore be nothing outside of God to *limit* His Being; that God, as "The All," is "The Unconditioned;" for there is nothing *outside* of His all-containing Being to condition it. But "The All" is related to, is conditioned and limited by, all beings and all worlds *inside* of itself. *Being surrounded* is both a relation, a condition and a limit: but *surrounding* is also a relation, a condition and a limit. "The All" minus a single object ceases to be "The All:" it becomes "The All minus that object." Volumes on volumes of high-sounding metaphysics can be torn up as waste paper, when once the true definition of these three words takes the place of the false. It is not too much to say that both Hamilton and Mansel give a wholly false definition of each of these three words, and that they draw an absolutely false conclusion from each one of them. It is passing strange that Herbert Spencer really thought all his days that he had "proved" "The Unknowable" from the pseudo-metaphysics of these two thorough skeptics, who posed as stalwart defenders of religion! "The Absolute," as such, cannot be a cause," says Mansel, in his "Limits of Religious Thought." He imagines, in his foolish heart of unbelief, that he has concluded all finite minds under the Impossibility of thinking of God as The Great First Cause. This statement is quite true, but not in the sense he uses it. God, as "The All," cannot be a Cause; for there is nothing *outside* of "The All" to receive any *effect* from "The



All." "The Cause, as such, cannot be 'The Absolute,'" continues Mansel. Quite true, again, for "The Absolute," being *strictly infinite*, cannot possibly be a Cause to anything *outside* of itself, for there is, and can be, nothing outside of itself. But "The All" is the Great First Cause to everything *inside* of itself; bears relation to, is conditioned and limited by, everything *inside* of itself, and would cease to be "The All," if any single existence were abstracted from it. And yet such poor stuff as Mansel's was supposed by Herbert Spencer to be the last word of philosophy! It is tragic to think that the higher life of our beloved and loving Huxley was checked and thwarted from his earliest manhood to his death by his persistent belief in Hamilton's false definition of "The Unconditioned." In the midst of the agony of bereavement, he replies to Kingsley's letter of deep sympathy that this has all his life been the keystone of his thought, and that it was this that made him "an agnostic."

How anyone can imagine that we can possibly *think* of "The Unconditioned" is a marvel to Hamilton, "for to think is to condition." Very true, but not in the sense in which Hamilton used the phrase. A single thinker conditions "The All" by his very existence, for "The All" *surrounds both him and his thought*. But the thinker can also see the union with "The All" of himself and of all finite worlds and beings; and the thinker's heart can rejoice to know that nothing is *outside* of the God, who is All in all, to condition His perfect purpose, to interfere with His glorious union with all His children.

This one illustrious example is sufficient to show that the matter is not one that concerns the philosopher's closet alone. We shall soon find that it touches human life on all sides. We can already see at least that if you take away a single world or a single existence from "The All," it is "The All" no longer. "The All" minus the galaxy is not "The All," it becomes "The

All minus the galaxy;”—a highly important omission, if it is the galaxy itself and its destiny that we happen to be studying! Take away from “The All” the whole of mankind, and you have only “The All minus man” left;—a highly important omission if it is man and his destiny that we happen to be studying!

The second meaning of the word “God,” which, at its best and highest, is “The All-pervading Spirit, who surrounds and interpenetrates all worlds and all existences,” is the more ordinary use of the word; and is essential to all religious speech, thought and aspiration. It expresses, as no other word can, *God in His Relation to the finite Children of His Love*: God the inspirer, friend and lover of human souls, God the ever present guide and guardian, whose gracious and ready influence we supremely need. We cannot do without the word, and no harm can come from its use in this sense, provided we are thoroughly aware that the whole material universe, visible and invisible, is also of God: and that the Infinite God is All in all. If ever we forget this, then harm will surely result.

## I.

Vast harm has already resulted from ignorance of these all-important distinctions. Two very different classes of people have been afflicted very grievously by this ignorance, and have inoculated multitudes with their disease. First, in order of time, comes the Religious Fatalist, who has been a powerful influence in religious thought from Augustine’s day to this. It used to be a common saying among theologians that the *logic* of the Religious Fatalists was unanswerable. If you granted their premiss, you must inevitably come to their conclusion. Those theologians, however, who refused to do this, added that there was something very illogical, but very genu-

ine in human nature, which revolted against that conclusion, and which continued to believe in man's free will in spite of logic.

Now logic is the science of reasoning; and if the premiss is perfectly sound, and the process of reasoning from it is performed with perfect accuracy, then the result, the conclusion, must be equally accurate. If, then, the Religious Fatalist came to an erroneous conclusion, then either his premiss must be unsound, or he must have made some mistake in drawing his conclusion. His premiss was this, "God is omnipotent." To our fathers, it seemed blasphemous to doubt this for a moment. But his premiss once admitted, they were caught in the net of the Religious Fatalist's conclusion. "Therefore, all things come to pass by His sovereign will and by that alone. Man has no power to resist His will, and God has mercy on whomsoever He chooses to have mercy, and whom He wills He hardens, and condemns to everlasting burning."

Now, our fathers did not dare to analyze the Religious Fatalist's premiss, word for word. But let us fearlessly proceed to do this. "God is omnipotent." The first word is "God." What did he mean by the word "God?" Always and everywhere he meant "God minus man," which is not "God" by any means; it is only "God minus man." Now, if we were arguing about the cause of the motion of the sun and the planets, or of the galaxy itself, we might be able to solve the whole problem by the formula "God minus man;" for all the power of man seems to have nothing to do with either causing or altering those motions. But the Religious Fatalist was specially referring to man, was considering the destiny of man, exclusive of everything else. He asserted that man had nothing whatever to do with his own destiny, for "God minus man" absolutely controlled the whole of it.

His bad definition of the word "God," then, was the root

cause of all the fearful trouble he caused to himself and the whole Christian church. Substitute for "God" in his premiss "God minus man" and it reads "God minus man is omnipotent." Now this is simply not true; for you have taken away from omnipotence all the power of man; and since the question involved is one that concerns wholly the nature and destiny of man himself, you have taken away one of the two great factors of the problem. Even one single man has *some* power; all men together have power enough to rule both land and sea. Man has changed the surface of the continents, and has already modified greatly the conditions of his own existence; and his power to bring things to pass is increasing by leaps and bounds. The Religious Fatalist's theory, then, ignored the most obvious facts of every-day life. Mankind till all the fields, build all the cities, make all the laws and constitutions under which men live. In a word, man has such power over his own life.

On the other hand, "God minus man," cannot even save a single baby from being run over and killed. "God minus man" cannot even drain one single fever-haunted swamp, much less free from the plague a single city like Havana. "God minus man" cannot enforce decency and order in even a single city. "God minus man" cannot nominate pure, high-minded, and competent persons for office: cannot insure an honest election in a single precinct in a single ward. In a word, "God minus man" is impotent to help in a thousand things. "God in man" can do, and is in the act of doing, all these things and a thousand more day by day. God in man, God incarnated in man is steadily lifting up the whole world of man. God in Jesus, incarnated in Jesus, gives the Law of the Life Eternal to the whole world. God incarnated in millions of fathers and mothers is building up millions of homes where Love abides as in a sacred shrine. God incarnated in men of honor is giv-

ing us honorable business, honorable politics, honorable statesmanship, honorable intercourse between nation and nation.

In everything man does, again, in common every-day life God coöperates, works together with man. I am looking out on James Street, Syracuse. The street is paved with asphalt. God made the asphalt. Its wondrous juice oozes richly from the earth. But man brought it here, and man laid it down. It is highest in the middle, in order that the water may run off and leave it dry. Gravitation, which makes water find its own level, is wholly of God. But the slope of the pavement is man's work, acting in obedience to God's law. Some houses are built of stone. Stone is wholly the work of God; but man dug the stone out of the quarry, brought it to James Street, and laid it in tiers, all in obedience to gravitation. Some are of brick. The clay is of God; the baking of the clay and the form of the brick is of man. God gives the wood; the cutting and the shaping of the wood are of man. The iron in nails and in fireplaces is of God; the shaping of the nails, the driving of them, the fire-grates and stoves are of man. The coal is wholly of God; the mining of it, the wise use of it, the protection from fire is of man. The gas, the electricity, that lights the houses is of God; the arrangements of pipes and wires, the wise and economic generation and use of gas or electricity are of man.

What is true of every-day affairs is equally true of all departments of human life. "God minus man" cannot make a City High School the center and core of a grand uplift to the city. God in its head-master, in its teachers and its pupils can. "God minus man" can do nothing to make the tone of a great University high and noble, a perpetual source of inspiration to a whole country. God in its president, its faculty, its students can and does. "God minus man" cannot make head against the thousand things that hurt and lower existence. God incarnated in noble men and women can. "God minus

man" cannot make a single noble church; God in the hearts of all His children can build the Holy Church which is throughout all the world.

The fundamental error of the Religious Fatalist goes deeper down than his false definition of God. That is only the effect, of which the error itself is the cause. His theology, like all other false theologies, was completely vitiated by his fixed idea that the nature of God is absolutely different and distinct from the nature of man. To him, therefore, the Fatherhood of God was merely a sentimental expression, which had no foundation whatever in reality. All true theology must be built on the foundation-truth, that the nature of God and the nature of man are identical. There is only One Mind, and we inherit that mind; only One Spirit, and we are the children of that One Spirit.

## II.

In the second class are included not only the host of Scientific Fatalists, but also all those who are sadly convinced that God cannot be perfectly good, because he *permits* the miseries of the world. This, in turn, is their formula, "If 'God' cannot prevent the miseries of the world, 'God' is not omnipotent; and if 'God' is omnipotent, and will not prevent those miseries, 'God' is not perfectly good." This is the snarl in which some of the finest and most interesting minds of the nineteenth century were caught and held. Huxley, Mill, Ingersoll, and many others could not disentangle this snarl all their days.

The difference between such men and the Religious Fatalist is this: He asserted that God had a perfect right to make the vast majority of mankind miserable for ever and ever, if he pleased; this second class take the nobler ground and insist that God would be nothing but an immense Devil if He did so.

They even assert that the mere fact that there is any misery at all anywhere at any time, however brief that time may be, casts a grave doubt upon the perfect goodness of God. John Stuart Mill admired in Mrs. Taylor the freedom with which she criticized those thinkers who ascribe a "pretended perfection" to the universe. Tyndall spoke of the "appalling indifference of Nature to the woes of man," thus making Nature one thing and man another. Huxley, all his life, stood on the fence, declaring constantly that he knew nothing about it. Differing, however, from the Religious Fatalists, as they did, in his hateful conclusions, these noble persons, nevertheless, were misled by the selfsame error. By "God" they constantly meant "God minus man," and therefore drew the same kind of false conclusion from the same false premiss.

Now, if we substitute for the word "God" in their formula the "God minus man" they always mean, it will read: "If 'God minus man' cannot prevent the miseries of the world, 'God minus man' is not omnipotent." Very true; for, as we have already seen, "God minus man" is indeed impotent to help man in a thousand ways. Again, "If 'God minus man' is omnipotent, and will not prevent those miseries, 'God minus man' is not perfectly good!" But as by this time we see clearly that "God minus man" is not, and cannot be omnipotent, both clauses of their formula fall to the ground. Small wonder, then, that they fall victims to pessimism. It appears in some of them as a drastic but thoroughly one-sided criticism of the essential conditions of man's life upon the earth: in others as a strange sense of helplessness in view of the evils of the world. It appears in the desponding tone in which they speak of man's destiny; in the utter impotence they feel when brought face to face with those who mourn a beloved one's loss; in the despair which settles down upon themselves when the light of their own life goes out. What can we do to help such men? The

fundamental error, in the form of purely Religious Fatalism, is less and less potent among men day by day. But there are multitudes of intelligent and earnest persons who need to be delivered from the fundamental mistake which they, as well as the Religious Fatalists, have made. We can, at least, use language clear and precise enough to express our true thought. When we use the word "God," meaning "The Spirit who pervades and surrounds and interpenetrates all worlds and all existences,"—and, as men of religion, we constantly must so use it—we must take care lest we be thought to attribute a strict and absolute omnipotence to that Spirit; for we have abstracted from the God, in whom all things exist, the power of all worlds, all galaxies, and all finite beings. Many noble men of religion will feel it hard to do this, for their very reverence may seem to forbid. But when they realize that thousands of earnest and thoughtful people are repelled from all religion because this distinction is not drawn, they will begin to see that theirs is a mistaken reverence. The distinction is a true and vital one, and sooner or later will be drawn by all mankind. When that day comes, men will no longer say that God is not omnipotent, because "God minus man" is not omnipotent; will no longer accuse "God minus man" for not doing what God in man, God coöperating with man, alone can do. The complaints of men like Mill and Huxley will cease altogether, when they and all others see that God and Man are *jointly responsible* for all human welfare. Our main business will then be seen to be the quickening, the enlarging, the deepening of the *sense of responsibility* in all men, women and children. Then it will be seen by all that it is foolish blasphemy for parents, who have no sense of responsibility for the higher life of their children, to accuse "God minus the parents" for not nourishing successfully that higher life which the parents shamefully neglect. Then it will be understood that "God



minus the people of New York" is altogether unable to reform the abuses of New York, to take care of the neglected children of New York, to cleanse the business, the politics and the social life of New York. God in the parents, God working together with the parents, can make the higher life be to the children the very air they breathe. God working with all the good men and women of a great city can make that city a praise in the earth.

### III.

The true picture of the Universe is this. The Infinite Spirit, who within His own Being includes all lives and all worlds, fills all space with His own Substance. An infinite number of Finite Spirits, born from His Spirit, inheriting His own Substance, dwell with Him, Sons of God, and heirs of His own Eternal Life. For them, for their use, for their glory, for their kingdom, He builds His worlds out of His own Substance, and gives world after world away to group after group of His sons and daughters, for them to govern, to subdue, to perfect. On each particular world, God and those of His children who inhabit that world are *jointly responsible* for the progress made upon that world. The Eternal Spirit forever fills up the full measure of His part of the vast responsibility: it remains for us, His children, to fulfil ours. The first great lesson for every child of man to learn is that he is *responsible* for his own actions. If, through any cause whatever, anyone has no power, he has no responsibility. If, therefore, as the Religious Fatalist madly dreamed, "God minus man" had all the power there is, then mankind would have had no responsibility whatever. Each of us, then, has a responsibility exactly proportioned to our power. There are some things which I only can do. No one can eat, drink, sleep, breathe for me. These things cannot be done by proxy. The power to do them

is mine only, and I alone am responsible for the use of that power. No one can be just and kind, tender and true for me. Until I am all this, one son of God on one planet has deserted his post. One empty chair is set at God's Table, waiting till the absent, tardy and ungrateful guest comes at last into the great Banquet Hall!

The Ideal Planet is a World in which God and His children live together *in a happy mutual understanding*: a World where God's children shirk no responsibility which is rightly theirs: where God's children never dream of asking God alone to do what God without the aid of His children cannot possibly do: where each one knows that there are certain responsibilities which are supremely his own: where each one knows, and acts always on the knowledge, that many must unite to do what only many, acting joyously together with each other and with God, can do: where all the dwellers on the whole planet unite together with each other and with the gracious Father-Spirit to make that planet one of God's glorious heavens!

Many a century must pass away, before our beloved Earth can become such a planet through the united efforts of God and His earthly children, But the vision, the hope, the longing is already here, and in God's own good time the mighty thought will become a mightier Thing. This wonderful Earth of ours is traveling incessantly through space two million miles a day. It is as if God took the innumerable discordant and fevered vibrations of poor, ignorant, misguided human hearts out into the cool, restful Spaces of His Being, and there let them slowly sob themselves to rest in His bosom. Meanwhile, He ever keeps on bringing a fresh supply of His healing Spirit to the poor fevered hearts themselves. When will those hearts at last understand that He is loving them, here and now, with an everlasting love, and is drawing them to Himself with His own loving kindness? When will it be understood that God

and man must work together, that millions on millions of men and women must lovingly and strenuously act together with each other and with God, before the blessed goal is even in sight?

The vision is for many days. Meanwhile, let those who know all this strive without ceasing to give the blessed knowledge to those who do not know.

The vision is for many days. Century after century the Church of God has been a house divided against itself. Century after century believer has fought against believer, sect against sect, and the cause of God and man has been torn to pieces between the mad combatants.

At last, the scattered and divided Churches are beginning to come together, beginning to realize that there is only one Church of the ever-living, ever-helping, ever-loving God, and that all true souls everywhere are birthright members of that one Church. This is the most glorious sign of progress seen for many centuries.

Brothers! This is our line of march! Forward on this line to assured victory through Him that loves us! Thus, and thus only, can we bring to its fulfilment the prayer-prophecy of Jesus—"Thy kingdom come! Thy will be done upon Earth as it is done in Heaven!"

# THE BAHAI REVELATION.

## WHAT IT IS AND WHAT IT TEACHES.

BY ARTHUR PILLSBURY DODGE.

Many great religious movements have been inaugurated in the world, but none so great—judging from what it has proclaimed, accomplished, and promises—as what is known as the Bahai Revelation. Never in the history of the world has there been such a prompt response of the people, such rapid world-compassing growth and beneficial results generally. There were never so many people of practically every race, nationality and faith, who in so brief a period became united so firmly and devotedly in one faith and belief, one real brotherhood, and ready to die for one another.

Although the first announcement of this Bahai Cause was made only sixty years ago, yet there are already, from the most conservative estimates, upwards of nine millions of believers and followers—simple, earnest, sincere adherents and workers in what is claimed and believed to be the greatest and most far-reaching religious dispensation ever known to the world—the culmination, so to speak, the summing up and fulfilment of all former prophecy and promise.

### I. A BRIEF STATEMENT OF THE REVELATION.

#### (a.) THE BAB.

On the 23d of May, 1844, there arose in Teheran, Persia, Mirza Ali Mohammed, a young man of remarkable presence, who announced that he was the one promised by the prophets to appear at the “end of time” to proclaim the coming of “He

whom God shall Manifest," who was to inaugurate the Kingdom of God on earth. This herald or announcer was born at Shiraz, Persia, in the year 1235 A.H., on the first day of Muharram, corresponding to our Solar time, October 20, 1819. It is claimed and we see, after careful investigation and contemplation of the utterances of Christ and the prophets, it is quite apparent that this remarkable personage was the return of the manifested spirit of John the Baptist, who was, Christ declared, the new and repeated appearance of the ancient prophet Elijah, who, it was clearly prophesied, was to come again on a heavenly mission. Mirza Ali Mohammed became known as The Bab, the word signifying "gate" or "door."

His earnest, Paul-like, fiery eloquence; the invincible spirit of sincerity and conviction characterizing his mission, which lasted nearly seven years, attracted large numbers of devoted followers. The first eighteen to respond were known as the "Letters of the Living." "Each of the prophets is the manifestation of one of the Names (or Attributes) of God. The Name manifested in The Bab was the highest of all—Wahid, the One. Hence it is that nineteen is amongst the Babis the sacred number according to which all things are arranged—the months of the year, the days of the month, the chapters in the Beyan, the fines imposed for certain offenses, and many other things. Nineteen is the numerical value of the word Wahid according to the Abjad notation, in which every letter has a numerical equivalent, and each word a corresponding number, formed by the addition of its component letters. This sacred number was manifested even at the first appearance of The Bab, for eighteen of his fellow-students at once believed in him. These eighteen are called 'The Letters of the Living,' because they were the creative agents employed by The Bab for bestowing new life upon the world, and because

the numerical value of the word Hayy is eighteen. All of these were inspired and pervaded by The Bab, the One (Wahid) and with him constitute the Manifested Unity (Wahid) of nineteen. Thus the visible church on earth was a type of the One God; one in essence but revealed through the Names, whereby the Essence can alone be comprehended. But this is not all. Each of the nineteen members of the 'Unity' gained nineteen converts, so that the primitive church comprised 361 persons in all. This is called 'the number of all things,' for 361 is the square of 19 and the further expansion thereof, and is also the numerical equivalent of the word Kulla-shey, which means 'all things.' This is why the Babi year, like the Beyan, is arranged according to this number in 19 months of 19 days each. But the Babi year is a Solar year containing 366 days. These five additional days are added at the beginning of the last month, which is the month of fasting, and are commanded to be spent in entertaining one's friends and the poor, as it is written in the Kitab-i-Akdas." (Browne's "A Year Amongst the Persians," p. 320.)

"The Bab declared explicitly and repeatedly in all his works that the religion established by him and the books revealed to him were in no way final; that his followers must continually expect the advent of 'Him whom God shall Manifest,' who would perfect and complete this religion." ("A Traveller's Narrative.")

In the Beyan, The Bab declared that this great Personage was then on earth and would announce Himself at the proper time, which would be within 19 years.

The Bab suffered martyrdom July 9, 1850, being shot by a company of soldiers; thus fulfilling to the letter the Mohammedan prophecy made several centuries prior to the invention of gun-powder and firearms, that he would be killed in that manner. Before this event occurred The Bab, according to indisputable history, placed a letter in the hands of one of his faithful followers, together with the injunction that it

be unsealed and read upon the occurrence of a "grievous event." On the execution of The Bab this letter was opened and read. It was dated just six months previous and declared the manner and exact date of his martyrdom!

(b.) BAHÁ ULLAH.—"HE WHOM GOD SHALL MANIFEST."

The Great One, Mirza Husseyn Ali, was born at Teheran, Persia, November 12, 1817, of a line of Persian Princes. His lineage is traceable century by century, back to Nushirvan the Just, whose reign of forty-eight years is referred to in history as "The golden age of modern Persia." It is well known that this king Nushirvan was in the line of direct descent from the ancient king Cyrus who figured so conspicuously in both Biblical and secular history. Nushirvan was the last king of the Sassanian or fourth Persian dynasty. Mirza Abul Fazl, a Bahai of thirty years' standing and a noted philosopher, historian and religionist, says:

"Baha Ullah was a Persian descending from the last Persian dynasty, the Sassanian, and the Zoroastrian scriptures prophesied that God would bless the whole world through the seed of the Persian Prophet Zoroaster, through whom God promised that Soushianse (The Light of Lights—Baha Ullah) would appear in and from Persia. Nushirvan the Just was contemporaneous with the prophet Mohammed, but died when the latter was four years old. Baha Ullah was distinctively a Persian, of the Aryan race, and was from the Shi'ite branch of Mohammedanism."

The incomparable mission of Baha Ullah became apparent in 1852, when He and His family and followers were exiled to Bagdad. Before starting on this journey as a prisoner and an exile, Baha Ullah's extensive properties, His entire possessions, were confiscated by the Persian government, whereupon, history shows, He raised His hands and declared: "Praise be to God! I am now free!"

These peaceable and holy people were detained in Bagdad,

between eleven and twelve years, when they were removed to Constantinople, and shortly afterwards to Adrianople, the object or purpose being all the while to prevent the growth of, nay, more, to exterminate the cause; but in spite of all the efforts of enemies who were incited and encouraged by the Mohammedan clergy (Mullah's), the movement continued to grow with wonderful rapidity; with swift and never ceasing augmentation of the hosts of adherents. At last, alarmed by the situation, and fearful lest they lose all their followers, the leaders of the Mohammedan Church succeeded in inducing the governmental authorities to make what they supposed would be a final disposition of the whole matter; total extinction of the "fanatical uprising," as many called it, the same appellation as was given to Christianity by the early historians.

It was well known that the ancient penal city of Acca, Akka, or Acre (Accho, Achor, or Sainte Jean d'Acre of old) was a totally unfit and unsafe place in which to live, owing to the foulness and unhealthfulness of the city and its surroundings. To this death-trap those friends in the garb of religious servers of God managed to induce the government to remove the peaceful and law-abiding prisoners. They arrived about the year 1866, and, strange to relate, from that time not only Acca and its immediate surroundings, but all Palestine, has been steadily and marvelously improving, until this vast territory, so long desolate and forsaken, has been veritably transformed into a comparative Paradise. This is not fancy, but a statement of fact, and should mean a great deal to the thoughtful and sincere! Furthermore, it is all in strict fulfilment of prophecy, which, it is regretfully observed, has become far too much of a dead letter. The most remarkable thing, perhaps, is the fact that the avowed enemies of the Cause were themselves, unwittingly, fulfilling those very prophecies!

Edward G. Browne, in his introduction to "A Traveller's



Narrative" (p. 39), recounting his visit to Baha Ullah in 1890, says in part:

"Though I dimly suspected whither I was going and whom I was to behold (for no distinct intimation had been given to me), a second or two elapsed ere, with a throb of wonder and awe, I became definitely conscious that the room was not untenanted. In the corner where the divan met the wall sat a wondrous and venerable figure, crowned with a felt head-dress of the kind called *taj* by dervishes (but of unusual height and make), round the base of which was wound a small white turban. The face of him on whom I gazed I can never forget, though I cannot describe it. Those piercing eyes seemed to read one's very soul; power and authority sat on that ample brow; while the deep lines on the forehead and face implied an age which the jet-black hair and beard flowing down in indistinguishable luxuriance almost to the waist seemed to belie. No need to ask in whose presence I stood, as I bowed myself before one who is the object of a devotion and love which kings might envy and emperors sigh for in vain!

"A mild, dignified voice bade me be seated, and then continued: 'Praise be to God that thou hast attained! . . . Thou hast come to see a prisoner and an exile. . . . We desire but the good of the world and the happiness of the nations; yet they deem us a stirrer up of strife and sedition worthy of bondage and banishment. . . . That all nations should become one in faith and all men as brothers; that the bonds of affection and unity between the sons of men should be strengthened; that diversity of religion should cease, and differences of race be annulled—what harm is there in this? . . . Yet so it shall be; these fruitless strifes, these ruinous wars shall pass away, and the "Most Great Peace" shall come. . . . Do not you in Europe need this also? Is not this that which Christ foretold? . . . Yet do we see your kings and rulers lavishing their treasures more freely on means for the destruction of the human race than on that which would conduce to the happiness of mankind. . . . These strifes and this bloodshed and discord must cease, and all men be as one kindred and one family. . . . Let not a man glory in this, that he loves his country; let him rather glory in this, that he loves his kind. . . .' Such, so far as I can recall them, were the words which, besides many others, I heard from Baha. Let those who read them consider well with themselves whether such doctrines merit death and bonds, and whether the world is more likely to gain or lose by their diffusion."

Baha Ullah, meaning the Glory or Splendor of God, was usually spoken of by the believers as "The Blessed Perfection." His active mission on earth, covering a period of forty years, was terminated by peaceful death on May 28, 1892, the event

being referred to by the Bahais as "The Day of Departure." He had previously appointed His eldest son and "Greatest Branch," Abbas Effendi, to be His Successor, The Commentator of The Book, and The Center of The Covenant of The Religion of God.

The following are some of the principal works of Baha Ullah: The Kitab-i-Akdas, the "Most Holy Book," containing the Laws, Ordinances and Commands; Kitab-i-Ikan (or Ighan), the "Book of Assurance," giving proofs of the reality and significance of The Bahai Revelation; Kitab-i-Ahd, "The Book of The Covenant," written by Baha Ullah's own hand in 1890, and placed in the custody of Abbas Effendi, with the strict injunction that it should not be read by anyone until the ninth day after His Departure. This Book of The Covenant clearly states that the one referred to in The Akdas as the chosen of God to whom we should turn, was Abbas Effendi. There were many other remarkable books and writings of Baha Ullah, including the famous "Letters to the Kings," etc.

(c.) ABDUL BAHÁ ABBAS.

Abbas Effendi, after becoming the Successor of Baha Ullah, became and is now known as Abdul Baha (signifying the Servant of God), or The Master. He resides, a prisoner of the Turkish government, in the old prison city of Acca, already referred to; a humble, patient exile from his native country. He was born at Teheran, May 23, 1844, the very day of the first announcement to the world by The Bab of his sacred mission. These two events, as will be seen, both in and of themselves and in connection with prophecy, of which they are in fulfilment, are of vast significance and momentous importance.

At the time of the exile from Persia to Bagdad, Abbas Effendi was about eight years old. The journey consumed

about one month and was the cause of much hardship and suffering to the various members of the holy family. It was in the winter season, and Abbas had both of his feet frozen. From about this time he was always of great assistance to his saintly Father, for whom he acted as amanuensis and in other services. He never attended school, but has abundantly proven himself the possessor of practically incomparable knowledge along any and all lines.

On the ninth day after the departure of Baha Ullah, Abbas Effendi placed the Book of The Covenant in the hands of Mirza M. Din, son of Mousa, the former faithful servant of Baha Ullah, who then read it to the assembled Bahais in the chapel adjoining the sacred Tomb of The Manifestation. The writer has been in this "Holy of Holies," as it truly is, and he has received the testimony of hundreds of sincere, earnest believers concerning the deep solemnities of this occasion which positively defy human description.

Directly after this important ceremony Abbas Effendi went into retirement, spending several months entirely in seclusion from the world and human kind, occupying a plain room in a small house close by the entrance to the ancient Cave of Elijah, the Tishbite, in the end of Mount Carmel, which projects out into the Mediterranean. It was here that The Master, Abdul Baha, as he has ever since been called, communed with God, cut himself entirely from the world and its allurements, dedicated himself to The Cause of God, and took up the great Mission to which he had been appointed by The Manifestation of God! How could anyone fail to be profoundly impressed, the writer thought, while contemplating these scenes, as he stood in this bare, but sanctified room, listening to the whispered descriptions of scenes and events which will, ere long, be uppermost in the minds and hearts of God's children throughout the entire world!

During his investigation and study of the Bahai Revelation the writer has journeyed far and wide. The fourteen most memorable days of his life were spent with Abdul Baha in the New Holy City, in prison, as it were. He then found from actual experience, which coincided with information previously and ever since then received, that Abdul Baha continuously and unchangeably lived a life of love, servitude, humility, and sacrifice, not in mere words, but in actual doing; that he certainly appeared to be literally living on the Christ standard, taking up and continuing with the added strength and clearness promised by Christ, His Life, Works, and Teachings from the suspension thereof by Crucifixion nineteen hundred years ago!

Was not Jesus Christ the prototype of perfection for daily human living in days to come, and, far more, for loftiness and perfect purity of spiritual life, works, and teachings? Christ declared: "Ye shall be known by your works." The informed and unprejudiced know that Abdul Baha, The Master of This Day, is the fulfilment of those words of Christ prophecy! This is what Bahais claim, and who can say them nay?

Mirza Abul Fazl declares:

"I say this. During my thirty years experience in The Bahai Cause; knowing it root and branch as I do, I am able to and do declare of my own positive knowledge that those Holy Personages, Baha Ullah and Abdul Baha Abbas, throughout all their writings, command us not to curse or revile our enemies, and in such way that this principle or idea has become engrafted into our very nature. During all this time the saintly teachings have continually taught the believers love for all the world, and to such fixed purpose and success that the word 'animosity' is becoming a non-reality to them."

Baha Ullah states in the Kitab-i-Akdas that "After the Sun of Truth sets you must turn your faces unto Him whom God hath chosen; who is Branched from the Ancient Root." It is also therein said that "Anything you do not understand from The Book must be submitted to the Great and Chosen One,"

meaning Abdul Baha, The Greatest Branch. It is pointed out very clearly that those who are conversant with Biblical Prophecy readily understand the "Sun of Truth" and "Ancient Root" as referring to Baha Ullah, The Manifestation of God.

## II. THE MATTER OF HISTORY.

It seems indeed strange to those who are informed regarding this subject and know of the prominence given the matter during the past twenty-five years or more, that so little really authentic information is current or available.

Among the more prominent historians and writers who have treated of the subject, and in some instances admirably, are: Count de Gobineau, of France; Baron Rosen, of Russia; Edward G. Browne, of Cambridge University, England; Lord Curzon, Viceroy of India; E. Dennison Ross, Principal of the Madrassar (Government) College at Calcutta, India; Mirza Abul Fazl, the noted Persian scholar, philosopher, and historian; the late Gabrielle de Sassi, of the Egyptian Government; Mirza Assad Ullah, the noted religious authority, now of Syria; S. G. W. Benjamin, and others.

While there is evidenced a pronounced lack of knowledge of material or outward facts, the most deplorable thing is the misconception, so generally prevailing, touching the fulness of significance and far-reaching importance of the Bahai Revelation. Writers do not, as a rule, even know it to be, nor do they treat it as a Revelation; indeed, they furnish little evidence tending to indicate that they really know the difference between a Revelation and a mere "sect" or "uprising." Blame there is for this state of affairs, but not for the historian or literary writer and editor; rather, the false teachings and customs of a decayed Church system are responsible, though this responsibility cannot be confined to the present era, for the

fault began many centuries ago and, like the rolling snow-ball, it has been constantly increasing in its proportions.

The fact of historical misrepresentations is nothing new. It has ever been thus. "History repeats itself." Two thousand years ago the world of humanity was much smaller. The Founder of the "Christian Religion" and His followers were practically unknown during the first two centuries and more of the Christian era. Such historians as deigned to notice the matter at all, as a rule, woefully misrepresented and inveighed against that Divine Movement which was destined to live forever. Such false men have left behind a far different monument than was builded by the faithful children of God who recognized and strove to serve the Cause of God at that period in the development of man. We must know that the Cause of God knows no beginning, but, as applied to our earthly conditions, it is progressively greater in each of His successive Manifestations! Much of the present-day writing concerning Bahaism is as false (not necessarily with intention to deceive), as was the following from the early historian Tacitus, who was generally regarded by his contemporaries as truthful:

"Nero exposed to accusation and tortured with the most exquisite penalties a set of men detested for their enormities, whom the common people called 'Christians.' Christ, as the founder of this sect, was executed during the reign of Tiberius by the Procurator Pontius Pilate, and the deadly superstition, suppressed for a time, began to burst out once more, not only throughout Judea, where the evil had its root, but even in the city, whither from every quarter all things horrible or shameful are drifted, and find their votaries.' He talks of their doctrines as savage and shameful, when they breathed the very spirit of peace and purity. He charges them with being animated by a hatred of their kind, when their central tenet was an universal charity. The masses, he says, called them 'Christians;' and while he almost apologizes for staining his page with so vulgar an appellation, he merely mentions, in passing, that, though innocent of the charge of being turbulent incendiaries, on which they were tortured to death, they were yet a set of guilty and infamous sectaries, to be classed with the lowest dregs of Roman criminals." (Farrar's *Early Days*, ch. 3, p. 34.)

The foregoing words, denying Christianity and declaring it ought to be abolished, sound strangely now, but will we as a people take warning and make sure not to commit a similar error? Note the following, too. The claim is broadly asserted in these modern times, that the "Golden Era" of Christianity was the five centuries preceding the time of Mohammed, but belief in such a state of affairs is a colossal error. From the most authoritative history it is shown that there was more true spirituality in men before, than after Constantine, and that the imaginative invention, debauchery, and prostitution of the teachings of Jesus Christ, from the fourth century to the appearance of Mohammed, "The Seal of the Prophets," was shameless in the extreme. Had the followers of this prophet *lived* and given out his true teachings, they would have begun the work of rescuing the world from such detestable practises, and from the idolatry not only of pagans, but "Christians" also.

A Bahai teacher has well said that it is the popular belief to-day that Jesus Christ was the last and greatest Manifestation of God. This is error and inexcusable error, too, for throughout the life, works, and teachings of Christ the fact is emphasized that He came to prepare the world for the coming of the Kingdom of God on earth, to be established by The One who sent Him, and this He taught us to pray for in the Lord's Prayer. Indeed, this was His whole Mission, as graphically illustrated in His parable of The Lord and the Vineyard, and in other lessons, clearly and positively foretelling of the coming of the Lord (God, the Creator and Father Himself) of the Vineyard (earth) at the Day of Resurrection which was to be the Day of Judgment. Is it more strange or unnatural for God to Manifest His Fatherhood Station, than His Prophet, Messenger, or Sonship Station? Is it not time the professed followers of God turned from the imaginative invention of a

superstitious and depraved priesthood of more than ten centuries ago and began anew, without reference to man-made commentaries and treatises, the careful study of the Bible *itself*? How many know, yet it is very simple, that Christ gave the world notice that the real truth of the Bible—both Old and New Testaments—was not to be understood until His second coming with the Father?

The falsity of accusation and the unjustifiable denunciation of the Bahai Revelation in these times is on a par with the words quoted from Tacitus. Writing of the error of charging Nihilism, Communism or Politics to "Babism," Lord Curzon wrote some years ago:

"The only communism known to and recommended by him (The Bab) was that of the New Testament and the early Christian Church, viz., the sharing of goods in common by members of the faith, and the exercising of almsgiving and an ample charity. The charge of immorality seems to have arisen partly from the malignant inventions of opponents, partly from the much greater freedom claimed for women by the Bab, which, in the Oriental mind is scarcely dissociable from profligacy of conduct.

"Babism (Bahaism) is, in reality, a religious movement whose primary object is a revolt against the tyranny and fanaticism of the Koran, and against the growing laxity of Mussulman practise. As such it represents what in our terminology, would be described as an effort after freedom of thought and purity of observance. . . ." (Persia and the Persian Question.)

Jesus Christ was obviously referring to the time to intervene between His then impending crucifixion and second coming when, in speaking of the clergy, He said:

"These things have I told you, lest ye be ensnared. Excommunicants from the synagogue they will make you: nay, there comes an hour, that everyone who slays you may think to be offering Divine service to God. And these things will they do, because they understood not the Father, nor yet Me." (John 16:1-3, Rotherham Lit. Tr.)

The clergy have been the opposers of the newly Revealed Word of God in the inauguration of religious dispensations. This is conspicuously manifested in Persia at the present



time. From the time of Christ the decline and falling away from God has been due, largely if not wholly, to inharmony and to the introduction of rules invented to further selfish desires, greed and gain; ambitions, and the satisfying of physical appetites, through which the early priests and clergy became diverted, perhaps in a measure unconsciously, from the original beauty and simplicity of the Heavenly Utterances through Jesus Christ.

At first it may seem decidedly strange that the professed religious teachers should always be the last to recognize and accept the new and refreshing words of Divine Truth in every Revelation Day, or Dispensation, but the reason is obvious and is well stated in the following quoted wise saying of years ago:

"It is almost as difficult to make a man unlearn his errors, as his knowledge. Mal-information is more hopeless than non-information; for error is always more busy than ignorance. Ignorance is a blank sheet, on which we may write; but error is a scribbled one, on which we must first erase. Ignorance is contented to stand still with her back to the truth; but error is more presumptuous, and proceeds in the same direction. Ignorance has no light, but error follows a false one. The consequence is that error, when she retraces her footsteps, has further to go, before she can arrive at the truth, than ignorance." (Poor Richard's Almanac, 1836.)

The right to blame the clergy, however, of the time of Abraham, of Moses, of Christ, and now, for being utterly unable to at once dispossess themselves of the false teachings with which they were saturated, and the consequent erroneous thought and practises, so that they could apprehend and accept, rather than feel impelled to reject and oppose, the new and always successively higher and more complete revelation of God's Truth, is questioned, if not denied. Are they not entitled more to our profound consideration, perhaps pity, rather than censure? Error as well as truth is the gradual growth of years, centuries, and even ages!

The student in fitting himself for his profession has learned

through those who have preceded him on the same road, before arriving at the age of thought and judgment, and it is no wonder error is bounteously propagated and handed down. It is, therefore, not strange that so few are able afterward to jump over the high walls of false teaching, narrow prejudice, and real, if unconscious, ignorance—in the highest or more spiritual sense. It is indeed wonderful and a great demonstration of the invincible, unvarying Law of God, that under such circumstances in every age reformers have accomplished what to the human mind appeared utterly impossible.

In spite of all, the world is steadily advancing in spiritual development. Those who are spiritually inclined; who have sought to obey the Divine Christ command "Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness," are ready to accept the great and culminating Revelation of God's Truth, that is to say, Religion, for the guidance, upliftment, and salvation of *all mankind*—not merely *one* prophetic or religiously bounded part of the human family! Can we doubt, if we carefully investigate, and prayerfully and sincerely seek enlightenment, that this of which we are assured in these days, as to the Bahai Revelation being the fulfilment of what Christ and the prophets promised, is really the truth? Should we not ponder carefully before answering "no?" Non-acceptance would be a thousand times worse, even though the claims of the Bahais were unwarranted, than to be in error by honestly responding to false teachings and claims.

It is an undeniable fact that the Bahai Revelation is making people better in every respect. On all sides is evidence of its influence along the lines of Brotherhood. If one can deny that it is what is claimed, of what good is it to do so? Can any one point to a false idea or teaching in its propaganda or marvelous growth in the face of heretofore unheard of opposition? Is it possible to find in its authoritative advocacy an atom of prin-

ciple at variance with Christ's immortal Sermon on the Mount, or in fact one utterance found in any or all the sacred Books of the whole world?

It has been impossible for the writer, after eight years investigation, to find anything in the Bahai Revelation not in perfect harmony with the teachings of Christ and all other great prophets. If we are not prepared to believe what its earnest devotees claim for the Bahai Faith, which is the better course; to denounce it, or to bear with it a little and give the subject careful and unbiased consideration? It is not profitable, nay, more, it is extremely hazardous to wilfully turn from the beckoning Voice of our real Father, The Supreme Lord of Creation!

In conclusion it is evident the well founded claims are these; that the Bahai Revelation was first heralded by The Bab in 1844; that he announced the coming of "He whom God shall Manifest;" that the latter was Baha Ullah (signifying the Glory of God), whose coming to explain the mysteries and truths of all sacred Books, and to set up The Kingdom of God on earth, was foretold not only by Jesus Christ and the other Jewish prophets, but by the Buddhistic, Zoroastrian, Mohammedan and other prophecies; that the successor of this great Manifestation of God, Baha Ullah, is Abdul Baha Abbas, the "Center of The Covenant," who is now on earth proving his glorious mission by works as well as by heavenly utterances, the same, though plainer and more extensive, as were the Christ teachings; that Bahaism is, in short, the crowning stone completing the magnificent Temple structure composed of all Revelations of the God of Truth and Knowledge to the world from Adam down to the present time.

### III. THE BAHAI TEACHINGS.

A brief statement giving some idea of the principles or tenets of the Bahai Faith and teachings.

People from every country and religious or other belief are becoming of One Faith. Never before was such a grand spectacle witnessed: Buddhists, Zoroastrians, Confucians, Jews, Christians, Mohammedans, and those of every faith and belief, coming under one, the Bahai Faith and belief, thus (and this is notably true of the Jews)—necessarily accepting and believing in Jesus Christ and His immortal teachings.

The Bahais believe in and teach The Oneness and Singleness of God; that *all* creatures of the world are God's children and intended to be and ultimately will be one grand family in true Brotherhood; that all Truth, all Knowledge is from God; that all great Religious Revelations, usually called the "Seven Religions," are of God, and that His creatures have no right or license to denounce or reject any one of them; that each Revelation is for the education and development of mankind, and is successively more complete and greater, as the Prophetic Cycles or Dispensations unfold and pass and as man becomes fitted from age to age for a higher lesson (Christ declared He had much more instruction, but that the world was not then ready for more than He gave); that all people should live by Christ's famous Sermon on the Mount, and that all who so strive, and are "born again," born of the Spirit, are ready for and receptive to and reflective of the grand culminating Revelation—Bahaism; that this is actually the beginning of the great Day of Judgment, according to Christ, when He was to come with The Father to separate the "sheep," who would know His Voice (the Truth of God), from the "goats"—the unbelievers who had failed to obey His Commands; that this "Last Day" is in reality *The Resurrection*; that while the pretending

followers of Christ, Moses, Mohammed, and all the Messengers of God, as world educators, have gradually, from century to century, fallen away from the respective teachings, those teachings are essentially the same, save, as before stated, each Great Message has ever been greater than the one preceding, as man progresses and becomes ready for a higher lesson, so to speak; that man is now just as much in the process of creation as at any time previously; that a Messenger of God is known by the Words He utters and the Works He performs; that the fact of Baha Ullah being The Fatherhood Spirit is just as true as that Christ was the Manifestation of the Sonship Spirit, and that the entire life, works and teachings of Christ promised this Manifestation of God, The Father, In Baha Ullah; that this Appearance was strictly in fulfilment of all prophecy, even to the matter of the exact dates given in the Bible; that Abdul Baha is the One to whom, according to Divine command, we turn our faces and obey, He being, as was Christ, "The Way, the Truth, the Life," and those who reverence Him, reverence God; who love Him, love God, and those who despise Him despise God; that Abdul Baha, The Master, is The Center of The Covenant, the Commentator of The Books, the Builder of The Holy Temple on The Mountain of God and the real Temple in the Hearts of the creatures, the Light for all nations, and the example for us to emulate; that Mount Carmel is that Mountain of God, and Acca and that vicinity of Northern Palestine, by "the tideless seas," is the New Holy City, the place and earthly sign and form of "The Holy City, New Jerusalem (truth of Religion) coming down from God out of Heaven" mentioned in Christ's revelation through Saint John; that in order to attain we must cut our hearts from the world and from self, be meek, honest, humble, loving, sincere, and not delude ourselves with the false idea of being saved by a mere profession of faith and belief or absolution at the hands of man; that we must not denounce any

religious system or person, but should "consort with all nations in joy, fragrance and spirituality, and be loyal to all rulers and material laws not in conflict with the Higher Laws;" that we must "be chaste, honest, faithful and upright;" that we should be diligent in craft, trade or profession for material support as well as spiritual progress, such being itself an act of true worship; shun differences, strife and seditions, constant in prayer, generous and hospitable, always exhibiting the pure Religion; that we breathe not the sins of others so long as we are sinners, and "not to give ourselves up to this world, for with fire He tries the gold, and with gold He tests the creatures;" "To glory not in loving our country, but in loving our kind;" not only "to love one another, but prefer the welfare of others to our own advancement;" to suffer ourselves to be killed rather than to kill, to be persecuted rather than to persecute; we must not be dissemblers or hypocrites, but ever strive to become characterized with the Divine Characteristics, "purify our spirits, sanctify our thoughts, cleanse our hearts . . . be born anew and regenerated;" in short, first teach ourselves, and then spread the Message of Glad Tidings of the incomparable Day of God, the early morning dawn of which is now here—the "Most Great Peace!"

Can any one point to any of the heavenly utterances of Bahaism not in perfect accord and harmony with the teachings of the founders of Judaism, Christianity, Mohammedanism, or any of the great revelations? Can we deny that this current revelation is a Refreshing of God's Truth given for the salvation and everlasting good of mankind? Can any of us dispute the claim that Bahaism is the grand sum total of all prior revelation of God's Truth for the true enlightenment of His children in every corner of the world? Was it not in the Divine Plan from everlasting that there should be intercommunication between God, the Father, and the race of mankind, *all* His children?

## MAN A FACTOR IN EVOLUTION.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

Nature includes human nature. Man is a part of the creation. For good or ill, man and all the earth-things that are, are interrelated and woven together, are at ascent or descent with one another. The whole of man is nourished from nature. The fields and seas feed him. The fields and the forests clothe him, and shelter him from the storm. The earth yields for him its increase, not simply in the food that keeps the fires of his life at their flames, but in the fuels which fight the winters for him, and make those furnace fires out of which his great material civilization is wrought.

That the beasts of the field and the birds of the air are our brothers is evidenced in many a likeness. They are flesh and bone as we are flesh and bone. Their crimson streams of life are kept at their full, as ours, by that which they feed upon. They joy and sorrow and die as we. Our relations are subtler than being mere food-brothers to these, than having the creation minister unto our bodily thirsts and hungers. In that subtle thing we call character, creation is in us; and we are in creation. No trait of man's character is, but that you find its counterpart in nature, a symbol of it, a reality of it, in the qualities of the earth we call matter, in the things that creep and fly, in the things that swim and walk. They have fashioned us. Out of them as fiber the fabric of ourselves is woven.

I think it is also true that we have fashioned them, that we are the fiber out of which the fabric of themselves is woven. We may not be the direct causation of them, as so much human

nature fed out and embodying itself in snake or bird, in iron or gold, in fish or horse, so much human nature becoming coarse-voiced crow, so much of our human nature going forth and becoming the lily, singing the sweetness of itself to the summer winds. And yet, if creation means man, if through all these nature-forces he has grown up into the consciousness of himself, if he is the divine ideal being worked out by the Creator-mind through all this evolution that lies back of him, nature-things have not only determined man, but man has determined nature-things. Because there was to appear in him greed like the swine, that swinishness must be a part of the nature which fashioned him, entering into him, a determining factor. Because there was to appear in him grace like the lamb, there had to be in nature the lamblike, entering into him, a determining factor. When anything is made, that thing is ideal in the mind of the maker, enters into the earliest and simplest things of its making, determining them because they are to determine it. The ideal of man in which creation began and toward and into which evolution moves must have determined the nature of the original protoplasm and all the natures and forms that have issued out of it.

So I say that not only has nature been the fibers weaving the fabric of man, but man has been the fibers weaving the fabric of nature. What we are has been the determination of everything that lies back of us in all the process of our becoming, just as certainly as all that lies back of us in the process of evolution has been the determination of us.

Nature fashions us. There is that in what lies without us which has compelled us to think and choose and act, and has made us intelligent men. By that compulsion we have become statesmen, educators, mathematicians, inventors, philosophers, religionists, men of enterprise, discoverers, creators,—all this which we call intellectual man at the problems of his civiliza-



tion. The awe in the storm, the rest in the peace of nature, the beauty of blossom and bird, of sunset and sea, became subtle in man as emotion and thought; and he became philosopher, poet, artist. The joyousness of life about him, the tragedies of forest and field, became subtle in him as emotion and thought, and issued into that rounded character which, like the earth, lies in its hemispheres of light and darkness alternating, and makes the seasons by which is the fulfilment of itself. The faces of his fellows alight with love, the tenderness of wife's and children's eyes, became subtle in him as emotion and thought, and enlarged him into that humaneness, that loving kindness and tender mercy, which is humanity's chief and growing glory. Nature played into him and upon him, and has made him to be that music of himself to which nature is marching into new kingdoms of power and great glory, even as man fashions his violin, entering into it with his fashioning genius, and making for himself a new world of delight and goodness, a new and fascinating expression of himself.

And here, too, the reverse is true. Action and interaction make nature and human nature one, each life-blood and meaning to the other. Man lovingly interprets the nature that lies outside of him, and gives a fulfilment and meaning to sunset and sea, to forest and field, to all this that has its richest blossom in him through that subtle feeling and thought which ever crystallizes into character, into human nature, into what man is and is becoming.

Nature does some of its best work when human nature co-operates with it. Some of its greatest powers are released by the intelligent coöperation of man. There is many a fine thing she can do with man's help, but cannot do without it. She can blush into a finer grape. She can run and pull into a finer horse. She can give herself up to become an engine with fire in its heart, the breath of steam in its nostril, racing the conti-

nents with its thousand-ton burdens, as nature alone could not do, the wind and the sunlight swifter, but they unburdened, light and airy in themselves. With man's help she can do greater wonders with the lightning than making the clouds awful with its splendors. With man's help she yields her metals unto machinery that, in its way, is as wonderful as her oaks and lilies. What we call her life, which is in a gnat or an eagle, a grass-blade or an oak, in man becomes great emotion and thought and deed, becomes a civilization, a literature, an art, becomes truth and heroism and love, surcharged with a thought of God that is sublime with all the sublimity of nature transfigured and alive with infinite meanings.

The thought by which a squirrel builds its nest, warms it, and provisions it against the winter, is doubtless closely akin to the thought with which Shakespeare fashions his plays, and Edison makes his inventions, nature in the one, and in the other a thinking grace; but, in the thought of Shakespeare and Edison, nature outgrandeurs herself beyond her thought in the provident squirrel. Nature at love in the breast of the mother-sparrow is one with nature at love in the heart of the Christ,—the yearning unselfishness, the passion for the good and gain of others, singing in tune, and no discord at all sundering them; but nature yearning over the world in the passioning tenderness of Jesus outgrandeurs herself beyond her passioning tenderness in the breast of a mother-bird.

Not that this fact belittles the nature without man, but rather that it greatens it, fulfilling it, glorifying it, giving it diviner and more deathless meaning. Simply that again we see in a perspective, some little different, the truth that man enters into nature, interpreting it, giving it these greater and diviner meanings, giving nature a place within himself, that he may become its greater glory. Simply that we front the earth-old fact that nature and human nature are one, complement to

each other, fashioning each other, fulfilling each other. And so it is that man does not evolve alone as something separate from nature, as something added to nature; but he evolves by the help of nature, through nature, as a part of nature.

So it is that nature does not evolve without man, as something added to him. He is in nature as the thing it is evolving, and so as a factor determining it, he the idea and ideal by which nature has come to be what it is, he the fruit unto which nature aspires, all her forces and qualities mingling and conspiring together until man should be. And, when he came to be, he has turned about and, not only in himself as nature's greater glory, but by coöperating with her, has helped her to become a greater fulness of life, has released many of her forces, that they may take on new forms of creation and service. Imprisoned in nature, he had but a yearning for liberation into his self-consciousness, but a voice to cry out after his freedom. Nature heard this voice. She opened up his prison and set him free; and he now is not only served by nature, but in many ways serves nature, helping on her greater glory.

And whether or not this is what the writer of Romans meant we do not know, though doubtless he glimpsed this great truth. Certainly, he has given us a great sentence under which we may set forth its truth, when he says, "The earnest expectation of the creation longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God." Is not this just the truth, that nature, with a mother heart longing for children, yearned for man until man appeared, not only her son, but the Son of God, an interpretation of her and also of the life and love absolute which lay behind her, and compelled her unto her pangs and gladnesses in begetting man?

All this being true, there is resting upon man the holy obligation to help nature, to make her life sweeter and cleaner and

kinder, to make her life greater, to free her from all shames and cruelties; to turn back to her with a great and splendid gratitude for what she hath wrought, and let free all her hidden graces, helping all her mud to glorify into lilies; healing all her wounds, binding up all her heart-break, and making not a tooth or a talon, a sword or a bullet, any more red with a brother's blood. Just as nature's deeper and grander heart appeared in Jesus, the very heavens above breaking out in angel voices, the very earth beneath leaping up into shepherds' psalms that the great event had come, singing the tender holiness of "peace on earth and good will among men," so comes to man the holiest and divinest obligation of his nature and his being, to fulfil this greater and grander heart of nature in himself, to help it fulfil in others and to make every little heart that beats out the threnodies and glees of its life partaker of the Christ's kindness at the hands of its stronger and greater brother. The heavens of man's wisdom should bend above nature in benedictions of divine, uplifting helpfulness.

This transformation of nature by man, this evolving of it through man as one of its psychical elements, into a sweet, pure blossom of kindness and mercy and truth, is not an idle dream of an idle sentiment. It only seems so because of distorted vision,—that vision's one eye has been distorted by theology, the other has been distorted by modern science. Theology has given us an idea of God as an imperious, selfish will, of man as a sinning, selfish failure, of creation as a present cruelty, the result of sin, and issuing into an endless cruelty of hell. So far as these ideas have crushed out the simple loves and tenderness of the human heart and become regnant in the race of man, they have emphasized cruelty and selfishness, and begotten despair in the human heart. A perfect kindness lies outside of their shadowed dreams, of their nightmares of a deathless pain.

Science has not succeeded in doing much better. It has done us the service of calling us back from dream to reality, of enlarging our outlook upon the history of nature and of man. But it has not seen large and true, because its sight has been an exaggeration, missing and failing to emphasize certain all-important facts and factors in the evolution of nature and of man. It has seen nature as a struggle and a bloody and cruel battle-field, in which the fittest survived and the fittest were the strongest. "Nature red in tooth and claw," nature monstrous with cruelty, is what the eye of modern science beheld,—so monstrous that at its facts and theories a shudder went through the human heart when the first strong voices spake out, and said what modern science says. That the Church shrank from this word, and battled against it with a kind of blind fury, and often with a sad foolishness, is not to be wondered at. Nor is this so much to the Church's discredit as the common and careless thought believes. Nor have the interpretations of this attitude of the Church by scientific thinkers been creditable to them, because it has not been honest and thorough science, failing to see that in essence the Church felt that science was outraging the world with the shadow of a great ignorance born of a partial vision, or a half truth.

In microscopy the first thing a pupil has to learn is to distinguish between moving particles that are not life and moving particles that are life. It takes a patient and thorough training to see true, even with the help of a microscope. The scientists who have condemned the Church mistook the meaning of the Church's attitude as much as a new eye at the microscope might mistake some dead and moving matter particle for the living microbe itself. They should have looked deeper into the attitude of the Church, with more perfect and scientific eye, which would have led them not only to do justice to the Church, but, if they had been ready to recognize all of

man as a part of nature, their eyes might have opened unto a factor in the evolution of nature to which they have been too strangely blind. They saw in the attitude of the Church simply the old selfish instinct of self-preservation, men afraid they would lose their power; ministers and priests afraid they would lose position and pay. To so read the Church is to misread it, is to proclaim the reader unscientific and discredited as to the ability to clearly see and report facts. The attitude of the Church was the splendid mother-instinct. It was all the kindness and mercy and unselfish loves and heroisms of the human heart crying out against the vision of cruelty, against the despair of selfish murder by which it was said everything had become, and in which everything must abide, no creation without it all. It was the truth of all the gracious nature-facts and factors in the evolution of nature and man, at their blossom in the heart of man, crying out against the falsehood, against the misrepresentation. A true scientist would have taken this light in the heart of the Church whose flame was trembling in the winds that came from the Æolus caves which modern science had unsealed, and with it have gone searching through nature for the lost facts, searching through the darknesses and despairs for the lost truth of unselfish love, able to kindle anew in the human heart all its deathless loves and hopes and heroisms.

The scientists themselves felt the shadow of this great cruelty by which nature had come to be. Prof. Wallace, "co-discoverer with Darwin of the principle of natural selection," wrote a book by which he claimed there was not the suffering in nature there seemed. He says:

"There is good reason to believe that the supposed torments and miseries of animals have little real existence, but of the imagined sensations of men and women in similar circumstances; and that the amount of actual suffering caused by the struggle for existence among animals is altogether insignificant."

The conviction of Mr. Huxley, however, that nature is a monstrous cruelty, will not so be placated. Some of his words are:

"The moral indifference of nature;" "the unfathomable injustice of the nature of things." "For this successful progress, as far as the savage state, man has been largely indebted to those qualities which he shares with the ape and tiger." "For thousands and thousands of years before the origin of the oldest known civilizations, men were savages of a very low type. They strove with their enemies and their competitors; they preyed upon things weaker or less cunning than themselves; they were born, multiplied without stint, and died for thousands of generations, alongside of the mammoth, the urus, the lion, and the hyena, whose lives were spent in the same way; and they were no more to be praised or blamed on moral grounds than their less erect and more hairy compatriots. . . . Life was a continual free fight; and, beyond the limited and temporary relations of the family, the Hobbesian war against each and all was the normal state of existence. The human species, like others, flashed and floundered amid the general stream of evolution, keeping its head above water as it best might, and thinking neither of whence nor whither."

And, strange to say, this great evolutionist denies man, in his present social and ethical life, as a factor in nature's evolution at all. He says:

"Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. . . . Social progress means a checking of the cosmic process at every step, and the substitution for it of another which may be called the ethical process, the end of which is not the survival of those who may happen to be fittest, in respect to the whole of the conditions which exist, but of those who are ethically the best."

Over against this distorted emphasis, some overlooked, or perhaps we should say underlooked and under-emphasized, factors in evolution must be seen and said,—the fact that the struggle for life is always and necessarily accompanied by what Prof. Drummond called "the struggle for the life of others." These other facts, clearly observed and emphatically said, will show that what we call the religion of humanity is the religion not simply of human nature, but of nature. All the loving-kindness and tender mercy and splendid self-renuncia-

tion for the good and gain of others which we associate with religious men is in every bit of protoplasm struggling with life, in every life-form evolved and working out its destiny of growth and decay. All life is vibrant and trembling with just that love and self-sacrifice for the gain of others which we call Christianity. When these facts are all in evidence, it will be found that Christianity is not a startling innovation from the sky, a special creation of a new order, but just the unfolding into one great and splendid man of nature-graces which were and are a part of every leaf and life that sighs and sings in revealing in themselves nature's deepest and truest heart and God's holiest and most loving fatherhood.

The ascent of life is by the law of self-surrender. The soil surrenders itself, that the grass and trees may abound. These again surrender themselves, or the fruits their diligences have wrought, that the beast may walk the earth and the birds may fly the air. Darwin emphasized but half the truth in this strife and struggle of nature by which the fittest survive. He saw and said how nature-things feed upon each other, as invasion, cruelty, conquest. But as potentially and universally present is there this fact of the surrender of self unto the growth and gain of the surviving fittest. That it is not a voluntary self-surrender is not now the point. Simply this: I say that the ascent of life is by individual lives surrendering themselves, that other individual lives may live. Sacrifice to others is the grace by which every nature-thing is alive to-day. The ascent of life has been just because of the countless ones who have joined

"The choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again"

in the music of other life, of higher life, just as the rich and joyous blossom fades away and dies because its life has been built over again in the fruit whose generous heart holds the countless trees that may become.



The ascent of life, so coming, is necessarily accompanied by a surrender other than a surrender by compulsion,—tooth-red in the unwilling blood of a weaker brother,—even a voluntary self-surrender for the good and gain of others. Religion had the idea that the gods in their insatiable cruelty demanded sacrifice. This was an easy conclusion from the facts all about us that the stronger make such demands upon the weaker; but in the thought of men it became voluntary, became an act of righteousness, not unmingled with love and the rudiments of ethical grandeur.

There came into this idea of religion the idea of one giving himself up to the demands of the gods to procure safety and blessings for his brothers. If we had its full history, pagan life would be pathetic in its self-surrender,—in the voluntary self-surrender of men to appease the wrath of offended deities, and bring safety to peoples and tribes. Even this pagan pathos has entered into Christianity, and made of Jesus the great immolation to the wrath that hates the world unto destruction, that that world might be saved from that destroying wrath. But this is not the true meaning of Christianity. Jesus teaches a voluntary self-surrender, not to appease wrath, but to bless man and enlarge human life. All this compelled surrender in nature, which modern science sees as such a frightful cruelty, Jesus gathered up into himself, and made voluntary, flushing the sky of man with what seems a new and radiant dawn. But he so gathered this up into his voluntary self-surrender for the good and gain of others, simply because it was the other half of that struggle and survival which modern science so vividly sees. Jesus is not an innovation projected into nature, but an unfoldment of that which is in nature everywhere and always, in the ascending struggling lives, its loveliness often hidden in horrors, as in the heart of storms is the power to awaken the sunbeams into rainbows.

Jesus has brought to the light another nature-fact. The truer Christianity, even the Christianity of Jesus himself, conceives God, not as insatiable selfishness, who, like the horse-leech's daughter, eternally cries, "Give, give," his throne red with the blood of his victims, the winds about him clamorous with the cries of the helpless creatures of his wrath: not that does Jesus teach, but that God is an everlasting love, an eternal unselfishness, giving himself up in joyous and glad self-surrender, that all things may become, that all hearts may have glee and threnody. He gives up something of himself, that the rain may fall, the sun shine, and the harvests grow. The sparrow at its song is the joy of God's self-surrender: at its death it is the pang of his self-surrender. As in nature, the eyes of all wait upon him; and he gives them their meat in due season, that whose hunger is satisfied is the joy of God's self-surrender, that whose life is surrendered to the tooth and claw of the satisfied is the pang of that same self-surrender. God abdicates himself; and that abdication becomes grass and trees, the herds in the fields and the flocks in the air. That abdication becomes self-conscious man, ever at the problems of his being. It is an abdication, a self-limitation, a self-defacement, in certain spheres; but it is these because something of God has gone forth in positive gift to everything that lives.

The part of himself sacrificingly surrendered is the positive graciousness of everything that lives. God has abdicated himself so that he might become individual in me, so that in my measure of nature I might have my freedom and my life just as I am having them,—God in me and I in him, each the limitation of the other, each the fulfilment of the other.

When this new Christianity gains the full conviction of man, death will be swallowed up in victory, and we will read the evolution of nature, the ascent of man, in a new and tenderer light. The self-sacrifice of God, that he might create, will

shine everywhere with a great glory,—the lily at once the sacrifice of himself and the fulfilment of himself,—just his dear self-surrender by which he gives something of the splendor of himself in adaptation to our ability to receive. The little child that blesses our home is at once the sacrifice of himself and the fulfilment of himself,—the dear self-surrender by which he gives to us a part of his everlasting glory in a wise and tender indirection by which we can see and receive it.

This truth of the unselfishness of God, which I have glimpsed for you, is not an airy nothing, having no local habitation and name in the creation of nature and of man. It is positively and universally a part of nature and of life. It is, if not the overlooked, then the underlooked fact of evolution. What Drummond calls the struggle for the lives of others, the evolution of the mother and the father, of the family, the society, the state, by a voluntary self-surrender in the service of each other, will yet have its fuller and clearer vision, correcting the one-sided Darwinian emphasis. It will be found that the unselfish kindness of love is as great and positive a factor of life as the struggle and greed and cruelty which alone some eyes seem fitter to see, which so overwhelmed the vision of some that the dear other facts did not bless the eager eyes. It will then be known that ethical and Christian man is not a projection from without, but an unfoldment from within nature; that man at his highest and in his aspiring ideals must have his fact-place in any evidence and theory of evolution worthy of credence.

We are learning to give present man his place in the evolution of nature. Heretofore we have somehow excluded him, and only talked about the place of savage man and the lower orders of creation in these wonderful evolutionary processes. When we have come fully to this recognition, Jesus and Christianity will have to be reckoned with as factors in evolution, as

parts of the nature-forces and their creation. Even if you call Jesus a legend, man as a part of nature and evolution has imagined him, has given birth to him out of the great passioning human heart,—not an innovation from beyond the skies, but just the unfolding of the loving, hungering heart of man; and in the evolution of nature and human nature dreams are not idlings of the brain that pass in the night. They are,—that they may awaken and come true in the life, in the character,—they are the leaders of creation's new achievements. They are the new necessities upon which man will work, which in their turn will work upon man, until there is evolution into new powers, new natures, new graces of being.

"The earnest expectation of the creation longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God,"—not only waiteth for this manifestation, but worketh for it,—it just the fruit of the patient and suffering toil as well as of the patient and long-suffering wating for nature's higher and diviner fruitage to appear in men who are high enough to be called the sons of God. Jesus is nature's ideal toward which it is working. Loving, self-sacrificing, Christian man is the goal toward which nature's feet eagerly press. No theory of evolution is correct unless it admits, as one of its facts, present man with his achievements, his aspirations, and his ideals. When this is done, the latest and greatest book, interpreting man and giving ideals for man, will be as much and patiently studied for the understanding of the evolution and meaning of man as a fossil from the earth's deeps, or a blossom on the bough of a tree, as much as the motions of a microbe under the microscope or the contours and convolutions of the brain. The latest novel, so alive with our humanity, so realizing the hidden man who is hiding or revealing in us all, will be as much in evidence as the latest species of bacteria. Then such a great and altruistic creation as Pete, the Manxman, will show what is in nature struggling

for expression, evolving out of it. You will remember the great unselfishness with which he loved and trusted, suffered and served, when he had lost all to the friend of his childhood, and, according to the lower ethical code, would have been justified in spurning Philip and Kate,—justified even in taking their lives at the hands of his outraged honor. He does nothing of the kind, but is true to those underlooked facts of evolution which in philosophy we call altruism, in society the love and service of others, in religion Christianity,—true to the new man dawning upon the world with a greater clearness, but yet not apart from the world and human nature, but a part of it, its legitimate outgrowth and fruitage.

Will you remember some of his parting words with the man who had so deeply wronged him, and whom a less noble heart would have thought of as a despicable man to be despised and killed; but, by the truth and honor in himself, by the noble and unselfish greatness he was, he knew that truth and honor were in Philip however dark the seeming was. He had lost everything to Philip but his own great-heartedness, tender, true, unselfish, a very son of God,—for which the whole creation had been travailing in pain together, working, waiting, longing for his manifestation. So he says, in his splendid self-surrender for the good and gain of Philip and Kate, in a heart-break his goodness was talking down, as I have heard an Alaskan wren sing gloriously in the heart of winter:

“‘Sorry to be going away just before your own great day, Phil. I’ll get the skipper to fire a round as we’re steaming by Castletown; and, if there is a band aboard, I’ll tip them a trifle to play Myle Charaine. That’ll speak to you like the blackbird’s whistle, as the saying is. Looks like deserting you, though. But chut! it would be no surprise to me at all. I’ve seen it coming these years and years. You’ll be the first Manxman living, says I the day I sailed before. You’ve not deceived me, neither. D’ye remember the morning on the quay, and the oath between the pair of us? Me swearing you same as a high bailiff, —nothing and nobody to come between us,—d’ye mind it, Phil? And nothing has, and nothing shall.’

"He puffed at his pipe, and said significantly: 'You'll be getting married soon. Aw, you will, I know you will, I'm sarten sure you will.'

"Philip could not look into his face. He felt little and mean.

"'You're a wise man, sir, and a great man; but, if a plain common chap may give you a bit of advice—Aw, but you'll be losing no time, though. I'll not be here myself to see it. I'll be on the water, maybe, with the waves washing agen the gun'ale, and the wind rattling in the rigging, and the ship burrowing into the darkness of the sea. But I'll be knowing it's morning at home, and the sun shining, and a sort of a warm quietness everywhere, and you and her at the ould church together.'"

Such is a true, true son of God, for whom the groaning and travailing creation waiteth and worketh, longing for his revelation; for out of that very creation is such as he born, its true part, its glorious blossom. Such ideals stirring our hearts are a part of nature, a factor in the evolution and ascent of man.

To the full understanding of the evolution of nature and human nature Jesus must be admitted as a factor, and Pete the Manxman, and Victor Hugo's good bishop who was Christ to Jean Valjean, and Raphael with his pictures, and Shakespeare with his poems, and St. Francis with his wolf whose fierce heart grew gentle to the dear monk's love, and Lincoln with his April heart whose mingling mirth and tears made the earth young, and Emerson thinking unities and powers in a speech whose diamond qualities each increase of the race's wisdom glorifies, and Frances Willard mothering continents of the race yearning its purity, and Edison bearing lightnings of service in his hands, not like Jove, who hurled from him the lightnings of destruction, and Walt Whitman chanting the brotherhood of man in tune with seas, in rhythm with mountains, and Henry George who would heal the social hurt with the life of justice, and the others, mothers and fathers of the race whose gentleness makes great, the good, the true, the beautiful, all who with the genius of heart and head and hand, at work upon the tasks of man are achieving results over which the morn-

ing stars might well sing together and all the sons of God shout for joy.

Along the line of its genius a mind grows. Its increments of increase follow the axis of its aptitudes. This is why great men dominate the centuries, their works being the standards of excellence to which the race aspires. And this is why man is the determining factor in evolution, not simply in his own evolution, but in the evolution of nature. He is the genius of nature dominating and determining the very course of nature, fashioning himself into a diviner and yet diviner man. He glorifies nature getting results which nature, unaided, could not achieve; finer flowers and fruits, greater horses and cows, more wonderful paths of power, so that an electric light in wonder mates a star, an engine in marvel brothers the sea, and in music an organ outtones the winds and a violin outsings the birds.

By this fact the race can no more escape becoming the Christ ideal, in its activities all the dreams of the reformers come awake and true, than the first stir of beauty in the world could help becoming the rose of Sharon, the heart of Jesus, the brain of Shakespeare. The race must become fashioned in the image and likeness of its highest sons, its holiest daughters. It is blessedly doomed to fulfil its ideals,—doomed by the fact of evolution, and to this fulfilment all the past of the world is pledge.

As much as the monad or the anthropoid ape is a factor in evolution, so much, but with a higher glory, is this human hunger to, by a generous self-surrender, live for others, which is fulfilling in literature and life, and which George Eliot has phrased for us thus:

“Oh may I join the choir invisible  
Of those immortal dead who live again  
In minds made better by their presence,—live  
In pulses stirred to generosity,

In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn  
 For miserable aims that end in self,  
 In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,  
 And with their mild persistence urge man's search  
 To vaster issues."

For

"The earnest expectation of the creation longeth for the manifestation of the sons of God."



As love is the life of faith, so, with the increase of love, faith increases. Even from man toward man faith and love grow together. The more we love, the more we understand and trust each other.—*Dr. Pusey.*



### DISCOURAGED?

Discouraged, do you say, my friend?  
 Cheer up, don't let it last.  
 You've made mistakes and are ashamed?  
 Don't worry, they are past.

Without mistakes you'd never be  
 Of use to anyone,  
 You'd have no fellow-sympathy  
 To help the others on.

And without sympathy, my friend,  
 Strong, active, thorough—still  
 You'd miss the very gist of life  
 In climbing up life's hill.

Without mistakes we'd never learn;  
 They are our nature's test;  
 All you can do is try again,  
 And leave to God the rest.

ELISE TRAUT.



## RICHARD WAGNER AS PHILOSOPHER.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON, M.D.

"Music, like the rest of the fine arts, is the living presentation of religion; but religions spring not from the artist's brain; their only origin is in the minds of a spiritualized people."—*Richard Wagner, "Artwork of the Future."*

In the above sentence, the great musical master mind, Richard Wilhelm Wagner, sums up the genius and meaning of the art of music. In the heart-throb of the people "das volk"—the common, simple, natural people of all times and ages—he finds the exhaustless source of all true and uplifting art. And furthermore, it is in the calm, spontaneous and serenely child-like mind of this people, that Wagner discovered a vehicle for the pure life, *per se*, with all its elements of wisdom, power and beauty. Porous and responsive to the impulses of this mystic life, the people unconsciously became the fountain-head through which the eternal verities of homogeneous creative force welled up, in definite and measurable movements.

But this power of response, according to Richard Wagner, is the outcome of an inner necessity, ever present in the pure and healthy mind, prompting for expression in terms of feeling. For feeling is the cuticle of the soul, the tactile corpuscles, by which the inner man ascertains things unseen and unheard. As a *sine qua non* for the power of feeling, Wagner postulates the presence of inner necessity. Hence, while there can be no conscious touch with the elements of creative life, except through feeling, so primarily there can spring up no feeling save through a response to the impelling force of necessity. For necessity is to the soul what physiological demand is to

the body—the condition by which an adequate supply of nourishment is determined. And as a physiological balance is requisite for healthy, physiological demands, so in order to feel the promptings of real and sane necessity, man must sustain a pure, natural life, free from artifice and corruption, *i.e.*, realize in thought and act the difference between mere egoistical desires and healthy evolutionary needs.

This pressure of necessity asserts itself, more or less consciously in the creative impulse felt in the mind of man, all along his career through the stages of evolution, from the primitive, clod-molding nature-child up to the inspired artist, whose glorious intuitions, more definitely succeed in interpreting the formative processes of nature. Borne on the mighty tide of irresistible necessity, the man of genius is hurried along the path of constructive work—a conscious instrument for the manifestation of the great, silent chaos of the world-sustaining, but non-specialized and non-qualified life-force of an unfolding cosmos.

In the philosophy of Wagner, this moral world-force is potential music which in its first steps of unfoldment manifests in the movement of *tone*. And with tone we are made to understand the mystic expanse of stirring, pulsating life, whose ever-fluctuating, ever-sinking, ever-swelling waves of energy symbolize the movement of harmony while the shores of this ocean of tone, at once separated and united, represent Rhythm and Melody.

Through these two agencies, which Wagner calls its arms of touch, the vast expanse of tonal life manifests itself as Dance and Poetry. The former is gauged by rhythm, the latter by melody. Now with rhythm we are to understand the basis and character of manifested, measurable motion. Hence rhythm is the skeleton of music, the staging or frame-work of tonal structures which dance on the one hand, and the human

voice on the other, round out into plastic, sculptural architecture. Or in other words, when the primal, unspoken, unsung and unsensed tone-world, under the pressure of evolutionary necessity, proceeds on its outward course of manifestation, it is conveyed by the agency of rhythm and enters our consciousness in terms of feeling. And as feeling, by virtue of its universality, forms the basis to all stages and powers of consciousness, it follows that rhythm in order to adequately carry out its function as medium, must convey its tonal charge into forms and expressions corresponding to the character of the feeling involved. Hence we are met by the different art forms of rhythmic manifestation, which, while exhibiting different modes of life, still aim at the interpretation of the same fundamental and universal essence. And these different art forms are Dance, Poetry, Song and Speech.

According to Richard Wagner, dance is the most realistic of all arts. "It involves the entire man and presents the conditions for the enunciation of all the remaining arts." This, because of the fact that it brings into action motion, poetry and song engaging the senses of sight, touch and hearing.

By obeying the law of rhythm, the dance portrays the elements of musical life as conveyed to it through feeling and rhythm. Consequently dance is a true art only to the extent that it is governed by rhythm, and degenerates helplessly, if departing from its inspiring and vitalizing measure. In the art of dance, rhythm manifests its tonal power in a three-fold manner: in the movements of the limbs, in the melody of the song, and in the poetry of the words. Through dance, the inner man—the feeling, speaking, singing man—comes into view.

Through the art of poetry the primeval, silent tone-world is interpreted into terms of intellect. In concretely appreciable terms the poet describes his feelings to the reader. But poetry has a dual face of expression—that which deals with words,

and that which deals with measure. The former addresses the intellect, the latter, the feeling. Hence poetry occupies the meditative position between intellect or reflective intelligence on the one hand, and feeling or intuition on the other. "The art of poetry," says Wagner, "is the intellectually creative process, by which the purpose of all art first becomes self-conscious, and steps forth into conscious life." Poetry is tone expressed in words, while the rhythm, guiding its formative processes, manifests in the measures of rhyme and meter.

Now Tone, Dance and Poetry form the sum-total and basic essence of the element of music, while their mutual interaction constitutes the character of the true drama. Hence Richard Wagner demanded that in its ethical and logical unfoldment, drama should employ the whole trinity of expressive art: tone, dance and poetry. United, these three aspects of the genius of music form the full-orbed manifestation of the life of dramatic art—the realization or actualization of unity as applied to the wisdom, power and beauty of life. To Wagner, unity is at once the generative source and completing power operative in the unfoldment of all dramatic art; and in the dissolution of this unity into fragments of separate and independent art, he perceived the fatal rock on which the true drama has stranded.

In his philosophy of art, this remarkable man, with the analytic keenness and depth of a Kant or Schopenhuaer, proceeds to outline the changes leading up to the disrupture of musical unity. In his conception of the existing order of things he recognized but one fundamental, sustaining essence of life, which, whether manifesting as art, as biological history, or as human society, is gauged by identical principles of growth. Consequently wherever there is growth, there must also be unity, while contrariwise, whenever there is disunion and separation there must also be found dissolution and decay. But

separation, in its ethical aspect, is isolation of the part from the whole, which means a failure to comply with the demands of service imperative for the maintenance of solidity and interdependence. The outcome is selfishness or egoism. Hence the force at work in the dissolution of the musical unity in the dramatic art is a representative of the principle of egoism, "and only when the ruling religion of egoism, which has split the entire domain of art into crippled, self-seeking art tendencies, and art-varieties, shall have been mercilessly dislodged and torn up, root and branch, from every moment of the life of man, can the new religion of art step in, the religion of a united art-work based on and promoted by brotherhood and love."

In the gradual breaking up of dramatic unity, the tone-world gave birth to the degenerate progeny of Opera, Oratorio, Ballet and Comedy. The art of comedy took its rise in and through the assertion of personal aims. The greater object, held in view by the united drama—the object of attuning individual aspirations to universal principles—was lost sight of and the artists severally animated the performances by accentuating their likes and dislikes, their personal inclinations and ambitions. They wished to see their own opinions and ideas incorporated in the scenic action. Hence, so far from expressing a truly dramatic spirit, which is always historical and universal in its aim, Comedy introduces an art of personal virtuosity and local significances—"the egoistic form of art which actuates exclusive personal motives, exists for the glorification of self, and aims at the triumph of personal concepts and opinions."

Divorced from poetry with its verbal utterance, drama gives rise, or rather fall, to what Wagner calls: "the sexless embryo of opera—the oratorio. For poetry, after having become separated from music entered the exclusive field of literature, while the remaining part of the drama—or opera—degenerated into the meaningless and substanceless oratorio—a form of music

which found its first field in the church, but later on became transplanted into the secular concert halls.

In his philosophical treatise, "Art-work of the future," Richard Wagner has shown with irresistible logic, that the opera in itself, so far from being a true reunion of the separated arts, constitutes in reality the mere mechanic fusion of fragmentary art-elements,—a process whose origin he traced back in the "isolating and blasting influence of egoism in art." The absence in the opera of the cohesive force of the true drama, turns the operatic arts—dance, tone and poetry—into isolated, mechanical factors. From a living index on the rise and fall of human emotions, dance is turned into a "foot not a tone vibration;" and poetry from its prophetic power is crippled into a "cobweb tissue of sentiment and pathos; while tone having thus lost its soul-stirring, inspiring essence falls into adoration of its own empty and meaningless beauty—utterly powerless to unite into a solidary, vital whole the separated elements of its sphere of action." Hence Wagner calls his compositions music-dramas in place of operas.

If in its temporal disintegration the art of tone broke down into comedy, opera and oratorio, so dance, when dis severed from the unified drama, departed from poetry and degenerated into pantomime. In this hybrid form of drama—in "this utterly dependent and crippled monstrosity—men cannot talk." The primary condition, back of this "dumb spectacle," Wagner traces in the cramping influence which a "Christian—hypocritical—civilization exerted on the primitive, nobly poetic and soulful folk-dance."

It is in its integral union with drama, that dance reached its highest elevation of beauty and artistic power. The character of necessity, conditional to all true art, manifests its presence in dance through the spontaneity of its movements, while the rhythm exhibited in steps and gestures express the fluctuating—

the ever-rising, ever-falling tides of feeling. In this aspect dance becomes a living appeal to intelligence through its interpretation of feeling, as the latter emerges from the "mystic sea of tone!" Thus through the medium of rhythm, dance actuates the silent world-power of feeling.

Now the mission of these arts—song, dance and tone—is to convey impulses of emotions and feelings from mind to mind. To interpret feeling in terms of concrete and specific intelligence however, a more definite and direct agency is required—an agency which is present in the articulate verbal speech, as the latter is the condensed element or essence of voice, which in its turn, is the crystallized measure of tone. Hence verbal language, no less than the language of tone is a form of music—an integral and completing element in the unity of tonal arts.

In the art of music, the word is practically made flesh—*i.e.*, through the medium of the word, music has taken form and selfhood on the plane of concrete, measurable understanding. Thus poetry is the spirit of music embodied in the word—the incarnation of feeling into stable, determinable characters.

"Rhythm," says Wagner, in his essay on "Art-work of the Future," "is the measure of the movement by which emotion mirrors forth itself." Consequently a feeling can give rise to the dignity and beauty of art only by its obedience to the sway of rhythmic order. For rhythm is the abstract measure of the vibrating energy which as motion, audible or inaudible, floats into consciousness as feeling. Tone is the soul of rhythm, and depends for its manifestation on the undisturbed quality of the rhythm, and depends for its manifestation on the undisturbed quality of the rhythmic impulse. Hence character becomes at once the gauge and product of rhythm, as the latter, by conveying to the mind the impulse from which character derives its formative material is, in its work on the individual, determined by the receptivity of the character thus formed. In

other words—in rhythm is found the impulse, the conscious response to which results in the evolution of character; while from the latter proceeds the subsequent reaction which invites or refuses a continuation of the rhythmic influx. And this mighty sweep of rhythmic action is universal—operating with the same inexorable certainty in the constructive processes of the feeblest organism and tiniest crystal, as in the fashioning of stars and solar systems. Rhythm conveys the formative impulse to the characterization of the entities of universal evolution.

Now if rhythm constitutes the character and inner determining quality of music, then melody is the plastic equipment and temporal ornamentation in which rhythm clothes itself when manifesting as music. On the other hand, when rhythm manifests in orderly movements of the body, it gives rise to dance and mimicry. For rhythm lies at the bottom of every order of movement, though its expression and power is conditioned by the character of its interpreting medium. Realizing this fact, Wagner could not fail to find in dance an art of no less vital importance for the completion of the drama than melody, poetry and speech—a circumstance which readily shows the mistake committed by many of Wagner's critics, in accusing him of being a musical iconoclast—an implacable antagonist to melodic utterance. His thorough appreciation of melody cannot be made more evident than by referring to his "Art-work of the Future," where he grants to melody the power "of qualifying poetry with its true element of expression, presenting its essence endlessly enhanced and beautified." But he demands that melody shall stand for something meaningful and vital, and to refer to some deep, eternal verity, seeking for expression in poetry or music, in word or song. It is only for melodies lacking the central connection with the soul and essence of things, that Wagner expresses his sovereign contempt. Rhythm does not



depend on melody for its manifestation as is shown in dance and mimicry—but melody remains a meaningless, reasonless entity if, when detached from rhythm, it attempts to support an emotion or feeling by itself. Melody without rhythm is what “tact” and a “code of ethics” is when separated from moral self-consciousness. Melody is the plant, rhythm its skeletal fibers through which the vital essence of growth manifests into foliage and flower. Hence melody detached from rhythm would give rise to the same devitalized and sterile existence, as a flower cut off from its stalk—a fact which logically explains the truly devitalizing effect of so large a number of our modern musical compositions. For true musical genius reveals itself in the power of the composer to recognize and organize the integral relations between the rhythmic impulse and its interpreting melody. And furthermore, as feeling is the message which rhythm endeavors to express, it follows that a melody, not born from rhythmic necessity, is animated by feelings of an isolated and egoistic order—the incongruous, emotional spasms of an ungoverned and unprincipled imagination.

In the natural, receptive mind of the primitive people—“the folk”—gauged by its pure, unadulterated feeling, Wagner finds the mighty agency by which the meaning or soul of the rhythmic impulse is absorbed and interpreted. Sensitized to the waves of feeling like a photographic film to the waves of light, the minds of these nature-people responded in terms of undying emotions to the impulse of the mystic, all-stirring power of the hidden life, welling up from the limitless “ocean of tone.”

Yet “the folk” is not wholly conscious of the part they are thus enacting in the great drama of life. They merely yield to a necessity over which they exert no immediate control. Loyal and obedient to nature’s laws, and quietly unfolding in harmony with true life, these simple people have become the faithful custodians of a world-fashioned force, which they interpret in song

and romance for the instruction and betterment of future generations. And from this generative process has sprung our folk-melodies and folk-lore—the treasure vault for art-work of all times and ages. It was these treasure vaults that served Wagner as an exhaustless quarry and from which his inspired mind drew the plastic material for his dramatic creations. “What,” cries he, “are all the products of the seeming spontaneous action of abstract, poetic art, exhibited in language, verse and expression, compared with the ever fresh-born beauty, variety and perfection of the folks lyric, whose teeming riches the spirit of research is toiling now at least to drag from under the rubbish-heap of ages.”

In these simple, lyrical effusions, the nucleus for all dramatic art is contained. For in these effusions is manifested the unity of creative impulse, which underlies all true art—a unity which alone can explain the surpassing genius and force contained in these productions.

Realizing this fact, Wagner boldly declares, that the only way out of the “Babel of conventional music,” is a return to the simple faith, pure living and undaunted courage and devotions of the old folk minstrels. Back to nature, and to the true!—*i.e.*, back to unity, fellowship and brotherhood in deed and feeling. Like a loving mother, the art of pure drama must call home her straying children. The true artist must select the eternal elements of the separated arts and re-assemble them into the fold of an integral, solidary whole. And the art form thus ensuing would be the faithful dramatization of human life which, including all phases and aspects of man, must bring into concrete relief the whole human situation with its hopes and fears, its dreams and yearnings, its songs and speech, its passing moods and fixed character—a picture of at once art and nature, imagination and reality, diversity and unity, the art of the future,

which, in the Wagnerian nomenclature, is termed the "music-drama."

The course he proposes for the attainment of this end involves an entirely new departure of the tonal art—an evolution which he prefers to call a revolution, though with this term he merely signifies the breaking up of and readjustment of energies, whose currents are ever to be kept "within the channel of the peaceful, flowing stream of dutiful citizenship and dignified manhood."

And the history of Richard Wagner is indeed the history of such a musical revolution. But he formulated his titanic conceptions first after a serious wrestling with the seductive influences of his time. Between his first opera of note, "Rienzi," and the momentous music-dramas which he gave the collective name "Nibellungen Ring," are found the successive stages of a world-wide evolution. In "Rienzi" Wagner still held on to the old style of opera, with its French music and with Meyerbeer for model. He was desirous of producing something startling and effective that would give him fame and name. "In the preparation of 'Rienzi,' " he says in his "Communications to my friends," "I took thought of nothing else but the writing of an effective, operatic libretto." \* \* \* "The 'Grand Opera,' with all its scenic and musical display, its sensationalism and massive vehemence, loomed largely before me; and not only to copy it, but with reckless extravagance to outbid it in its every detail, became the object of my artistic ambition." And so he dashed off a *grand opera* with its "five brilliant finales, and filled with hymns, processions and musical clash of arms."

Hence in "Rienzi" we find the certainly immensely gifted, but still quite conventional composer. The opera was made up of a dramatic fairy tale of Gozzi, a play of Shakespeare, and a romance of Bulwer Lytton, dashed off with a spirit of immense vigor and wonderful color of the score. The genius of the composer was indicated in the force and ingenuity of the work,

rather than in the loftiness and ideality of its conception. And therefore "Rienzi" was not to be duplicated; its master, even before its last scores were finished, had deserted the system on which it was constructed, by taking a leap into a new sphere of harmony.

"Der Fliegende Holländer" marks the next stage in the evolution of this master mind. Yet this effort, while showing forth the style, the system and the mastery of lyrico-dramatic art, present in his later works, is still tentative, embryonic and indefinite. It is chaos before creation; and we have all reason for believing that Wagner himself was partly unconscious of the fact that in this work he was laying the foundation to a new method in musical composition. The chief difference between these two operas may be found in the fact that "Rienzi" had grown from external accretions, forming a brilliant mosaic of heterogeneous, melodic elements, cemented together with the creative genius of a master; while "Der Fliegende Holländer" had its origin in the specific and empiric incidents and moods of his own life, incited by his study of ancient folk-lore. "Rienzi" is the work of a musician; "The Flying Dutchman" of a poet, who brings his musical genius to bear on his poetic conceptions. The former was the outcome of ambition promoted by genius, while the latter sprang into existence compelled by inner necessity and fashioned by a mind instinct with creative power. In "The Flying Dutchman" he listened to the voice of the inner world—the world of soul and feeling, brought forth and stirred into vital action through the simple but pure tales and romances, songs and myths of the ancient "folk."

In "Tannhauser" and "Lohengrin," Wagner elaborated on his new conception of drama, organizing and solidifying the often disconnected moods of the "Holländer" into a harmonic completeness of expression, and fulness of feeling. Yet in neither of those two operas is the true, the future, the prophetic

Wagner fully visible. He is still seeking and testing. Passages of the old familiar operatic cut, such as the scene of Tannhauser and the courtiers in Act I, the duet between Tannhauser and Elizabeth in Act II, and Wolfram's address to the evening star in Act III, though on the other hand, most of the score shows wide departures from the older operas. But in his subsequent works, "Tristan and Isolde," "Der Ring der Nibelungen," and "Parsifal," the master gains self-conscious control of his powers. In these works he realizes the whole tremendous significance of his mission. With the dazzling certainty of a revelation the man becomes convinced of the necessity of a unification of the separated dramatic elements, and that an opera could be complete only when "tone-speech" and "word-speech"—feeling and intellect—were equally engaged in the performance. Only then could a complete picture of life present itself to consciousness. With scientific accuracy the great thinker set forth his epochal conceptions into masterly written essays on the philosophy of art—essays which rank him as one of the profoundest thinkers of his age.

Next he proceeded with undaunted courage to practically demonstrate the workings of these conceptions by bringing them to bear on the composition of his "music-dramas." He showed that a drama to be true and morally legitimate must have an equivalence in actual human life for every feeling and emotion portrayed on the stage. Hence he became intensely interested in the life of humanity as exhibited by the true, simple folk of the sagas. And it was here in these sagas or myths that he found the "omnipotence of human minstrelsy, spellbound and waiting for the enchanter's staff to set free its beauty." Like a seed ever ready to manifest as plant and flower, this germ of song and story needed only suitable conditions to reveal the fulness of its marvelous life. "What I beheld in these sagas," the master says, "I now looked solely upon with eyes

of music; though not that music, however, whose formal maxims might have held me still embarrassed for expression, but of the music which I had within my heart." The anxiety for form, which he so vividly experienced in "Rienzi," he abandoned entirely in his latter dramas. Freed from every shackle of convention, he became sensitized in the purely human, the purely true, the purely vitally progressive in his *leit motiv*. In the preparation of his later dramas, he no longer looked without for his dramatic material, but devoted his sole ingenuity and genius in interpreting the moods and feelings springing up from the unfoldment of the subject-matter itself. All the soul-stirring power displayed in Wagnerian music has its origin in the loving response of his master-mind to the liberated intuitions set free from their imprisonment in the simple effusions of these mythical and mystical folk-songs. "Hence," remarks Wagner in his "Communications," "without deliberately setting about an enrichment of the means of musical expression, I was absolutely driven to expand them, by the very nature of the objects I was seeking to express."

Wagner's work is a stirring, soul-ringing appeal to human intelligence through the agency of feeling. For the way to the heights of art, leads through depths of feeling. But the feeling must be pure, which is possible only when called forth and sustained by a pure motive. And this motive is found in the integrity of human nature as portrayed in the simple faith of the "folk," and the unity and solidarity of their dramatic conceptions. Hence the true evolution of music leads towards the unification of its dissevered elements—the organic and harmonic coöperation and interdependence of all expressions of tonal art through the self-conscious guiding and constructive genius of the artist.

But the *sine qua non* for this epochal undertaking is love. For only through love and sympathy can the intelligence of

man be vibrant and porous to the sweet harmonies and the lyric beauties contained in the simple songs of the "folk." And as love is life's endless necessity, and art the expression of this necessity, it follows that the true artist must be a lover of nature, a lover of life and a lover of the creatures of its manifestation—*i.e.*, a lover of man!

"Breast to breast ye mortal millions—  
Here's a kiss to all the world."

The key to the philosophy of Richard Wagner and to the miracle of his musical genius is contained in his love for man, and in his undaunted faith in the realization of a universal brotherhood.



### JUPITER AND THE BEE.

In days of yore when the world was young, a Bee that had stored her combs with a beautiful harvest, flew up to heaven to present as a sacrifice an offering of honey. Jupiter was so delighted with the gift that he promised to give her whatsoever she should ask for. She therefore besought him, saying:

"O glorious Jove, maker and master of every poor bee, give thy servant a sting, and when any one approaches my hive to take the honey I may kill him on the spot."

Jupiter, out of love to man, was very angry at her request, and thus answered her:

"Your prayer shall not be granted in the way you wish; but the sting which you ask for you shall have; and when anyone comes to take away your honey and you attack him, the wound shall be fatal not to him, but to you; for your life shall go with the sting."

He that prays harm for his neighbor, begs a curse upon himself.

—*From Æsop's Fables.*

## THE AIM AND SCOPE OF THE NATIONAL SOCIETY OF MUSICAL THERAPEUTICS.

BY EVA AUGUSTA VESCELIUS.

Ladies and gentlemen,—members of the National Society of Musical Therapeutics, and friends, it is my duty and pleasure to welcome you this evening as we enter upon the third year of the existence of this Society. Through the courtesy of Miss Guernsey we are enabled to hold our first meeting of the season in these hospitable rooms, justly famous for having held many like gatherings during the lifetime of Dr. and Mrs. Guernsey. Here many subjects have been discussed for the first time in our country that have afterwards proved of great educational value. We trust that this subject that is of special interest to us—music as it is related to life and health—will prove not the least important, but that the results of our investigations will be of benefit to humanity.

We believe more than ever that this Society has an educational and benevolent work to accomplish. By our direct and indirect influence music is gradually being recognized as a potent factor in the healing art.

Ideas which are considered new and revolutionary when first advanced meet with ridicule and incredulity. We need to be so convinced of the value of these ideas that we are unmoved by ridicule, knowing that time and investigation will prove the truth of our assertions.

Some years ago, when we publicly expressed our views on this subject, it was taken up by the press as a bit of sensational news that would probably live its short day and die a speedy death, but instead of that we perceive a change in the trend of



thought regarding the subject, and the study of musical vibrations and their effect upon health is interesting many thoughtful people. It is now being admitted that music can be so employed as to have a distinct psychological influence upon the mind, upon nerve centers and the circulatory system, and that, by the intelligent employment of music, many ills to which flesh is said to be heir can be benefited and cured. At the close of our regular meetings last year a number of smaller ones were held for the purpose of testing the influence of music upon blood pressure, and pulse. The results which were most interesting will be given later in the yearly report.

In these wonderful days we have no time for prejudice; we must advance or be swept aside. How different are these times in which we are living to those of fifty years ago, when the French physician, Dr. Chomet, asked permission to read before the Academy of Science of Paris a paper entitled "Music, its effect and influence on health and disease." He had as he thought, an influential friend, a member of the Academy who promised to secure for him a hearing. He waited patiently for the opportunity to present the subject before that distinguished body, but the opportunity never came. As years went by he gradually enlarged upon his original essay until in 1873, after waiting 27 years, it has assumed the proportions of a modest little book which he published and presented to his readers in a pathetic preface when he asked, "will it have any readers?" continuing, "If its prolonged sojourn in the shade has rendered it weak and feeble, it must quietly submit to its fate; the author will be neither more sad nor more gay for he knows from experience the full worth of praise and criticism."

As we prove by demonstration the harmonizing power that lies in music we are amazed that it is not more generally employed and considered a necessity in the equipment of all institutions for the sick.

When making weekly visits to one of our hospitals, in company with several fine musicians, we learned that from the time we left the city in June until we returned in October, and renewed our visits, not one note of music had been heard in the so-called incurable wards. The cordial welcome accorded us, the sincere effort of the patients to show their appreciation of the music by the applause from feeble hands, and the wan smile were pathetic in the extreme, and the loving looks that followed us as we left the wards testified to the music hunger of their souls. Their lives had been brightened by the half-hour musical, to be lived over and over again and the days counted when they would again be cheered by its influence and forget the hopeless monotony of their lives.

The object of the National Society of Musical Therapeutics is to encourage the study of music in its relation to life and health, therapeutical and sociological. This is an effort to meet the growing demand for a more intelligent understanding of the subject.

To many, healing through music is a possibility but just how it may be employed for that purpose is at present but little understood by music students.

A clear scientific knowledge of the principles of Harmony, mental and musical, upon which the music cure bases its claim, is a neglected department of musical education. Not until musicians awaken to the importance of the study of Musical Psychology can they expect to demonstrate its pathological virtues and music become a recognized factor in the treatment of disease. Therefore a knowledge of Psychology, of rhythm, melody and harmony, as they are related to health, is necessary.

From a sociological point of view, music is the language of brotherhood. It powerfully influences the emotions and it is felt by all, irrespective of nationality or creed. Under the spell of fine music differences are forgotten, the soul is liberated and

transported up and out of narrow personal environment into a purer realm when it is revitalized while the body rests. Through its influence the undisciplined mind is trained to a love of beauty and order; therefore music holds an important place as a regulator of the emotions in the education of the young and in the discipline of the morally unbalanced, for "The laws of Musical Sound are as certain and constant as the laws of other great forces of nature."

That this Society should attract wide-spread interest is due to the fact that it is the first ever organized for the study and advancement of Musical Therapeutics. As letters have been received from leading alienists and superintendents of institutions throughout the country asking for information and encouraging us in our efforts to awaken a deeper interest in the subject, it was thought advisable to all to make the Society national rather than local in order to draw together once a year in convention, specialists, alienists, and those having the care of the mentally and morally defective, and by such conference gain a knowledge of methods employed at home and abroad, and by such coöperation widen our range for usefulness.

In our researches for records and reports of cases throughout history where music has been instrumental in benefiting the sick, much time and patience have been required, as such information was scattered. As the demand grows for data and literature, it seems important to gather together reports and be able to distribute literature bearing upon this subject and record reliable accounts respecting partial and permanent benefits that have followed music treatment.

We should also be able to coöperate with institutions desiring the best methods of employing music for the benefit of their patients, and provide musicians, singers, and instrumentalists to respond to the summons of institutions desiring such

services; for we hold that only by regular demonstrations, given by competent musicians in coöperation with physicians in charge of the patients, can satisfactory results be gained.

As there are no endowments for a musical department of this kind in our institutions, it is impossible to respond to all of the invitations received to coöperate until a fund can be established for this purpose. In these days of splendid charities, we do not doubt that the value of this work will be appreciated and sustained, here and now, and not fifty years hence.

Those of you who can gratify your taste for the best music, who attend the opera with regularity until you are surfeited by it, think sometimes of our brothers and sisters who never hear any music, who sit in mental darkness, their souls steeped in melancholy, think what music might mean to them, and help us to bring about the day when music will have found its highest mission and most benevolent service to mankind.

This, therefore, is the aim and scope of the National Society of Musical Therapeutics. Its platform is broad enough to hold physician, musician, and metaphysician. Music is the link that will harmonize differences between all schools, bringing them more closely in sympathy, for "Its domain is between thought and phenomena,—like a twilight mediator it hovers between spirit and matter, related to both, yet differing from each."



The officers of the National Society of Musical Therapeutics are:

President, Miss Eva Augusta Vescelius; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Van Housen Wakeman; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Chas. E. Wark; Treasurer, Mrs. J. A. Cozzino; Board of Directors, Miss Florence Guernsey, Miss Georgie I. S. Andrews, Rev. John Harrington Edwards, D.D., J. Mount Bleyer, M.D., LL.D., J. Thornton Sibley, A.M., M.D.

The following meetings will be held at 54 West 37th street.  
 Thursday evening, February 2d, "The Metaphysics of Music,"  
 illustrated by musical selections; Prof. C. H. A. Bjerregaard.  
 Thursday evening, March 2d, "The Value of Mechanical  
 Musical Treatment and Suggestions through Music," illus-  
 trated by piano selections and songs; Dr. Alfred W. Herzog.  
 Thursday evening, April 6th, "Musical Altruism;" John Har-  
 rington Edwards, D.D., and Mr. John Milton Scott, "Music as  
 a Vitalizing Power," vocal and instrumental music. May  
 (date to be announced), Discussion: "Should Music have an  
 acknowledged place as a Therapeutic?" Some of the speakers  
 who will take part in the discussion: Miss Jessie A. Fowler,  
 Emmet C. Dent, M.D., J. Thornton Sibley, A.M., M.D., J.  
 Mount Bleyer, M.D., LL.D.



### A LITTLE FRIEND.

A little friend ran to my side,  
 Without a word to say.  
 He looked up plaintively at me—  
 I loved him right away!

His eyes were brown—a tender brown—  
 His coat was soft and fine.  
 I said, "You pretty, pretty one,  
 Oh, will you please be mine?"

He shyly turned those eyes away,  
 And seemed his head to bow,  
 Then, at a knock upon the door,  
 He answered, "Bow-wow-wow!"

E. N. D.

## OUR COUNTRY.

BY MARY K. DRULEY.

What is it in the words "Our Country" that makes them dear to every American? Just what do they suggest to the mind that quickens the heart-beat and sends a thrill of exultation throughout the entire being?

Is it the thought of our broad prairies—our rugged mountains, or swift flowing rivers that comprise the physical face of "Our Country?" Truly, this is a goodly land—beautiful for situation—rich in productive powers and filled with hidden treasures; but it was all this before it became "Our Country." The Pilgrim Fathers came to America almost empty-handed, to make a home for themselves and their families; but they brought with them the germ of the Christ spirit of liberty; and it has taken root and grown, slowly but surely, shaping our institutions, forming our principles, and furnishing ideals towards which we are ever advancing. This it is that is back of "Our Country" and its institutions—its very soul—and whether we have recognized it or not, it is this that we love.

At first the spirit of liberty was of very slow growth. Those good, conscientious Puritans who had left all and suffered so many hardships in order to secure liberty of thought and action for themselves, refused that right to others whose thoughts did not agree with their own; and men and women were banished and even burned and put to tortuous death because they, too, insisted upon thinking for themselves. In the old court records at Salem, Mass., you may see what is called the "Witch Book," in which are kept the records of the trials for "Witchcraft," and in almost every case the verdict was "guilty" and the sentence of death passed upon the innocent victim.

We might multiply cases to show how the ideal of liberty has been of gradual development—how it has struggled alongside of the spirit of intolerance—that child of ignorance—which also must have, in some way, obtained passage in the “Mayflower,” and which has always been the most deadly enemy to the exercise of the principles of true liberty. But gradually the Christ spirit found expression in the lives of some of the more luminous souls; and while not perfectly reflecting the Christ ideal they have given to the world glimpses of the divine purpose in the evolution of individual and national life. We do well to honor the names of the many heroes which our country has produced; especially of those early reformers who gave the strength of their splendid manhood to the work of liberating the slaves. The enjoyment of liberty in their own lives was bearing fruit, and gave them courage to take a bold stand for universal liberty.

The sad feature, however, in this movement was, that men knew of no other way to bring about reform than by going to war and shooting one brother in order to liberate another. Perhaps it would be too much to say that no war was ever necessary, but let us sincerely hope the time is fast coming when our country will settle all her difficulties at home and abroad without resorting to war.

It is a fact of history that wars have been less frequent as nations advance in civilization. Within the last fifty years more than 100 national disputes have been settled by arbitration.

The first Peace Society was inaugurated by William Ellery Channing and Noah Webster in 1815, when our war with Great Britain terminated by the signing of treaties of peace. In the year following, the first British Peace Society was organized, and in 1843 the first International Peace Conference was held in London.

There are now in our own country between forty and fifty peace societies, besides a number of woman's societies organized "for the purpose of promoting peace and abolishing war." The subject of "Peace" has had a prominent place at over ninety meetings of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, and 85,000 women of America signed an address to the Hague Convention.

As an expression of his faith in the possibility of settling all international disputes by arbitration instead of by war, Mr. Carnegie has recently given a large sum of money to erect a house for the permanent Court of Arbitration at The Hague; also to provide an ample library of international law. The house is to be called "The Palace of Peace." Mr. Carnegie believes no event of greater importance has occurred in a century than the establishment of this tribunal. And so it is coming to pass that people are beginning to believe in the possibility of obeying the law of non-resistance—the overcoming of evil with good, and are lifting up their voices against the shedding of blood. Some of our States have abolished capital punishment, believing that even a criminal has the right to live, repent and be saved to noble manhood.

It is only a little more than a hundred years since the first society for the repression of human slavery was organized, and its founders were regarded as visionary enthusiasts; yet chattel slavery has been abolished throughout Christendom. Is it too much to believe that military slavery and barbarism will in time also disappear?

Initial steps toward reform have always been taken in pursuit of an ideal. An ideal little understood perhaps, and beyond the grasp of the masses but deeply rooted in the hearts of God's prophets and seers of every age—some of whom now looking back from the time when God refused to allow David to erect a temple for His habitation because that King's hands had been stained with the blood of wars—down to the present



day—see in the evolution of the peace movement, the unfolding of the Christ ideal which has ever been in the mind and purpose of God, and was born into the world with the infant Jesus, who was called by the prophet “The Prince of Peace,” and whose advent was heralded by the angels’ song of “Peace on Earth—Good Will among men.”

Jesus called this ideal the “Kingdom of God” and taught His followers to pray for and expect its establishment upon earth. In the Sermon on the Mount He laid down the laws governing this Kingdom, the summing up of which is contained in what we call the Golden Rule; “All things therefore whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, even so do ye also unto them, for this is the law and the prophets.” But we are still very far short of realizing the Kingdom of God upon the earth, although believing that this is “the one far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves.”

It is interesting to review the part our women have taken in matters pertaining to the national life. In the beginning, and for many years, our country was cared for entirely by that masculine dignitary popularly known as “Uncle Sam”—and far be it from me to criticize that time honored gentleman; but as you all know, there came a day when duties arose beyond his knowledge and ability to perform. At that time “Uncle Sam” was a bachelor and the country at large seeing his need of a councilor, proposed that he take the Goddess of Liberty for a wife; but upon sober reflection this was found impractical, as the Goddess was forever fated to stand upon a pedestal and could not therefore become the active helpmate so much needed by “Uncle Sam.” What the country wanted, and must have, was an “*Aunt Sam*”—a living incarnation of the beautiful Goddess who would have time and wisdom and patience to look after the home life and the children, while “Uncle Sam” gave attention to what he considered the weightier matters.

In response to this demand, our women undertook to fill

this important place in the governmental household—and it must be confessed that for a time it did look as if “Aunt Sam” was going somewhat beyond the requirements of the case, and consequently “Uncle Sam” was a little bit “grouchy”—having had everything his own way for so many years—and the country began to talk of the “good old days of Priscilla” when women stayed at home and spun and wove the household linen. But soon a better understanding came about and the wise head and loving heart of “Aunt Sam” has ever since been busy in her endeavor to bring about improved conditions for all the household. She has been foremost in all religious and educational works; for her sons and daughters must have the best possible advantages; also in the work of prison reforms, for the boys who go astray are still her sons and must be restrained in a spirit of love, not revenge, in order to save them. In Industrial Homes, for the daughters who have fallen must be uplifted, encouraged and redeemed. She has helped to expose the evils of child labor and the sweat shops—and to provide free kindergartens—vacation schools and Fresh Air Missions. She even protects the physical beauty of our country by pleas for the preservation of the beautiful Palisades, National Parks, etc., and her work is only just begun in comparison with what still remains to be accomplished. For the great lessons of “love your enemies” and “do good to them that despitefully use you,” have still to be learned; and upon the women of to-day rests the responsibility of setting the example, and encouraging a sentiment in favor of progress along the line of non-resistance of evil. We should teach our children by example and precept that forgiveness is sweeter than revenge—that enemies may be converted into friends by kindness—that there are weapons of conquest far more effectual than those employed during our war with Spain, and that the Golden Rule which we teach in our homes and Sunday Schools is to be applied in daily life, and even in the affairs of State.

When boys so taught become our law makers, we shall cease to see the noble youths of our land marched out to be shot in battle, or to suffer the moral contamination of army life. We shall then so order our national affairs, that we would no sooner entertain the thought of going to war with a sister nation than a Christian gentleman now thinks of fist fighting his next door neighbor.

Then indeed shall we have a nation of which to be justly proud—a country that will reflect the Christ spirit of liberty in all her institutions, and whose very mountain tops shall echo the angels' song of "Peace on Earth—Good Will among men."



What difference did it make to Christ, whether in the wilderness he did fierce battle with temptation; or sat on the green slope to teach the people and send them home as if God had dropped upon their hearts amid the shades of evening; whether he stood over the corpse, and looking on the dark eyes, said, "Let there be light," and the curtain of the shadow of death drew up; or saw the angel of duty approach himself in the dress of the grave, and on the mournful "Come away," tendered his hand and was meekly led; whether his walk was over strewn flowers, or beneath the cross too heavy to be borne, amid the cries of "Hosanna," or the murderous shout? The difference was all of pain; none was there of conscience, of trust, of power, of love. Let there be a conscious affiliation with God; and as he pervadeth all things, a unity is imparted to life, and a stability to the mind, which put character and will above the reach of circumstances; a current of pure and strong affections, fed by the fount of bliss, pours from hidden and sunlit heights, and winds through the open plains and dark ravines of life, till its murmurs fall into the everlasting deep.—*James Martineau.*

## MUSIC.

BY ALMA LEY.

Music is to the soul what good books are to the mind, the satisfying of that inward craving which uplifts us or takes us down into the storehouse of Nature's secrets. Music is the soul's language, and the emotions are the strings that respond and give forth those exquisite tones that cause us to feel for the time being as though we had laid down the gamut of ordinary existence and taken up our abode in a world where only harmony and peace prevail. Surrounded by doubt and the perplexities of human life there is nothing that will take a man away from himself like beautiful, soul-inspiring music. The criminal whose heart has been hardened to the good, the true, and the beautiful in life has been carried back on the wings of memory and has shed the first tears he has known for years upon listening to those emotional songs, "Rock Me to Sleep, Mother," "Home, Sweet Home," and "Where is My Wandering Boy To-night?" He sees himself again a little child at his mother's knee, and the songs that she used to sing are brought back to him, and behold! his soul has revealed itself, his soul that he thought was dead to all finer feelings. All the hard exterior of his sinful soul has melted away beneath the exquisite vibrations of beautiful music.

The true musician may never hope to express fully, completely the music that he produces in the temple of his own soul. It is too fine, too exquisite for material expression. It would transcend the understanding of ordinary minds, for only God and the soul can comprehend the tone, pitch, and timbre of melody, too refined for outward expression. The melody pro-

duced in the soul's spiritual temple becomes, to its creator, emotional feeling, and brings to him such exquisite feelings that he forgets cold, hunger, clouds and shadows. His soul has expanded to such broad dimensions and lofty heights that it seems to him that the world is a musical temple where melodious tones, soul-inspiring melodies and notes of harmony are made to vibrate upon the chords of human existence, and life is one grand and glorious anthem set to the music of an angel's song.

Well may we say that the soul is a harp and the emotions its strings, for the music of different composers vibrates upon *particular* strings.

The music of Wagner is played upon all the strings, but more particularly upon the lighter ones where the chords of fancy are situated—such light and airy things, like the whirr of humming-birds' wings, the flight of butterflies, and pixies' songs. True music has the effect of making us believe for the time being the self-same things that the composer did when he created them. Can anyone who has a responsive soul, listen to the music of Wagner and not believe for the moment in fairies, elves, and gnomes, the witcherie of woodland dells, Valkyrie dances, and the plash of waterfall—so fascinating when expressed in musical tones? Surely, the soul which would not respond to them must be lacking in the finer senses of feeling.

In the music of Chopin we hear the weird chant of November winds and the sad wail of the forest king who bemoans the departure of Summer's glorious pageant. The gayety of Wagner and the sad strains of Chopin, each seem to accentuate the charm of the other and helps us to appreciate life from its various points.

Handel's music is grand, lofty, inspiring. All the religion of the soul is brought forth with the strains of Handel's music.

The grand Hymn of the Universe comes rolling forth in tones so sublime that it would seem sacrilegious to permit the mind to dwell upon light or frivolous thoughts at such a time.

Beethoven's music is a delight. His notes strike a responsive chord and bring forth all the joy, the glory and the beauty of Nature. The soft tones vibrate upon the finer ear of thought and produce the picture of a night in Summer. The golden moon sheds its mellow rays upon the water, and the soft lap of waves is heard, as they break upon the shore. Or again, 'tis a melody of Spring. All the world has suddenly awakened to new life and power, and the patron saint of Spring comes dancing over the hills, transforming bare-boughed tree, homely shrub, and brown earth until they bloom like Aaron's rod in many beautiful and variegated colors. As one writer has said, "Music is a kind of wordless thought, a vibration too subtle for sense appreciation, but capable of instituting another and coarser vibration."

Music is, as it were, the thought essence itself made manifest through sound. Music offers a possible medium for the expression of ideas too subtle for spoken language. A great soul, when it listens to grand music, goes beyond all expression, all thought. It feels with an intensity that has no comparison to any other emotion. The poet whose words are so grand that they touch the souls of those who read them must be conscious, when he creates them, of an inner music that vibrates upon the more delicate senses of his mind, and causes him to produce thoughts that are filled with soul melody. The man does not exist who can produce beautiful thoughts and grand pictures without having music in his soul.



All that man can do, done,  
Is all that God can do begun.—

# WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS ARE SAYING.

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## A COMPENSATORY CHRIST.

Ever the human mind seeks the Mind Divine. Life is a homesickness which is never cured until the soul finds God. All this fret and sorrow of the human life is God-hunger. Although man may not know the cause of his hurt, although his wound may not be able to shape the cry for its healing, yet has the psalmist cried out from the midst of desolation the need of the universal human heart when he said: "My heart and my flesh crieth out after the living God." Ever the human heart seeks to find itself in the Godhead. A face like to man's face must mirror for him the Eternal Love. So, until he learns to find the living Christ within himself he will seek some external, compensatory Christ in legend or in life, even as in "The Open Court" Adolph Roeder claims Parsifal was sought out by the heart's sorrow of the common people who had lost the real, external Christ in the desert of theological speculations.

We all understand that there is a certain law or rather a steadfastness of relationship in physics and in physical things called the "complementary." Certain colors being given in nature and in art, certain other colors called complementary colors are immediately implied. Certain tones in the musical scale being given there is instantly created a tonal or harmonic relationship. Certain fractions being given in mathematics their "reciprocals" are implied. Certain angles being given in geometry there arise certain others complemental and supplemental. This series of fixed relationships transferred to the realm of physical forces, becomes yet more "rigidly relational," if such an apparent contradiction of terms may be used. A positive force involves its negative; a direct force, a lateral, absence of resilience in muscle means compensatory hypertrophy of that muscle, and so on to the end of that chapter—and rather an extensive chapter it is.

This being true in the realm of matter and nature, there is no reason for conceiving of it as being anything but true in the domain of mental and spiritual things. By the side of every impulse there runs a restraint to give it direction; and behind each restraint lies an impulse or there could be no restraint. In the same way beside every deprivation runs a compensation. And this series of activities and passivities runs a gamut, as extensive as that indicated along physical lines. \* \* \*

What, for instance, is the meaning of dialect? Dialect is the method of speech of the man who is deprived of the correcter forms of language. However and for whatever reason deprived he will build himself a language, which will be a dialect. He will construct for himself a language cruder and less beautiful than that which his more favored, more cultured and more learned brother was able to rear into an edifice of etymology, of grammar, and of syntax—a hardy, sturdy, coarse, serviceable thing, called dialect, because the more elaborate thing conceived of culture and born of refinement was too fragile a ware for his clumsier fingers. The lips of the man who handles the pen frame language; the lips of the man who swings the pick, frame dialect. Not only is this true of High German and Low German; the French of Paris and the French of Gascony and the Bretagne; of the Spanish of Madrid and the Castilian (what an odd inversion) of the sailor of the Armada; of the Irish of the Ancient Gael and its Normanesque mockery, the Basque dialect. But it is true as Diez and Cann show, of the “lingua Romana,” the Latin “Romany”—the Latin of the common folk who quarried and carried the Stone of the Capitol which differed from the Latin of the man who sat and ruled in the finished Capitol, as differs “Pennsylvania Dutch” from the language of a cultured denizen of Hanover. Side by side with the reality of language attained runs the compensatory language dialect, which those must build for themselves who are deprived of the opportunities of learning.

Exactly so arose within the obscured and chaotic depths of the Race-Mind, in which the image of the real Christ grew daily and yearly more remote and dim, another, a compensatory image, a Parsifal—the Holy Grail—the whole cycle of the Arthurian legends. It was the need of a heroic figure adopted to the semi-barbarism of mediæval days when hair-splitting theologians had deprived the masses of the real figure which pervades the New Testament with wondrous sweetness and persistency, and dangled before their unseeing eyes a theological question mark, a Son born from Eternity, whose relation to the Father of Eternity was either homoousian or homoiousian when the devotee was a Supralapsarian, a transubstantianist, or a solfidian. We know that nothing so thoroughly cows the ignorant masses as a formidable marshaling of long words. Hence, while the theologian of Byzanz hurled Greek anathema at the devoted head of the Latins from behind the battlements of grammar and exegesis-syllogisms, the common peo-



ple strayed afield and built them a crude gospel out of neglected material and thus did Herzeleide give birth to Parsifal. Deep was their sorrow because of the deprivation, and out of their own hearts' sorrow was the heroic figure born, which was to attain Mont Salvat—the Mount of Salvation—to go in quest of the cup. \* \* \* Back of each of the wonderful typical figures of the Parsifal legend shines reality; back of the Temple of the Round Table glows the dim vista of the Temple of Solomon; back of the Klingsor a suspicion of Judas Iscariot; back of Kundry the fatal dualism of man's inner and outer self, his love of God, the woman who is sweet and pure, and his love of self, the woman who is impure. Back of the Garden of Klingsor, two other gardens, the Garden of Eden where man was lost, and the Garden of Gethsemane where he was saved. So back of each of these candidly compensatory shadows lie the reality, the substance of the Wonderbook, readily seen, readily understood and very lovable withal.

And towering into bold relief in the Compensatory Christ-Parsifal, we behold and feel the intense desires of the great mass of the people for a deified man, for a wonderful humanity which shall in some unfathomed and unfathomable way stand very close to Deity. And through the Story of Parsifal weaves and throbs the deep and reverent love of God's untutored children for the God-man, the Deus Homo, Jehovah Jesus.

### THE POWER OF THE WILL.

A determined, wise mind can command life because life fashioned the mind and abides in it as an ocean in its gulf. The power of thought, as any other power, may be mishandled, misdirected. Wisdom is the master of electricity, and its deeds of wonder are directed by a knowing hand. In the dynamics of thought there should be no carelessness. By right thinking is the righteousness of a poised soul and a healthy body. Not that she has the final word of wisdom, but for that value which is always in the thoughts of others whether we agree or disagree with them, we may think about what Annie Besant says about the power of will in her book, "A Study in Consciousness."

This power—which has ever been recognized in Occultism as the spiritual Energy in man, one in kind with that which sends forth, supports and calls in the worlds—is now being groped after in the outer world, and is being almost unconsciously used by many as a means of

bringing about results otherwise unattainable. The schools of Christian Science, Mental Science, Mind Cure, etc., are all dependent for their results on the outflowing power of the Will. Diseases yield to that flow of Energy, and not only nervous disorders, as some imagine. Nervous disorders yield the most readily, because the nervous system has been shaped for the expression of spiritual powers on the physical plane. The results are the most rapid where the sympathetic system is first worked upon, for that is the more directly related to the aspect of Will, in the form of Disease, as the cerebro-spinal is more directly related to the aspects of Cognition and of pure Will. The dispersion of tumors, cancers, etc., and the destruction of their causes, the curing of lesions and bone-fractures, imply for the most part considerable knowledge on the part of the healer. I say "for the most part," because it is possible that the Will may be guided from the higher plane even where physical plane knowledge is lacking, in the case of an operator at an advanced stage of evolution. The method of cure, where knowledge is present, would be as follows: the operator would form a mental picture of the affected organ in a state of perfect health, creating that part in mental stuff by the imagination. He would then build into it astral matter, thus densifying the image, and would then use the force of magnetism to densify it further by etheric matter, building the denser materials of gasses, liquids and solids into this mould, utilizing the materials available in the body and supplying from outside any deficiencies. In all this the Will is the guiding energy, and such manifestation of matter is merely a question of knowledge, whether on this or on the higher planes. \* \* \*

The concentration of thought on a centre of the sympathetic system, and, most of all, on the solar plexus, means a serious physical danger, unless the learner be under the physical observation of his teacher, or be able to receive and bring through to the physical brain the instructions that may be given to him on a higher plane. Concentration on the solar plexus is apt to bring on disease of a peculiarly intractable kind. It issues in a profound melancholy, almost impossible to remove, in fits of terrible depression, and sometimes in a form of paralysis. Not along these lines should travel the serious student, intent on the knowledge of the Self. When that knowledge is obtained, the body becomes the instrument on which the Self can play, and all that is needed meanwhile is to purify and refine it, so that it may come into harmony with the higher bodies, and be prepared to vibrate rhythmically with them. The brain will thus be rendered more responsive, and by industrious thinking and the action of meditation—not on the brain, but on lofty ideas—it will be gradually improved. The brain becomes a better organ as it is exercised, and this is on the road of evolution. But to work directly on the sympathetic plexuses is on the road to retrogression. Many a one comes, asking for deliverance from the results of these practices, and one can only sadly answer:

"To undo the mischief will take years." Results may be gained quickly by going backwards, but it is better to face the upward climbing, and then utilize the physical instrument from above, not from below.

There is another matter to be considered in healing diseases by Will—the danger of driving the disease into a higher vehicle, in driving it out of the physical body. Disease is often the final working out of evil that existed previously on the higher planes, and it is then far better to let it thus work out than to forcibly check it, and throw it back into the subtler vehicle. It is the last working out of an evil desire or an evil thought, and in such a case the use of physical means of cure is safer than the use of mental means, for the former cannot cast it back into the higher planes, whereas the latter may do so. Curative mesmerism does not run this danger, belonging as it does to the physical plane; that may be used by anyone whose life, thoughts and desires are pure. But the moment Will forces are poured down into the physical, there is a danger of reaction, and of the driving of the disease back into the subtler vehicles from which it came forth.

If mental curing is done by the purification of thought and desire, and the natural quiet working of the purified thoughts and desires on the physical body, no harm can result; to restore physical harmony by making harmonious the mental and astral vehicles is a true method of mental healing, but it is not as rapid as the Will-cure and is far harder. Purity of mind means health of body; and it is this idea—that where the mind is pure the body should be healthy—that has led many to adopt these mental methods of healing.

### THE SERENITY OF MIND.

There is One Mind in the universe as there is one water in the ocean. As the one water may fret and break upon the rocks and shoals of bays and inlets, so the One Mind may break into griefs on the shores of individual minds. A wave broken into spray upon the rocks falls back again into the sea. If it reaches the sea's center, it abides in calm unreached by vexing shores. When the individual mind breaks upon the shoals of time, it falls back again into the ocean of the One Mind, for it cannot be lost. From its origins an eternal voice calls and it follows. When it passes beyond desire, it is lost from all griefs having attained the serenity of the great Peace. This is a Hindu teaching which Manmath C. Mallik sets forth

in what follows, taken from his book, "The Problem of Existence."

While matter is in this ever-forming, ever-decaying, ever-changing flux, whose variation it is beyond the power of man permanently to control, the mind is of quite a different nature. From the institution to the dissolution of its material garb, it knows no change; it is conscious of its own unchangeableness and indestructibility. It is never idle, although its garb, or the organs of sense and action, may be dormant. Even in the deep sleep it holds communion with its ethereal source, and gets refreshed for the temporal work of life. Its opinions and its impressions may change, its faculties and attributes may vary and grow weaker or stronger with the weakness or strength of its frame; but its own essence it feels to be the same from the moment when it gets its perception into play to the time when it departs altogether. It is the same mind from first to last. This fact has led Sages to conclude that even in its separate and divided form each mind is immortal, that it comes out of the Great Mind like a spark out of a flame, and that it changes from time to time the physical garb, through which it acts, in the same manner as a man changes his clothes.

"The earth and the heavens shall perish, but the Lord remains; they shall wax old as doth a garment: and as a vesture they shall be changed, but the Lord is the same."

"As man casts off old garments and puts on new ones, so does the tenant of the body leave his dilapidated abode and remove to a fresh dwelling place."

The spiritual essence, consisting of the Soul and its instrument—the mind—on renouncing its existing vesture naturally wishes to assume a better one. In worldly life, the entry of man into palaces or other exalted abodes is regulated by his position, attainments, or other qualifications. Human sentries bar his approach when rightful claim is wanting. The sentry which guards the mind's entrance into a better or more desirable body is its own conduct in the garb which it is laying aside, and whose permission or refusal is given according to the balance of virtue or of vice in its account. A mind which has never in word, deed, or thought, put the slightest stain on itself has a free right of entry into any kind of figure it may choose. The choice of frame of other minds is regulated by the amount of stain each may bear.

Mind can only end its chequered career of happiness and misery, gained according to the acts which its freedom and its whims lead it to perform, when it has no balance either of virtue or of sin to its account, when it attains the age of serenity at which all natural forces appear to be merely bounding waves of one eternal ocean, and when it ceases to know itself as separate from the All-pervading Mind.

## HAPPINESS THE END OF KNOWLEDGE.

The truth makes free from all the distresses which the limitations of ignorance inflict. In the enlightenment of truth there is joy. The peace of the soul is achieved by wisdom. At the center of each true thing is a gladness. By joy the universe became. The creative heart sings his worlds into their skies. One of the perversions of ignorance is the thought that happiness is somehow unholiness, that sorrows are pleasing to God, that through the gates of grief only is entrance into the favor of God. In his book, "The Science of Peace," Bhagavan Das, in the following words, claims happiness as the end of knowledge.

Indian thought—in all departments of research in which we possess tangible results of it in the shape of Sanskrit and Prākṛit works—has seldom lost sight of the fact that the end and aim of knowledge is, directly or indirectly, the alleviation of pain and the promotion of happiness; the end and aim of supreme knowledge being the alleviation of the supreme pain of the fear of annihilation, and the promotion of the supreme pleasure of the assurance of immortality and self-dependence. The dominant motive of that thought, therefore, is ethico-religious. Even works on grammar and mathematics do not forget to state at the outset that they subserve the attainment of mukti, liberation, salvation, in some way or other. \* \* \*

The mainspring of this western knowledge is mainly intellectual, knowledge for the sake of knowledge. \* \* \* That it is a fallacy may be inferred, in passing, even from the one single and simple fact that public common sense and public instinct and public need have declined to rest content with a mere subjective and political admiration of the scientific discoveries recorded and registered in bulky tomes and journals, but have assiduously applied them, and continue to apply them, with an ever-increasing eagerness and demand, to the purposes of daily life, for the amelioration of its pains and the enhancement of its pleasures; and this, with a success in the mechanical arts and appliances of peace and war, conquest and commerce, which makes the western races the rulers of the surface of this earth at the present day.

## NATURE THE HEALER.

To pass from the artificialities of conventional life into the fields and forests, letting the spirit of nature blend with our

spirits, is to experience a quickened life. Not simply that she has lives with which to enchant us, but a life with which to quicken us, a universal life, subtle, real, eternal, the very breath of God. To who hath ears to hear, nature ever speaks in benedictions. Her word of peace is a word of health. If we will abandon ourselves to her and let her enter into and possess us, with colors of life she will repaint us, the soul imaging in a renewed body. In his "Where Dwells the Soul Serene," a nature book of finest quality and moving in the spirit of the New Thought, Stanton Kirkham Davis says this word about nature's retuning the discordant spirit.

He who takes his tonic from the air of mountains and of the sea where it is always on draught laughs at pills and lotions. The drug shop is nature's standing joke. Put a plaster on a weasel and give a gargle to a woodchuck and you shall see its absurdity. They have credulity to spare who think to buy their health at the shops by the ounce or grain. Bottle the air and sell it for a tonic if you would reap untold fortunes. He is a great benefactor who can distil the essence of pure thought, for that is the panacea. Open your mind and heart to the divine currents of life and love that would surge into your being and you will, throw physic—not to the dogs, but into the limbo of superstitions. For health is neither bought nor sold, but is free to healthy minds, as free as air and water and sunshine; and it is in the mortar of the mind with the pestle of thought that we shall compound the elixir of trust, of kindness and cheerfulness.

When our harp of thought is out of tune we have but to go into the woods and pastures, to climb a hill or follow a stream to have Nature give us the key, and in a twinkling we are brought into accord with her sanity and made sensible of the divine harmonies within us. It is a common illustration of the power of suggestion. Our moods, our vexations and discontent are all mild forms of dementia. But nature is eminently sane; she will have none of our moping and complaining, but sends a red squirrel to scold and chatter at us, or a chickadee to express his poise and complacency. And she utters to us such harmonious tinklings and murmurings in the brook flowing under ice, and reveals such charms in tapering icicles glistening cheerily in the sunshine, that we become suddenly ashamed of our weakness, and our lunacy vanishes before the potent spell of example. Nature has tactfully diverted us from our whims and infused her sanity and health into our receptive minds, while up from the river comes the faint and muffled booming of the ice with its assurance of the spring.

## WISDOM.

Sometimes we forget that love has its wisdom as heat has its light. An overplus of heat gives tropics; of light, arctics. In equipoise of these is the temperate zone which belts the earth with man's greatest civilization. When love and wisdom approximate an equality of power in a soul, the great man is come. For those whom the emotional dominates here is a helpful word which Horatio W. Dresser says in "Unity."

Wisdom begins with the beginning of self-control, equanimity, verification, and, above all, with the dawning of reason. It begins with insight, and by this term I mean a higher function than what is popularly known as intuition. For insight is possible only when one possesses not merely intuition, but knowledge of laws and principles by which to discern the meaning of things. Wisdom takes account of the actual facts of life, does not shut its eyes to anything. As compared with what usually passes current as optimism and pessimism, it may be defined as veritism, it is bent on knowing the *truth* of things. Wisdom is strong in faith, hope and cheer, despite the facts which would overthrow the faith of the typical optimist. Wisdom quietly observes events and peoples, then as quietly arrives at reasoned conclusions, based on discernment of their profound significance. The wisdom of things is their law, their profoundest affinity and love.

The ideal of Wisdom, then, is illumined reason. And the moral is easily seen. Hold your experiences in solution. Let your intuitions reason. Take your prophets under observation. Permit your emotions to cool. Be no less spontaneous, meanwhile. Give forth your first impressions. Do not quench the spirit. But do not too highly estimate your "wonderful experiences." Do not fall into the delusion which besets the people who make a hobby of spirituality, namely, the notion that they are a little better than other folks, that whatever they happen to utter is so sacred in the first form in which it comes that no one may tamper with it. The scholar who is condemned as merely "intellectual" sets a better example. The master of a branch of learning already knows enough to discern how little he knows. Hence, he is humble, and humility is a large part of wisdom.

## THE IMMANENT GOD.

God as the immanent life of his universe is the truth which is awakening springtime in the religious thinking of many. This truth is such a commonplace—as commonplace as the sun in the sky and on the fields quickening them—in the New

Thought and all vital religious and philosophical thinking of to-day, that one marvels that Lyman Abbott's Harvard sermon should be heralded as new, startling and heretical. This shows a continent of uncivilized thinking which the New Thought must enter into and possess. Here below find part of the heretical sermon.

"The conception of God as a first great cause, who, ages ago, set in motion certain secondary causes which control the world, and with which He interferes from time to time as exigency may require, is giving place to a conception of one great, eternal, underlying cause, as truly operative to-day as He was in the days of old. This energy is an intelligent energy. The relations of the physical world are intellectual relations. Science does not create, it discovers them. Science thinks the thoughts of God after Him.

"While science has thus been leading us to see God in physical nature, philosophy has been leading us to see God in all the events of history. The doctrine of evolution, which is not the same as Darwinism, is the doctrine that the world's progress is from a lower to a higher stage, from a simple to a more complex condition. Thus history is no longer the mere record of great events or the history of great lives; it is the philosophical unfolding of a great development, the end and issue of which is the kingdom of God on earth.

"But has this God any relation to the individual, so that we can have some consciousness of Him and some connection with Him? Or is this an invisible curtain between the soul and this power in nature—this righteous director of history? Literature is the interpreter of life, and to literature we turn for an answer to this question. And this answer is given to us by the great poets, and by no one more clearly and beautifully than by Tennyson:

Speak to him, thou, for He hears, and spirit with spirit can meet:

Closer is He than breathing, and nearer than hands or feet.

The notion of a humanized God sitting in the centre of the universe ruling things, is gone, and in the place of this science has brought us back to this: 'We are ever in the presence of the Infinite,' and history has brought us back to this: 'There is a power not ourselves that makes for righteousness;' and literature has brought us back to this: 'Spirit with spirit can meet, closer; is He then breathing, nearer than hands or feet.' Would you think the personality was gone because it was operative before your eyes?

"What we mean by personality is this: the infinite and eternal energy, from which all things proceed, is an energy that thinks; that feels; that proposes and does, and is thinking and feeling and proposing and doing as a conscious life, of which ours is only a poor and broken reflection."



# UNDER THE CHIMES.

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## I.

### CLIMBING YET.

All life's from Thee, Thou one great Love  
Who art creation's cause;  
From Thine own beating heart outleaps  
All Thy creation's laws,  
As faithful in the sunbeam's mote  
As in the sun's great fire,  
And in the gnat's frail, beating wing  
As in the Christ's desire.

Thou reignest secret in my heart,  
My life Thine own Life's gift,  
Thou outmost earth-rim of myself,  
Thou sky in which must lift  
Each blossom climbing into fruit,  
Each bird and beast and weed,  
What poisons and what nourishes,  
The loving and the greed.

This truth I own, my faith it binds;  
No flight is from its face.  
At times it startles me with fear,  
At times is bravery's grace.  
How shall I charge Thee with my sin,  
And for my truth give praise?  
How can I blame myself the nights,  
And honor Thee for days?

Shall no line cleave between the right  
And all the dreadful wrong?  
Shall discord claim to be as sweet  
As is the perfect song?  
Shall gnat's wing take the place of Christ,  
The mote, the sun's great flame,  
The bliss of holiness fulfilled  
By just the sin's great shame?  
Nay! Lord of Life, this cannot be!  
Whatever now appears;  
From out the puzzling dark I see  
A beauteous dawning clears,—  
Creation's climbing yet! Thy tasks  
Of life are but begun;  
They'll justify Thy holiness  
When each and all are done.  
  
Altho from gnat the Christ may climb,  
Thy heart those ways makes wide;  
And what from gnat he differs now,  
That he will so abide;  
So, while I'm come from sin and shame  
To be this holiness,  
I still must faithful cleave to it,  
Or it can never bless.  
  
So, Life's Dear Lord, Thy holy love  
Through all creation shines;  
It makes the dusks, the dawning days,  
The bird, the mole that mines;  
But always climbing into bloom  
Of perfectness for all;  
Yet woe to him who will not hear  
Thine upward voices call!

I'd hear and heed all holy truths  
That teach of life's great heights,  
Thou giving wings, that I may take  
Their heavenward-joying flights.  
My being toiling on, its tasks  
Of blossom will complete,  
Through dark and death will reach the day  
Thy sunny smile to greet.



## PERFECT AND ETERNAL.

I cannot, O creation's living, loving Master, believe there is any evil in Thy heart or any evil anywhere that can defeat the graces of that heart. I cannot believe that Thine is a shared kingdom, satan or devil dividing it with Thee. Thy perfect heart is perfectly wise, and wisdom is the shining part of Thy heart's motions that move but to bless as they create an infinite universe of infinite lives. I cannot believe that Thy wisdom anywhere is confused by foolishness. I cannot think it weak and defeated in itself, impotent and defeated by any power alien to itself. Whatever appears, within my bounded vision, to be, I am compelled to the faith that perfect Love in perfect Wisdom is master of every tiniest bit of Thy universe, of every tiniest life that lives by graces of that wise, true love.

Thou art greater than anything Thou hast created, and must fill it and compass it about with Thy gentle life that thinketh no evil. Within everything, its truth of being, Thou art to be worshipped as Thou art instructing us that we grow in Thy wisdom—in the grain of sand, in the granite hill, in the tossing waves of the sea, in the cloud-creating heights of vast mountains, in the iron and the gold. What we find all these to be

we know that Thou art, only of infinite perfection, beyond them. Within every heart fashioned of love that the wine of life may flash and gladden there, Thou dwellest, a shekinah of the holiest place, to receive our reverence and to bless us with a new grace of life's increase. When in the joy of life abeat in any heart we find Thee, we know that life is infinite and love eternal, so that no end can be to any one, but only change.

If Thou wert unfaithful in one grain of sand, the lute of Thy universe would have a rift,

"That by and by will make the music mute,  
And ever widening slowly silence all."

If Thou wert unkind to one tiniest heart, giving it a purposeless pain, the garments of Thy glory were moth-eaten and a speck of shame upon Thy heart,

"That rotting inward slowly moulders all."

If Thou couldst kindle in anger any little bit at any little being, there was the spark alight in a flammable universe that would waste it in a conflagration of failure. Couldst Thou cherish revenge, the discord would destroy, earths and stars and suns would fly into chaos, Thyself would be destroyed and cease to be.

Construction everywhere awaits upon the motions of this universe. No change is but that within it moves creative wisdom to make a new temple for the indwelling of the everlasting love. So ever it is a hymn of Thy love the flower sings to my eye, a psalm of Thy goodness the bird sings to my ear. That anything is gives daily witness to my heart that there is an everlasting goodness in which all things live and move. I cannot walk abroad and look around me but that this truth is calling to me in a thousand golden tongues. Everywhere Thou are speaking to my deeper thoughtfulness in a mul-

titudinous eloquence that assures me that no evil is, but only good, that what I see of evil is good shaping to its hands a great task, what I see of unkindness is a wiser kindness shaping a happier deed, what I see of death is a holier life making larger ways than my eyes can yet see for the ascent of lives into fulness of life.

I am comforted in the conviction that Thou art creating yet, Thy tasks incomplete, but never failing. I am seeing in Thy workshop, and my foolishness, that judges before it knows, calls what I see confusion, my vision not able to follow the beautiful orderliness that is at work that a great and perfect deed be done. Under the knives the violin is shaping to be justified in the perfect song. Although it is a narrow way into the great glory, it is the only way,—the way is a part of the glory, the pain but the passing shadow of the gladness.

In me Thou art still creating, and the finished work will justify Thy perfect heart. But Thou hast given me the glory of being creator-fellow with Thee in that task of myself. Therefore, I must be diligent and grow wise, and choose only what is beautiful and good and true for my fashioning. I must not confuse my heart calling soil lily and lily soil, although in manifestation the lily is transformed soil. I must not put things out of place, confusing their relations. My eye is for the rock that I may see it, fashion it, loving it into some new glory; but with a splinter of that rock in my eye, there is a disjointing of relationships, and pain cries out against the wrong with a voice we cannot fail to heed, and the evil is overcome.

So, must I wisely work with Thee whose joy is to create, whose greatness is that Thou sharest Thy creative gladness with us who are fashioning under the touch of Thy gracious hand. Ever I must discriminate, finding in the vision of a better that the old best must be forsaken, having done its work,

or else relations be confused, a discord struck and the tune warped of its fair, sweet meanings.

So do I become by the vision of the better, with the shining glory of the best still beyond, following, ever following that greatening vision; and in that following I must ever leave behind me what has served me well, what in its service was good and in itself could never be evil, but working hurt if I attempted to force it out of its place wherein only can it lay a fashioning hand of beauty upon my shaping self; as if the lily attempted to hold soil as soil in all its lilyhood, and shamed itself and made the soil unlovely, wasting the fine uses to which all soils are set.

So thinking, I look out upon Thy universe with a happy heart. My face is alight with joy. My lips leap to the songs of laughter. I am at the peace of deepest content, at the gladness of greatest diligence. Nothing can fail, for a perfect love all perfect wise is thrilling at its everlasting tasks in all, through all. I am not, nor can I be a failure. I am not, nor can I be evil. I am not, nor can I be death. The universe fulfills in me. The stars in their courses are blessing me. The sun is shining for me. God is living for me. I am in him perfect and eternal.

For this, dear Lord, my praise! my fellowship in all the ways of Thy golden tasks wherethrough Thou makest a golden universe.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### SATIETY.

There is a mood of mind we all have known  
On drowsy eve, or dark and low'ring day,  
When the tired spirits lose their sprightly tone  
And nought can chase the lingering hours away.  
Dull on our soul falls Fancy's dazzling ray  
And Wisdom holds his steadier torch in vain.  
Obscured the painting seems, mistuned the lay,  
Nor dare we of our listless load complain  
For who for sympathy may ask that cannot tell of pain?—*Scott.*

To the healthy mind the world is so full of varied interests that it would seem impossible to reach a point in life where these interests no longer existed. There are so many things in the world that claim out attention that the average lifetime seems all too short to permit of our entering into, enjoying or understanding their merest beginnings. And yet it is not uncommon to find people who, before they have reached the meridian of life, have exhausted all ability to enjoy and for whom life holds no further sensation. In their mad pursuit of pleasure, gratification or experience, they had satisfied every longing, had glutted up every natural desire, until desire itself became stifled and dead. And there is no physical suffering, no mental yearning however poignant that can equal the dead, numb, unfathomable misery of satiety. Mental longing, by the very strength of its desire, will work out of the darkness and into the light. After physical suffering comes a relief and enjoyment as great as the suffering itself, but to the person sated with every pleasure there is no relief unless indeed he seek it in the things which he had hitherto fled from, forgetfulness of self, duty and love.

A few months ago I met a gentleman who was only a little over forty years of age, and yet he had lived to such an excess that he looked, and I believe felt, quite sixty. The world held nothing for him, he had gratified every sense appetite, had sipped the sweetness of all things in life and had given nothing out; he was a scholar as well as a business man, he had traveled in many countries, had known many phases of life, and yet at the age of forty he had reached a point where everything in life was dull, tasteless and vapid. Everything to him was vanity and vexation of spirit. Nature had given him a splendid constitution, but he had ignored the gift and went recklessly on until at an early age he was suffering the infirmities and aches which should naturally not have come to him until he had doubled that many years, and not even then, if life had been rightly lived. The knowledge he had acquired through study and travel played no real part in his life because of a mind so self-centered that he could think and talk of nothing except himself, the things he ate or drank, the hours he slept, the games he played at his club. His universe revolved about himself. He was the center, and naturally it made him a bit dizzy, as is the case with all self-centered people. If we should analyze a life of this kind we would find that in early youth extreme selfishness must have been allowed to take root, and that nothing short of the gratification of every personal desire would bring any degree of contentment, and that the one thought uppermost in the mind was how to get pleasure and happiness, with never a thought of giving, the result of which plan for securing happiness being unrest and dissatisfaction, because it is impossible for anyone to get happiness in life for any continued length of time without giving happiness. It is not, therefore, the number of years one lives that brings satiety, but it may come at any age to those who, through their failure to give out happiness, shut off the source of supply.



Happiness, real happiness is made up of a continual giving and receiving, and when the giving ceases, so also must the receiving, as it cannot flow through a blocked channel. If we look out on life with colored glasses we cannot see the beauty and the sunshine, but instead, the shadow and gloom which our point of view creates. No matter what our viewpoint is, the fact remains that the sun does shine brightly, that the birds sing joyously, and that life contains, although in a different way, as much joy and happiness for the old as for the young, if the shadow of selfishness be not allowed to come between them and the living light. He who lives for himself must die. Die to everything but himself. Die to the friendship that is offered him. Die to the beauty of the great external world. Die to the very joy of living. And it is not because all these fair conditions do not exist, but because of his failure to partake of them in their proper measure, and to help others to learn how to live.

Dying is a lessening of life, living is an ever increasing life, and an ever increasing life must come through our own helpful efforts to benefit others. This is true of every department of life. It is just as true of the religious life as it is of any other phase—that all true receiving must come through our righteous giving. If we are acquiring knowledge concerning the more advanced things of life solely for our own ends and purposes, it is only a question of time when satiety will come to us, because through the failure to give again the supply will be cut off, and not only this, but the spirit and the desire for that knowledge with which we have been possessed, will also have departed, because the spirit will only live where there is action, and there is or can be no real action where there is not giving out as well as taking in.

To people who are continually longing and wanting something, let me say that there is no quicker way of having these

wants satisfied than by trying to help someone else. We do not need to roam the world up and down in quest of greater knowledge, but we should make the knowledge of which we are possessed—wisdom, and the wise one is always the one who seeks to benefit the lives of others through what he himself knows.

Let us remember, then, first of all, that satiety comes to everyone, soon or late, who shuts off the source of supply, and that the source of supply can only be kept open through aiding and giving. By this process life itself is continually enlarging and becoming more abundant. Everything in life that has a purely selfish and personal purpose must end in satiety. Every purpose conscientiously wrought out for the universal good must bring a greater joy into the life. Life only becomes large and full of meaning when we lose the thought of the self. When we are living and working with the thought of the world's good at heart, the self is best cared for. When our bodies are hale and well, we take the least thought of them, so, when the mind is thoroughly poised in the welfare of others, the self is best preserved and cared for.

Nature demands of us that we should keep ourselves thoroughly balanced, that we should refrain from all excess, because an excess in any direction is always followed by a reaction. The inevitable effect of excessive pleasure is excessive pain, or the effort of nature to bring about the equilibrium of life.

Let us remember that everything in life is good, that it is the over use, or excess that brings the distress. We need temperance in all things. There are many things in life that we enjoy and take pleasure in, but a time comes when, through the excess of use, all the enjoyment goes out. This applies to the intellectual plane quite as much as to the physical. People sometimes take up certain lines of reading, giving so much attention to it that they neglect other things which are necessary to keep

life properly poised, which is sure to result in mental indigestion, and also the loss of the continued enjoyment which might have ensued if the reading had been taken in a more temperate way.

This is often true concerning the religious side of life. How often it has been noted that, after a revival has subsided, the people who have taken the most active part, have, after a comparatively short time, lost interest in the continued religious effort.

In order, therefore, to avoid satiety, let us use moderation in all things. It is a very great question whether one does not accomplish more in life through a sustained moderate effort than can be accomplished in a great effort which leaves one depleted afterwards. It is true, there are supreme moments in life when great efforts should be made, but they do not concern the every-day life. They are exceptional, and the one who leads a temperate life will be better able to cope with great emergencies than the one who is always doing things in an excessive way.

As we grow older in years, life's shadows should not gather thickly about us, but rather should it be like the sun's going down beyond the horizon, where the after-glow deepens into twilight, and the stars come out, casting their silvery radiance on the earth below, and the night passes into the morning of a still more beautiful day.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

## THINKING LIFE.

Life, the Life that glows at the center of all, the Life that creates and re-creates, is not an aimless emotion, not a fleeting, uncertain feeling, not a blind force working without wisdom. Life has its wisdom as the heat in the sun has its light. By wisdom it works out its graces. Life thinks and by thought lives itself forth in everything that rhymes in tune with its infinite harmonies.

There could not be music without thought. Thought makes the instrument whether the shepherd's pipe or the cathedral organ, whether the rude lute of a savage or the perfect violin. It is by thought that the master listens out of universal life his sonatas, his anthems, shaping them for the eyes of others in the notes of music. It is by thought that the organ "sends its angels out," that the violin, Penelope-like, weaves its webs of enchantment, passioning the wandering Ulysses' return. There is no music without intelligence. There is no great music without great thought. While music of all things may seem but an emotion, appealing only to the emotions, it becomes by the grace of wisdom in the souls of the musician and in the souls of those who are stirred by his music.

Life may seem but an emotion. Realized by feeling, expressed by feeling, it is yet by the very orderings of wise thought that it becomes in all these manifestations by which it beautifies the world. Because life thinks it lives in the rose. The rose could not become and continue in these endless generations of itself, unless wisdom made the way for life to show its beauty in that dear orderliness which has won the love of the centuries. The rose is a thought-form of life. Thought is purposeful. It works by the laws of its own being. It is ever

orderly, ever wise. By what path came the wild rose into that glorification called the American Beauty? By the paths of man's thought. He thought in harmony with life. Life thought in harmony with him. The wisdom of this blended thinking shows there upon my lady's bosom.

As true as of the life which lives itself forth in the rose is it of the life that lives itself forth in the man. A man in the outermost of his body, in the totality of his being, is a thought-form in which life manifests. Life by thought built the house that it might dwell in the midst of the human years. The wonders of the human frame, the awe of psalmist and scientist alike, are just the wonders of thought, the marvels of thinking life.

The whole of man must think, because in every part and particle of his body life abides. If you call it brain after its instrument, then the brain of man is coextensive with the body of man. Each organ has its brain side through which universal thinking life can enter to create or re-create. Indeed, it is perpetual creation. In life there is no past, no ashes. It is a present flame. Life is a continuous act. Life ever conjugates in the present tense. Its speech is ever a living speech. It is. It thinks.

Mental healing, then, is inevitable. All healing is mental, for all healing is of life. What any healer does is simply to help life manifest, to remove the obstructions that the imprisoned splendor may break forth into its perfect flame. The sun by shining makes the light. Something gets between us and the sun. Interference is shadow. Life by living makes its light. Something gets between us and it. That interference we call disease. Make a free way for the sun, and no shadow is or can be. Make a free way for life, and no disease is or can be. The sun cannot be put out. If we are in shadow it is not because of the sun's failure, dimming out of the sky.

quenched. There is an eternal abundance of light. Life is more abundant than sunshine. It is the eternity of the universe. If we are in sickness, it is not because that life is ceasing to be, not because its beautiful flame is passing in the death of the universe. It is simply that an interference has befallen which keeps life from its full manifestation in us. Remove the obstruction, and life is at its full. The unreality of sickness passes before the reality of life.

By wise thinking man removes what interferes with life, and life, then, has her perfect work. These interferences have been thought to be material. Hence, doctors with their drugs, surgeons with their knives. And now a more vital thing, the metaphysician with his thoughts. And what is better still, the sick man thinking so wisely, so vitally, that his own thoughts heal him because he thinks in harmony with life and life thinks in harmony with him. To think into health is simply to think with life. Life's thought will blend with yours and the chord of health will sound.

In thinking creatively the imagination is to the fore. It is always the pioneer, finding for the thoughts new continents to possess with civilizations. The wild rose became the American Beauty because someone imagined a finer rose than the one which cradled the wild bee by the brookside. Imagining that finer rose, he thought out a way by which that finer rose became. What can be done for roses can be done for men. By wise coöperation with the life that is thinking man a finer man can be brought out of the thinkings of life. But first, this finer man must be imagined. Then out of the less perfect man that is coöperating with the life forces the finer man can be created. The baby, in answering George McDonald's question as to how it came, answered "God thought about me and I grew." Think about the finer man, the perfect man, think constantly about him, earnestly about him, and he will

grow. Out of life he will come because life is bountiful enough to create him and have infinite numbers of him left over in her heart.

Think still of the transforming wild rose. The gardener co-operates with it from the outside. By a changed environment life is helped to transfigure in it. By external coöperation life's ways are made wide that its beauty may appear in enhanced charm. In order to be the healthy man outside co-operation is helpful. By healthful environment the ways of life may be made wide for its transfiguration in a body of health. Sanitation will help make wide those ways. Cleanliness of house and cleanliness of body are part of the godliness of a perfect man. Wisdom in eating is as essential to a fine body as wisdom in feeding a loom is essential to a fine web. Wisdom in exercise is essential, as only by expression can life fulfil itself in the outermost. Beauty expressed becomes a rose. Unexpressed, we must await the opening of spiritual vision to behold it. By use, things perfect themselves. Cease using the hand and it loses its skill. Life cannot express beauty through it. Cease using the brain and its cells palsy, and through it life can no more think beautiful thoughts. By use the brain increases its power and life can express itself in great literature, in great art. Let all the cells of the brain be active and there comes to pass that poise of thought in which foolishness and weakness and crime cease, as discord is no more when the perfect anthem possesses the organ. By use the hand makes it possible for the inmost melodies of life to enchant through the fingers of Ysaye. Perfect the eye by the wise use and we will see true, the beauties of truth, an endless delight; and the ear, and tones of love will sing for us in every wind; and every part of a body which is the word of divine wisdom made flesh, and health will be native to us as waves to the hurrying waters. Let every cell of the lungs be used in fellow-

shipping the air, in oxidizing the blood, and life will be within us a song of delight. But in using oneself, vividly should be held in mind the perfection desired. Over the arm which is sought to be strengthened by use should be held in vivid thought an image of the perfect arm desired. If it is the hand that would be trained in an artist's skill, over every action of that hand should be held a vivid thought of the perfect hand achieving perfect art. Without this the perfect skill will not come. Whatever is done by any external coöperation or use, the best results cannot be attained without holding as the soul of the deed a vivid imagination of the perfect attainment desired. The creative thought, all-powerful, must be in every action which seeks the perfection of being. So, only can a teacher achieve the noblest results. He is the successful teacher who does not let himself drop to the level of adverse conditions, thinking that only moderate progress can be made with the dull pupil, but who holds the idea of the perfect man in vivid imagination over the child, knowing that, because he can imagine the ideal, this child can become it,—as certain of the highest results as the gardener is certain of a perfect flower when at work to transform a wayside weed. Into all that we do for health must enter the vivid mental picture of the perfect to which we aspire. By wise thought life comes into its perfect manifestation. Holding always the vivid image of yourself in perfect health, refusing to make any concession to the imperfect, you are in thinking fellowship with life itself and will become possessed of her full power, of her perfect beauty. Let the imperfect, whether it is a thought of sickness in the body or of mental inadequacy, possess you, and you are out of tune with life's harmonies and cannot sing the song of perfect health. By ignoring the imperfection in a passioning image of the perfect, life comes to our rescue. Its fires kindle in the darkness and the darkness is not.



A great infidel complained that God did not make health contagious instead of sickness. But health is contagious. The healthy man is an invigoration. He is as much a tonic as pure air is. He is as much a cheering vitality as sunshine is. If he understands the law by which to think health for another, the health is catching, whether it is physical, mental or spiritual health. Mental healing is on the principle of contagion. The sick catch the healthful thought of the healer and respond to it as a garden to sunshine giving the answer of quickened flowers.

Life manifesting through thought is helped by thought. Thinking health for the sick through me, it is helped get its lost hold upon another and retune the discordant instrument.

We are so accustomed to get help from outside ourselves that we still need teacher and physician, must have the objective world. All beauty is within us, but in so many of us it does not awaken except as we look upon the sky or the sea or the great painting, except as we hear the great musician or orator, except as we read the great book, except as we become acquainted with the noble life some other lives. Often it is that we have thought a truth, but so unaccustomed are we to gather our power from within that it is hazy and dim and weak. Then some teacher utters it, some book says it, and lo, it clears and endows us with its power. So we may know that we have a right to perfect health, that fulness of life is our legal kingdom, but the mist obscures the knowledge and we are not certain of it until someone else comes, and by his thought clears our sky and makes us know and claim our right, which before an earnest, persistent claim is never denied. The life that radiates health, that with constant persistence thinks it can help the sick into a realization of health as their normal right, as their substantial and eternal reality, is a contagious life infecting those about it with the health it rejoices in and thinks.

If you cannot think health for yourself, get someone to think health for you until you come again into your own. If, through the electric currents that gird our earth, another continent, without the aid of wires, can be signalled, why cannot my life signal to your life and call you into your kingship without the wire of a word across which to call? Why cannot I share my abundant life with you until you come into the realization of that endless supply from which mine comes? If you cannot image yourself the perfection you are by right, another may hold over you that image until it enters into your conscious thought bringing you again into tune with the perfect life in which can be no sickness nor anything of evil.

By thought life fashions you and dwells within you. By thought the house may be rebuilt and joy sit with you again as the fires burn upon the hearth with olden splendor.

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

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THE DEMONISM OF THE AGES, SPIRIT OBSESSIONS SO COMMON IN SPIRITISM, ORIENTAL AND OCCIDENTAL OCCULTISM. By J. M. Peebles, M.D., A.M. The Peebles Medical Institute, Battle Creek, Mich.

This book has stirred up a great discussion among spiritualists—a discussion which cannot help but do good, increasing that wise discrimination necessary to all students of occultism, a discrimination which will overthrow that foolishness which at once deifies and worships as authority what transcends the ordinary experience. No power exists which does not have its danger side. Intelligence masters electricity; ignorance is destroyed by it. What is true in the electrical world must be true in the psychic world. But through dangers have come the discoveries by which is the progress of the race. To refuse intelligence because there are dangers accompanying is one with the foolishness which accepts what lies beyond the ordinary as a divine revelation commanding the allegiance of the soul. Dr. Peebles holds the central wisdom by which is sane progress, to enlighten ignorance that dangers may be avoided and safeties accepted for the greatening of the soul by intelligence.

His word comes with a great authority because he has been through all his mature life into his years of the hoary head an earnest, devoted, enthusiastic spiritualist, ready at all times and in all presences to give a reason for the hope that is in him. He is also world-travelled and has large acquaintance with the psychic phenomena of all races and climes. A central value of his book might be said to be a contention for the

integrity of a free soul, undominated by any other personality, unmastered by anything but the truth which always makes free.

The book is written with the earnestness and passion of the preacher proclaiming righteousness, and should be read by every person who in any manner is dealing with the psychic sphere. It is a book which will have an increasing usefulness through the years.

THE PROBLEM OF EXISTENCE, ITS MYSTERY, STRUGGLE AND COMFORT IN THE LIGHT OF ARYAN WISDOM. By Manmath C. Mallik of the Middle Temple, Barrister-at-Law. London, Paternoster Square. T. Fisher Unwin.

This is a book which touches upon almost the entire range of life and conduct. Written in the light of the Aryan wisdom, it is yet written by one who seems to be familiar with our Saxon life and philosophy. It is written in straightforward English, the meanings always plain, beautifully free from the technicalities which so often mar the books which interpret Aryan philosophy. It seems to sound the entire gamut of human lives with a helpful wisdom, but anyone seeking the occult in its pages will be disappointed in the book. It is more a series of ethical essays, such as Felix Adler might write if he looked upon the world of man from the Aryan point of view. The feet of the author keep to the earth, his head is not lifting among the stars. He does not speculate. He does not soar. He does not have the lyrical quality. He has not the heaviness and obscurity of some philosophers. He is simply a friend walking the common fields of life with you, and saying unto what best uses its furrows may be turned. It is a walk that will yield to the quiet eye a harvest worth the gathering.

A STUDY IN CONSCIOUSNESS; A Contribution to the Study of Psychology. By Annie Besant. John Lane, New York.

Mrs. Besant is always the theosophist expounding the theories of that philosophy; but always she is instructive, interesting, helpful. Her sincerity is evident as the granite upon which your hand rests. Her earnestness is like a rushing stream. Her poise like a calm lake. Her modesty is like the violet. She does not announce herself as the sole and only discoverer of truth. Beginning with the theosophical theory of origins she traces consciousness from the monad to the man, until man has made himself at unity with the One Consciousness and found peace. Working out a cosmic theory, she can not but be Catholic, which theosophy is, in spite of what seems like dogmatism in the positiveness with which its theories are stated, as though they are not theory but knowledge from which there is no more appeal than from a fact.

This book is more than a valuable contribution to theosophical literature. It is as its sub-title says, "a contribution to the Science of Psychology," without which the psychological student's equipment lacks completeness.

THE THREE-FOLD PATH TO PEACE, written down by Xena and dedicated to disciples. The Grafton Press, New York.

The origin of this little book of sixty pages was among a group meeting together for the study of spiritual laws, one of whom had been trained to listen to the inner voice. These chapters are what the voice said. Its name does not clearly appear in its matter, by the three-fold path meaning, probably, Love of self for self-attainment, demanding a moral life, the life of training; love of others for self-government, demanding a spiritual life, the life of sacrifice; love of God for union with

its like, demanding a life of aspiration, in which the finest vibrations shall respond to and lead to the Divine Source; or, duty, renunciation, Love.

For the most part in style these chapters are simple and clear as a mountain brook. Though brief there is no sacrifice of clear meanings. The teachings lie in the general compass of that thinking which has come to be known as theosophical, but is more direct, less theoretical, and more vital than much of theosophical teaching. For those interested in spiritual thinking and desirous to live the spiritual life entering into peace this little book has a great value.

SPIRITUAL FORESHADOWINGS. Gay & Bird, 22 Bedford St., Strand, London.

This is a little book written by a nameless woman to tell some psychic phenomena which came into her life, unsought, and to give her interpretation of those phenomena. Like Dr. Peebles, but in smaller measure and without using the term, she recognizes the evils of obsession, and also the brighter, safer side of the spiritualistic experience. Neither the experiences nor their interpretation are remarkable to any one who is even a little acquainted with the psychic field of investigation. The book, however, is written with a simple sincerity which is not without its charm.



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## Contents:

Advanced Thought in London	Charles Brodie Patterson
Suggestion, Magnetism and Spiritual Healing	Harriet B. Bradbury
The Ideal in Works of Fiction	Rev. William S. Morgan, Ph.D.
Lessons from My Hearth	John Milton Scott
Angel Sweet	
The Veil of Matter	Christiana Duckworth
I Am Life	Henry Frank
A Time of Preparation	Frederic Burry
For Meditation	J. H. A. Marshall
The Great Unrest	Norton F. W. Hazeldine
Intellectual Latch-Keys	Annie A. Brown
Body, Soul and Spirit	J. M. Peebles, M.D.
The Fairy of Kerbaden	
By a Thought Made Free	Cora B. Bickford

## What the Philosophers are Saying:

Life After Death—The Motherhood of God—Medicinal Music—Prophet and Priest—The Christianity of To-day

## Under the Chimes:

The Beauty of Thy Face  
A Harvest of Joy

## Editorial:

Peace on Earth Charles Brodie Patterson  
Within is God John Milton Scott  
The New Thought Federation John D. Perrin

## Reviews of Books:

Religion in Literature (R. Heber Newton, D.D.)—The Four Doctrines (Swedenborg)—The Annals of Psychical Science—Theosophy and the New Psychology (Annie Besant)

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### CONTENTS

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Introduction
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II. The Rational Man
III. The Psychic Man
IV. The Spiritual Man

<i>Part Two</i>
THE SON OF MAN
Introduction
I. The Son of Man as Man
II. The Son of Man as Idealist
III. The Son of Man as Teacher
IV. The Son of Man as Healer

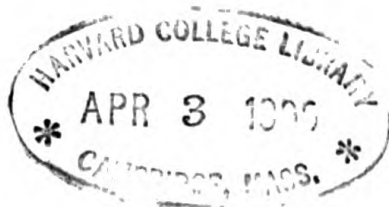
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*"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth."*

—EMERSON.



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No. 3

## ADVANCED THOUGHT IN LONDON.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

On my first visit to London, some ten years ago, I found little activity in the newer thought of the day. What progress had taken place was mainly confined to the work of the Theosophical and Psychical Research Societies. Mental Science, or what we term the New Thought, was then almost unknown, save from reports concerning it that drifted over from our own country. I believe the first teachers who gave lessons in London on the science of mental healing were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bolles, Americans, who were at that time residing in London. I look back with both pleasure and interest to the classes I lectured before in London in those early days of the movement. It may be more difficult, at first, to get sympathetic response from a London audience, than from one in New York or other large eastern cities of our own country, but when sympathetic response is once received, London audiences are as thoughtful and appreciative as any to be found in the world.

Six years had elapsed since I last visited London, and I was interested in looking forward to the progress that had been made since my last visit there. I was agreeably impressed by the changes that had taken place, and the efficient

way work was being carried on by energetic workers. The Higher Thought Centre at 10 Chenniston Gardens is an active organization which is exerting a marked influence in spreading the New Thought idea of life. Miss Alice M. Callow as secretary combines in her personality charming affability and efficiency, which are so necessary to the successful carrying on of a work of this kind. She is ably assisted by Mrs. Clow and Miss Beatrice Hope. The centre has for its accommodations a large house—which it uses for a circulating library, lecture room, offices, and various other purposes necessary to the work. Its membership is steadily increasing and its meetings and lectures are well attended. Dr. and Mrs. Mills, of Los Angeles, Cal., have without doubt aided the movement greatly through their class and public lectures. Dr. Mills is probably one of the most successful leaders in London, and has a very large practice. Dr. and Mrs. Mills have done, in the past, a great work in Los Angeles, and have carried the New Thought gospel to many parts of the world. In connection with the work at The Higher Thought Centre are to be found many other efficient workers. Mrs. Flora P. Howard, of Los Angeles, Cal., for a number of months has been giving class lectures and instruction in a most acceptable way. Judge Troward is another efficient worker. His thoughtful, scholarly addresses carry conviction to his listeners. Mr. James Macbeth, who has written a number of interesting books on mysticism and symbolism, is also another interesting speaker to be found at the centre. Miss Louie Stacey is another most successful worker at the centre. Miss Stacey has made a trip around the world, lecturing in Australia, New Zealand, Honolulu and our own country. At the present time she is engaged in giving lectures in Glasgow and Edinburgh—storming the very city of orthodox Calvinism—and the reports of her work there are of a most encouraging nature. Hannah Moore Kohaus and Miss Weston are also doing splendid work in other parts of London. Mr. James Allen, who is the most interesting as well as the most prolific English writer in the New Thought, is writing books, editing his magazine, "The Light of Reason," giving class

and public lectures, and is also actively engaged in forming "Light of Reason" clubs.

Outside of what might be distinctly termed New Thought work, there are other great movements of an advanced nature. Most notable is the one going on in the Church of England. This movement was founded by a number of clergymen of both high and low church convictions, and is known as "The Church Guild of Health." Its regular meetings, held in the Paddington town hall, are crowded to overflowing. The Rev. Mr. Lombard is its secretary, the Rev. Conead Noel, curate of St. Mary's Paddington Church, is one of its most active workers. I am told that the Bishop of London is in decided sympathy with this new departure. One of the most interesting as well as the most advanced thinkers in England is the Rev. C. A. Lilly, vicar of St. Mary's Church, Paddington. Mr. Lilly's mind and sympathies are keenly awake to the needs of our time. When I first met him, he had just returned from the Peace Conference in our own country. The conversation we had showed me that he was keenly alive to all he had heard and seen while in our country. He is a strong as well as an impressive speaker, and his very word carries the conviction of sincerity. Broad in his sympathies, his influence must leave a marked impression for free and untrammelled thinking upon the minds of his listeners. Mr. Lilly, without doubt, is one of the clearest, as well as one of the deepest thinkers within the Church to-day, and is actively interested and engaged in trying to make the world a better place to live in, co-operating in every way within his power with all the advanced movements that seek to make for the betterment of society.

It was through him I became acquainted with the workings of the Christo Theosophical Society—a society which has been in existence for the past fifteen years or more, having for its object a better understanding of the esoteric teachings of the great Nazarene. Many clergymen are speakers and attend the society's meetings, but there is perfect freedom in the discussion of all the different subjects brought forward at its meetings. The custom is to have an address on some

definite subject, which is afterward discussed by those present. These meetings are of a highly interesting nature.

One of the newest organizations in London is known as the Ethological Society. I was privileged to attend its opening meeting and listen to the very able address by its President, Dr. Bernard Hollander. I quote from the President's address, a copy of which he kindly sent me.

Dr. Hollander said:

"Human nature may be viewed, of course, from many standpoints, and this Society has been formed with a view to afford all students of character an opportunity of recording their investigations and observations, not merely to the representatives of the recognized sciences, but furthermore to that large number of students of the subject who are intuitively judges of character, whether they be novelists, dramatists, leading business men, lawyers, headmasters of schools, or governors of prisons.

Human character from all time has been studied, and all men may lay claim to a certain knowledge thereof; but hitherto we have rested content with studying the actions of human beings, without searching for the hidden springs governing them. What is it that makes one man place his happiness in the possession of riches, some one else in the gratification of his thirst for glory, or yet another in the desire to do good to his fellow men? What is it that renders one man distinguished for his success in poetry, or music, or mathematics, or, say, statesmanship? Why is it that in all ages, and throughout all countries, robberies and murders have been committed; and neither education, legislation, nor religion, the prison or the gallows, has yet been able to extirpate these crimes? Look at the large amount of domestic unhappiness from lack of a proper understanding of the character and motives of husband and of wife! Glance at the miseries of men whose career got determined by their parents against their natural inclinations and the consequent waste of brain capacity to the State! Look at the crimes committed by persons in whose early stages of mental derangement which none but an expert knows to be insane! Think over all these



problems and you will arrive at the conclusion that there is one subject of study which has hitherto been neglected, namely, the study of human character.

There is no science which has up to now essayed to reveal, with any degree of success, the primary mental powers, to demonstrate their modes of operation, to account for the peculiar mental build of each individual, or for the wide contrast perceptible in the characteristics of nations. We have had plenty of fruitless speculations, but no scientific data, and amid such lamentable deficiency, how have the interests of education, legislation and morals not suffered! The diversity of opinions has in every age increased with the diversity of writers. Libraries are teeming with philosophical treatises, yet we are poor in the midst of such abounding riches and have as yet a science of character merely in expectation.

The method pursued by philosophers was self-introspection, a reflection upon their own minds, but inasmuch as the mental constitution of each individual differs widely, so in like manner do their theories and opinions. Books on psychology abound, but we are still kept waiting for a scientific treatise on human character. It would appear that the ancient Greeks were closer students of what they called *Ethos*, the heart or soul of man, which they held to be the seat of his intellect, feelings, desires, and passions, than were the philosophers who have succeeded them, not excluding even the great thinkers of the present day. Thousands of years have gone by and we have still no standard whereby to measure man. Ethology, the science of human character, is still a missing science. Few among us know ourselves, and still less are we conscious of the dispositions and motives of others, and yet to apprehend human character is essential to our happiness; it saves us from many mistakes personally as regards the family, the community at large and the State itself. Let anyone try to examine himself, or to scan the character of his associates, and he will become quickly aware that he knows not the elements which make up the character of man, those primary impulses that are common to all mankind, though there are differences in degree in each individual. There is hardly a person living concern-

ing some essential part of whose character there do not prevail differences of opinion even among his most intimate acquaintances.

Philosophers have concerned themselves greatly with the reason of man, as though the human mind comprised within its domain nothing further than mere intellect, but we all feel, as well as think, and our judgment is oftentimes influenced by our feelings; in too many instances, indeed, the intellect is made the mere servant of the feelings. We experience satisfaction, discontent, anger, fear, jealousy, hatred or grief spontaneously, and these conditions influence our mode of thinking. These feelings are part of our organization, because there are objects and events which from their nature must be hated and loved, desired or feared, for the preservation of the individual or the species. The intellectual faculties are but a part of our mental powers, and in fact contribute but little towards forming what we term the character of the individual. We call to mind our acquaintances, and notice that their characters are very different, but this difference obtains not in their talents merely, but in their dispositions.

Without the feelings and passions there would be no stimulus to the exercise of the intellect, for the intellect can appreciate facts but does not supply motives; and in judging a man, we have to ask what are the motives that habitually determine his conduct, whatever be the means his intellect may devise for the attainment of his ends.

It has been expected that with the immense spread of education a vast diminution of crime would follow, but there are still no signs thereof. Education should be directed to the instinctive part of man's nature as well as to his reason. An education which merely instructs man even encourages crime. If men were trained to habits of industry and economy, there would prevail less of indolence, poverty and misery among them; were they trained to govern their passions there would be less vice, drunkenness, violence; and were they instructed as to their relations and duties to others, more friendly feelings would prevail. Such education is

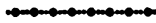


common enough among the cultured classes, but impossible in slums, where through overcrowding children must be unconscious witnesses of acts and scenes that stimulate and pervert their own animal nature.

There is nothing bad in our mental organization; vice and crime are unnatural and are merely talent, industry, energy, courage, perseverance in a wrong direction or in an improper sphere. Were we to direct the propensities of our children to useful purposes, there would be less immorality. We educate their intellect and moral powers, and neglect the selfish and social faculties, whereas we should devote special attention to the training of the latter, inasmuch as depravity arises more from the perversion of the passions and propensities, and the wrong direction of the social feelings, than from any other source. If children are educated so that they can regulate the propelling element, on which depends all their success in life, it will be of more value to them than a thorough knowledge of Latin and Greek without such instruction.

We shall find that man is possessed by a variety of mental powers, which have different functions to perform, different duties to discharge, and between which there do obtain certain relations and connections, some ranking higher, some lower, yet all useful and necessary in their proper place. Education should be so directed as to afford them each their due strength, and none should be overtaxed. This overactivity of the reflective powers may deaden the feelings; an excessive amount of sentiment, on the other hand, may weaken the judgment. Of course all minds cannot be trained to the like extent inasmuch as the natural capacities and dispositions of all are not at the start the same. Even two children of the same parents have not exactly the same pattern and disposition of mind, any more than they have the same pattern of face. A thorough study of what constitutes individual character is a necessary qualification for all those to whom the instruction of the human mind is confined. And in order to have a science of education it is essential that we should have the nature and character of the various mental powers and the purposes they are designed to serve in the animal economy."

This is enough to show that the Society, if it follows the lines mapped out for it by its President, will occupy a most useful position in imparting knowledge to its members and the world at large through their scientific research and actual demonstrations. Its membership already includes many of the most prominent people in London. The Psychical Research Society still maintains its interest, and has a large and influential membership. The Theosophical Society, of which Mrs. Annie Besant is the head, is said to be steadily gaining ground. Christian Science is meeting with marked success. Some time ago the First Church of Christ Scientist bought a building at Sloan Square, which was thought to be sufficient to supply its needs, but it was soon found to be too small, and an addition larger than the old building is being added. It would seem, taking a survey of the whole situation, that there has not been a time in many years so favorable as the present for an awakening to the great spiritual verities of life as exists at the moment in the City of London. London is the great heart of the British Empire,—I am almost inclined to say, the great throbbing heart of the world, because its influence for good or for evil reaches to the uttermost parts of the earth, and if a great spiritual awakening should come to it, no one could tell how far-reaching its effects would be. I confidently predict that the next few years will show marked change in the ideals.



Men pass as substantial and important if they are sufficiently burdened with cares; but one is truly wise and reliable in proportion to the work and good accomplished without care. Worry is a leak, a dissipation; it is a mortgage on power that takes all our spare energy to pay the interest, and keeps us with nose to the grindstone.

—*Where Dwells the Soul Serene.*

## SUGGESTION, MAGNETISM AND SPIRITUAL HEALING.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

There seems to be a great gulf fixed between the thought of those members of the medical profession who recognize suggestion as an important therapeutic agent and that of spiritual healers generally. Both physician and healer depend upon the power of mind, and each acknowledges that cures are made by the other. But they approach the subject from opposite points of view, and unquestionably touch different emotional chords in their patients, even if their methods are otherwise identical. But are they identical? The physician declares that all mental healing involves at least a slight degree of hypnosis. The spiritual healer, of whatever school, emphatically denies that he employs hypnotic methods, and talks about the work of "the Spirit" in a way that makes the ordinary physician smile with contempt at his superstitious ignorance. Yet the difference can hardly be one of mere terminology, for the two classes of practitioners approach their patients differently, deal with them differently, and evidently seek to produce the desired results by different methods. There are differences among the various schools of spiritual healing, but they all alike look for their cures to a force unrecognized by most suggestive therapists. Is this force entirely imaginary? Or do these healers really touch some hidden springs of life of which medical science takes as yet no account?

Dr. Petersen, a recognized authority on the hypnotic treatment of disease, has made the statement that the best results are often obtained with the slightest degrees of hypnosis. He says that practitioners are often in such a hurry for obvious results that they strain delicate chords and do harm in the end. Now, here it would seem that we are coming, if not

upon common ground, at least within speaking distance of one another.

To begin with, we need a definition of hypnosis. Etymologically, it means sleep. Some hypnotists declare that it is of the same nature as ordinary sleep. Yet a man asleep cannot be talked to and handled without waking, neither can he be made to eat a tallow candle, nor be blistered with a cold iron. Some call music hypnotic in its influence, and all the recognized schools of science, I think, would call the soul silence which followers of the New Thought cultivate a state of partial auto-hypnosis. They would also call communion with the Divine Spirit auto-hypnosis, unless they gave it the less dignified name of superstition. This only proves that the word "hypnosis" is made to stand for various mental and emotional states. If it is to be so used, we need other terms by which to distinguish its secondary meanings. Suffice it here to say that this is not the popular acceptance of the word. Just where the line should be drawn between hypnotic phenomena and those which should have some other name cannot be clearly ascertained until mental phenomena of all kinds are more accurately classified than they are at present. Yet the fact remains that there are many varieties of treatment, differing enough from one another to invite some attempt at analysis and classification.

The suggestive therapist usually gives his suggestions orally, depending upon the emotions or the purposes awakened in the patient's mind by the spoken word to accomplish the change necessary to cure his disease. Much stress is also laid by this school upon the response made directly by the physical organs to a suggested course of action on their part. Sometimes, however, these practitioners "speak the word" in silence, still calling their method suggestion. The Society for Psychical Research published some years ago much testimony to prove that horses can be cured of warts by suggestion. It has also been proved that when a new patient is brought into a hospital the pulse motions of other patients lying near are liable to be influenced by and to imitate those of the new patient. Is this suggestion? Does it not look more like magnetism?

But what is magnetism? How can the giver of silent suggestions prove that his influence does not come from his magnetism? He usually attributes his power to his conviction, his expectant attention, and his benevolent kindness, which wins his patient's confidence. But are not these qualities just as conspicuous in a good magnetic healer or osteopathist or a successful masseur? And what are these three qualities but faith, hope and love expressed on the personal plane? Faith and hope may be called "will power," but it is hard to see how actual healing can be accomplished without at least a spark of that warm, magnetic quality without which all suggestion is "as sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal."

Now, it is to faith, hope and love that spiritual healers attribute all their power. Mr. Colville has well said that one may give a spiritual treatment while repeating the alphabet just as well as while repeating any other words. For the power that heals does not reside in the words. The spiritual healer is conscious of a glorious force flowing through him, as it were a light enveloping both himself and his patient, in which he feels that the soul of the patient is being quickened and brought to a recognition of itself and its divine prerogative. Or, it may seem like musical vibrations to which the patient responds, coming thus into harmony with the divine nature within him, and with his environment and his fellow men in consequence. There are many ways in which his act may interpret itself to the healer's mind, but the more it transcends words the stronger the influence will be. Is it not, then, by magnetism that the work is done? Not "animal magnetism"—that word seems like an insult—but human magnetism—nay, rather, divine magnetism, active through the human mind.

An ordinary magnetic healer must touch his patient, and he usually feels the drain upon his own vitality as the electric current flows from his hands, or else he takes on more or less of the patient's condition through sympathy. But the spiritual healer ordinarily feels no such depletion, neither is it necessary for him to touch his patient. This is the wireless telegraphy of divine-human electricity, the language not of the mind, but

of the soul. The healer is conscious of no effort of will, but only of an infinite, all-embracing love and sense of oneness (the Christian Scientist calls it "understanding") which desires simply that the patient's true relation with his environment be established and the God within him come into his own. I believe that all real spiritual treatment, of whatever school, is practically this. Such treatment is often given while words are being mentally spoken in accordance with the most absurd theories.

Now, it is certainly evident that in this method there is no attempt to control the patient's belief in regard to his disease, nor indeed in any other respect, except as his belief must naturally change in consequence of the changed condition of his soul-life and the reasoning process by which he convinces himself that his healer must have a correct theory in order to produce such good results. For our creeds are only the outward, intellectual expression of our inner state. They come more through feeling than through reasoning. As M. Ribot, Professor of Experimental Psychology in the College de France, well says, "Man is led by his feelings alone." No one in the agonies of melancholia can be an optimist, neither can any one consumed with selfishness believe in an impartially benevolent deity. The suggestive therapist says to his patient, over and over, "You are getting better every day—better every day." How can a man who believes that microbes are devouring his lungs be expected to believe that statement, too, without some satisfactory explanation? It is no wonder that physicians declare suggestibility to be proportional to credulity, and that they seldom find a credulity so great as to accept their paradoxes except in the hypnotic sleep.

But let a theory be offered which satisfies the patient's reason, and there is no need of hypnotism to enlist the whole force of auto-suggestion in him on the side of recovery. It matters little whether the theory is sound or not; the vital point is only that he be able to accept it. The more nearly it approaches the truth the more harmonious should be the results and the less liable to be overthrown by some subsequent change of belief.

Spiritual healers, therefore, invariably offer some theory of cure, some philosophy for the patient to live by. He is not generally expected to hypnotize himself into a belief in it, although it must be admitted that some teachers advocate a method that savors a little of auto-hypnosis.

But, even with the assistance of the hypnotic sleep, physicians do not usually dare to admit the possibility of curing organic diseases, much less those called incurable, although startling instances of such cures are of frequent occurrence under the various methods of spiritual treatment.

Is there, then, any other objection to hypnotism than that it is unnecessary? Most physicians will answer in the negative. Dr. Hudson says that the danger line in hypnotism is the line that divides truth from falsehood; that a patient should never be told an untruth, nor anything which will shock his moral sense; that this is so because the patient's will and reason have still some power, even in deep hypnosis, enough, indeed, to cause him to awake with a nervous shock if the operator attempts to do violence to his deepest convictions or most heartfelt moral principles. The fact that too great opposition to the fixed trend of his life will cause a serious nervous shock, so Dr. Hudson argues, proves that anything even partially in such opposition must cause a shock differing only in degree from that which wakes him and frees him from the hypnotizer's power. For this reason, he maintains, it is of the utmost importance that the operator avoid producing illusions and hallucinations in the subject's mind. But, surely, the disastrous effect is due, not to the essential truth of the statements which the subject is required to accept, but to the opposition which is aroused by them in his mind. If he believed that it was right to steal, there could be no nervous shock produced by directing him to slyly abstract a friend's pocketbook. Now, if this is so, any statement strongly opposed to the subject's convictions must have the same injurious effect that would be produced by an actual untruth.

But it is expressly for the purpose of inducing the mind to accept ideas which would be rejected in the waking state—to "heighten suggestibility," they call it—that hypnotism is

employed. Surely, then, it is evident that some injurious strain must occur in any hypnotic treatment intended to overcome a habit, either mental or physical. It is an attempted "short cut" to a state of mind or character which can only be normally attained by persistent desire on the part of the patient. Professor Gates says that his researches have proved that hypnotism produces congestion of the brain cells. Perhaps it is this nervous strain which is really the cause of the congestion, for statements are always made to a hypnotized person which would create some opposition in his mind in its normal state. This would seem to explain why, as Dr. Petersen says, the best results are often obtained with the slightest degrees of hypnosis.

The claim made by spiritual healers that hypnotism weakens the will of the subject is supported by Dr. L. Menard in an article contributed to *Cosmos* (Paris, June 4, 1904). The following paragraph is taken from a translation published in the *Literary Digest* for July:

"By cultivating the tendency to passivity and credulity which is at the bottom of the hypnotic state, we cause in the subject a sort of habitual automatism, a need for direction, which is injurious. Neuropaths are not apt to be self-controlled; we should strengthen in them the will power, the power of control, and diminish the tendency to impulsive acts. Just the opposite is done in hypnotizing them; this makes them still less reasonable. The morbid symptom is sometimes cured, but the psychic state is not bettered—the congenital or acquired weakness that makes them the sport of their impressions, incapable of throwing off their obsessions and of governing their emotions."

In contrast to this admitted danger in the use of hypnotism may be mentioned the strengthened character and increased will power commonly observable in followers of the various systems in which spiritual healing is practiced. This alone should be sufficient to place spiritual healing in a class apart from hypnotic phenomena.

In deliberate and persistent auto-suggestion, however, there is a danger more subtle than that attending hypnotic suggestion, and less easily recognized, since it concerns the inner life



of the one practicing it. It arises from a strained exercise of will power. The believer in this method of self-discipline is apt to ignore the divinity within "that shapes our ends," and to try to "rough-hew them" into the shape that fits his own limited view of what his life should be. When some inharmony in his life is breaking down his health he then tries to "keep up on his nerves," as we sometimes say, or to force himself to do or to endure things that are beyond his strength. Moreover, much concentrated thought, even in the most wholesome auto-suggestion, is itself a great drain on the vitality.

Then there is liable to come a reaction in which nervous emotions utterly uncontrollable by his will take possession of and sway him, to his consternation and dismay, accompanied perhaps by symptoms of neurasthenia more or less severe.

To a patient in this condition the wise healer will say: "Do not try to control yourself. This is only the falling away of the human that the divine may come forth. We try too much to be strong in our own strength." And the soul spent with its undue effort rests at last, exhausted, in the Everlasting Arms, where, if faith is strong enough to carry it through the crisis, a strength is found such as was never known before, a repose and assured trust in the tendency within that is carrying the soul forward on its ageless journey, a hope and joy that fill and glorify the life. The power manifest in all evolution is nowhere so strong as in the soul, which, awakened to aspiration, has also learned to believe in its own divine destiny. In the relaxed and passive condition all the energy generated by ardent and habitual desire finds effortless expression.

For the soul is not a poor weakling, helpless in the clutches of the conscious mind, neither is it dependent for its eternal salvation upon the suggestions given to it by the intellect, with all its caprices and errors of thought. It is a mighty, subconscious force which has brought man thus far upon his journey, and will not surrender its position as pilot to any upstart will power, however backed by scientific theories. It will only be ignored or outraged to a certain limited extent, when it will rise up like an avenging deity and take matters into its own hands again.

Perhaps this inner Guide might better be called the "Spirit" or the "Divine Life," and the word "soul" be applied to that part of us standing between this unchangeable part and the sense nature, which last includes the intellect, as the intellect receives all its conscious impressions from the world of sense, and can only take cognizance of the things of the spirit as these are made manifest in sense phenomena. Science, therefore, calls the Spirit the Unknowable, and while acknowledging in this way its existence, has utterly refused to recognize any observed phenomena as having their origin in this *terra incognita*.

This is the weak point in modern science, especially medical science. And this is the one point on which spiritual healers all agree. It is to securing the recognition of this spiritual First Cause by the patient that the best of them, of whatever school, address themselves. They do not aim to suppress symptoms of immoral or selfish living by any appeals addressed to the organs in which the symptoms occur. It is not always possible to trace the disease to its mental or emotional cause, and not always wise to tell the patient, even when it is quite obvious what error in his way of life has brought on his trouble. But there is a regeneration that touches the inmost springs of being, and purifies and cleanses the whole life. This is recognized by religion, and should be recognized by a medical science which aims to deal with mental forces, since religion is the strongest mental force in human nature.

Healers of the persuasion known as the New Thought aim to be as carefully scientific as students of any other branch of knowledge. Many of them recognize that only a beginning has been made in the understanding of the human mind, and consequently they are continually learning from experience and observation. Many others, however, are too untrained mentally to avoid dogmatism, and too undeveloped spiritually to know how to judge wisely in dealing with cases involving the transition of a soul from one plane of life to another. Undoubtedly they are doing much good, but they often fail where with a little more wisdom they might easily succeed, and they bring much discredit upon an important science by their absurd reasoning and their narrow-mindedness.

But there are many healers working to-day who are deeply learned in the things of the Spirit, and who are continually rescuing despairing souls and healing broken bodies doomed surely to death or to lifelong suffering unless the true key to the situation be applied. They do not claim to correct by mental action troubles which are due to physical causes. They recognize, in the last analysis, no physical causes of disease; therefore, they dare hope for—and obtain—cures which the orthodox medical man would regard as impossible, while in all their work they are saved from inconsistency by this theory which they hold.

At the same time they recognize the apparent power of the physical to an extent that makes them tolerant of all methods of healing, and willing to acknowledge that cures are made by all the various schools. It also makes of them believers in hygienic living, which Christian Scientists profess to despise. There is much common ground between them and the benevolent, confident, magnetic personalities often found in the more advanced schools of medicine. It is to be hoped that further investigation and discussion will bring these two classes of practitioners into practical agreement in regard to the underlying principles of healing and the correct method of assisting patients to recovery.



Love, Wisdom, Truth—how may we live and not dwell on these, how write to any purpose and not resolve about them? When we would speak of Religion, of Freedom, of Life and Art and Nature, we shall yet miss the essential if we keep not these in view; and where they converge—these three—there is liberty, there is peace, and there dwells the soul serene.

—*Stanton Kirkham Davis.*

## THE IDEAL IN WORKS OF FICTION.

BY REV. WILLIAM S. MORGAN, PH.D.

Since an ideal is made by a human soul it is necessary to know something of the workings of this soul. As we study a painting it is essential to find a key to its color tone. If the color tone be red, it may in places shade off into orange or yellow; if orange, it may shade into red or yellow; and if yellow, into red or orange. In such a color scheme two things are to be noted—the predominant tone and the shadings. We may consider the activities of the soul in some such relation. These are usually classified under three departments—thoughts about things, emotions as we are impressed by things and volitions as when we decide upon a certain line of action. But they are always blended together; shading imperceptibly into each other. The soul never acts without engaging all these activities even in its slightest performances. If I think of my travels in Europe, my business, my friends or something I read in a book, there is always some emotion attached to my thinking. The travels were full of delight, my business aroused a sense of pleasure or pain, my friends stirred my admiration and my reading quickened my sense of right or wrong, or led me into the pleasant ways of thought and emotion. And certainly, I could not think at all of these things without a bending of my mind thereto, a determination, however little. To say “I thought,” is simply calling attention to the predominant color tone; volition and feeling are present as shadings. In the same way, to feel or have an emotion presupposes shadings of thought and feeling. When the student, therefore, in writing home his impressions of the college professors, said one of them was “a cold blooded, intellectual monster,” his indignation got the best of his psychology. No intellectual effort can be purely cold blooded, although its intellectual tone may be too pervasive. Keeping this important principle well

in mind, we may say, the departments of the soul chiefly concerned in forming an ideal are imagination and the emotions. And through them alone we can discover the ideals of art and nature.

The distinction between the real and the ideal is a very old one, and yet, though we admit the distinction, there is no clear line of demarcation between them. Constantly and unconsciously we pass from the one to the other. The difference between an animal and a vegetable is quite distinct to our ordinary observation, but may not this, after all, be the groveling way of the real? To the scientist, from his exalted ideal, there are forms of life which baffle his classification, and for the life of him he can not tell which is vegetable, which animal. All colors in the spectroscope shade into each other. So with the ideal and real. In Beatrice Harraden's little story "Ships that Pass in the Night," there is a chapter entitled: "The Traveler and the Temple of Knowledge." This worthy traveler had conceived the ideals of life to be a series of high mountain chains, and on one of these summits was the Temple of Knowledge. All his life he had been climbing up these mountains until at the end of the journey he stood, as he thought, before the very gates of this temple. He was informed, however, much to his sorrow, that he had labored under a life-long delusion. The ideals were not mountain ranges but a series of broad plains. They were in the midst of life and work and daily effort. The Temple of Knowledge had a million doors, and the stone mason could enter it as readily as the philosopher. If we be not careful, then, we are liable to get the real and the ideal hopelessly mixed in our life; and worse evils may indeed befall us than this.

What is an ideal? Suffice it to say for the time being, an ideal is the appreciation of objects through the imagination and emotions. Poetry takes us into the realm of the ideal. It has the imaginative and emotional color tone. Let us borrow a good method of illustration and turn to the Century Dictionary for definition of dandelion. We find this: "A well known plant, *Taraxacum officinale*, natural order *Compositae*, having a naked fistulous scape with one large bright yel-

low flower, and a tapering milky, perennial root." As a dictionary definition this is very proper. It has a very decided intellectual tone. Lowell, however, describes it thus:

"Dear common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty road with harmless gold,  
First pledge of blithesome May,  
Which children pluck, and, full of pride uphold,  
High-hearted buccaneers, o'erjoyed that they  
An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
Which not the rich earth's ample round  
May match in wealth—thou art more dear to me  
Than all the prouder Summer-blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease;  
'Tis the Spring's largess, which she scatters now  
To rich and poor alike, with lavish hand,  
Though most hearts never understand  
To take it at God's value, but pass by  
The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.  
Thou art my tropics and mine Italy;  
To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
The eyes thou givest me  
Are in the heart, and heed not space or time."

Through his imagination and emotion—these eyes in the heart—the poet describes the ideal presented to him in the dandelion, this "First pledge of blithesome May," this "Eldorado in the grass." The warmer clime of the ideal has been unlocked, and there he finds the eternal sunshine of the tropics, and the never vanishing fascination of Italy. The poet always dips into the ideal; and he is the greatest poet who transacts the greatest business with the ideal, who constantly re-constructs for us the world of stale and flat things through his imagination and emotions.

So with the art of painting. A Sistine Madonna by Raphael is not simply a portrait of a woman. Raphael has caught the ideal of motherhood. The painting is an interpretation of the hopes, aspirations, anxieties and deep mother-instinct of every

woman, who has been honored and blessed in becoming a mother. It is an interpretation of a mother through Raphael's ideal.

We find the same interpretation of experience in every department of artistic work. The painter looks at a bit of scenery through his imagination and emotions, and what to the ordinary mind is commonplace, he transforms into a thing of joy forever. Many an eye had fallen upon this sentence in "Holinshed Chronicle:"

"But speciallie his wife lay sore upon him to attempt the thing, as that she was very ambitious, burning in unquenchable desire to beare the name of queene," and nothing came of it. Shakespeare saw it and created for us a Lady Macbeth, the great exponent of the subtle workings of the human conscience. A Michael Angelo sees an angel in the uncut marble. All true artists are the discoverers and preachers of the ideal. And this is the business of every work of fiction; every novelist must reveal the ideal.

And it occurs to us to ask at this time if there be not something in reality corresponding to our appreciation through the imagination and emotions. Is the artistic ideal a mere subjective interpretation of things? Is the ideal simply in our mind's eye? What is it in the sunset and ocean and landscape that stirs the sense of the sublime within us? We feel it in nature and in great works of art. It sighs to us in the wind, we hear it in the ocean's murmurs. It sweeps through the soul in the deep experiences of life. It is the invisible power manifesting itself in phenomena. It is the life of all life, the force of all forces, the law of all law. It is surely the life of the Infinite One—this is the universally ideal life. It is the essence of all beauty, the kernel of all truth, the thought in all thought, the emotion in all emotion, the volition in all volition. When an artist catches a picture in nature, he is simply appreciating a bit of the life of the Eternal. Raphael caught it in the *Sistine Madonna*, Shakespeare saw it and crystallized it in *Lady Macbeth's* conscience.

It is very evident we require training to detect the ideal in the artist's work. We are sometimes inclined to deny the

presence of the ideal because we ourselves are unable to detect its presence. Have you read "Adam Bede?" said I to a lady of twenty summers. "No," was the quick reply, "I don't like it; and I think all of George Eliot's very stupid and idealless." I held my peace and did not indulge even in righteous indignation. "An art school is an asylum of the blind," said a professor with a keen sense for the ideal. People are blind to the ideal in art, and the faculty of appreciation must be cultivated. Frequently people say, "I don't know anything about art, but I know what I like." Very true, indeed, but we should not care to have an uncivilized Indian decorate our parlor for us. The Indian knows what he likes. The people who read "Neurotic, erotic and Tommyrotic" novels know what they like. The bucolic mind, unable to catch any ideal in the beautiful charm of the countryside, knows what he likes. "*De gustibus non disputandum est*," some one will protest. Each one has a certain right to his taste. But has he a right to dislike the ideal! A person who can not appreciate a sunset is defective, a man who violates civil law is put in prison, ought he not to be incarcerated for violating ideal laws? At any rate, the taste for the ideal must be cultivated. The great things of art can not be appreciated without a training of the imagination and emotions.

Now, let it be said with all the emphasis at our command: It is the business of the novelist to interpret universal and ideal life to us through his imagination and emotion. This interpretation must be unconscious. He must not sermonize. He must do his work spontaneously and forget for the nonce he is a high priest of the ideal. This is the condition for every genuine artist. It is Watts-Dunton, I think, who makes a distinction between imaginative writers whose imagination works them and those who work their imagination. We should classify them as those who are worked by the ideal and those who work the ideal, for our present purpose. The artist must be inspired—always inspired. He can not possibly express the ideal otherwise. His personality for the time being must be absorbed in the greater whole. It is only then he speaks with



authority. It is only then he becomes a real artist. Mr. Cross describes this mood in George Eliot :

"She told me that in all she considered her best writing there was a 'not herself,' which took possession of her, and that she felt her own personality to be merely the instrument through which this spirit, as it were, was acting."

It is only when so inspired that the conscious self of the artist goes into the background and his imagination and emotions are dominated by the Universal Spirit;—and as we follow him we also are unconsciously led into that fascinating realm in which the beauty of the ideal dawns fully upon us. Nature reveals spontaneously to us her ideals, and the novelist in this must follow nature.

But the ideal has an infinite variety of manifestations. Every atom, though there are billions of them compacted into very small space, every leaf, though the number of leaves cannot be told, every star throughout infinite space, every human thought and experience reveals some phase of the ideal. The novelist, as we know, is pre-eminently concerned with human life in all stages of its development, in its ethical experiences, in its sin, shame and remorse, in its fight with environment and heredity. Character must be depicted, consequences of wrongdoing touched upon. Life in the individual and his relations to the family, state and humanity must be portrayed. The comedies of life are expounded. In the intricate play of human relationships there is inevitably a clashing of ideals and interests. We are led to the very brink of catastrophe. Antonio stands in the court of law, and we are fearful of the noble merchant's fate. With ships gone and Shylock relentless, there seems no escape from the downfall of a noble career. But the stars in their courses fight for Antonio. Tragedy in his life is only apparent; it turns out a comedy. The day is saved; Antonio's career is safe. The novelist must take note of all these phases of human experience, and he must not forget Shylock. There are, alas! tragedies as well as remedies. Once more the forces of human society clash, and there is no escape except through direst calamity and gener-

ally grim death itself. The ideal reveals itself both in laughter and tears.

And the differentiating feature of the novelist's work is the interpretation of the ideal manifested in human life through his imagination and emotions. He is not a historian, chronicler or a psychologist. He is an artist. He must select certain characteristics of the ideal in humanity and give expression to them just as a painter endeavors to reveal the permanent character of an individual in a portrait. He may do this by being objective, making his portrait a likeness of humanity, or he may be purely subjective, and follow his imagination fancy free, as in "Alice in Wonderland" or "Don Quixote." For the ideal reveals itself just as readily through the artist's imagination and emotions in either case.

The possibilities of works of fiction, especially the novel, are therefore boundless. And this must be remembered in selecting a novel. The kind of novel suitable to any person will depend on the kind of a person he really is. This is paradoxical, but true. The ideal steals into one soul by reading Robert Louis Stevenson, George Eliot, Thackeray, Dickens and Balzac. Another will find it through the genius of some other master mind. The avenue matters little, if the result be gained. It is communion with the ideal that is all-important. The ideal is always easily recognized by its effects upon us. Beautiful scenery is always inspiring and uplifting. We are æsthetically and morally better after looking at the sunset. A study of a fine painting leaves its marks of refinement. The fine arts are refining arts. If I rise from a novel with my imagination uplifted or my heart quickened with sympathy or my intellect braced up, or my moral nature stimulated, or with a vague, soulful impression, though I cannot define it, of a refining influence upon my mind; if wrong-doing appears heinous and right-doing to be desired; if the life of higher things appears to me paramount; in fine, if the novel or any work of fiction leaves me a better man or woman, I have certainly found the ideal revealed in it.

## LESSONS FROM MY HEARTH.

BY JOHN MILTON SCOTT.

Nothing is so pleasant as fire upon the open hearth. The winter winds, making their weird music in the gable and among the trees—not just a frozen music, as the fable tells that the bugle held for so long before it awoke its echo on the winds, but yet a freezing music if one were to stand in the midst of its breath blowing these pipes to its wild, fierce will—this wintry music without but adds to the joy and the beauty of the hearth flames. It is not merely the physical comforts, the glow of the warmth on the body, the dance of the flame in the eye, but the responsive kindling of emotion and thought, the world-dreaming, the wondering about all the meanings of nature and of our selves, the dear, delightful threnody and glee of many musings—even upon the vanity of life and its worth, of God and my escape into Him for some forgiveness and new creation, as the Psalmist far away through the centuries did when he said, “While I was musing, the fire burned.” He meant the fire of “that light that never was on sea or land”—the hot heart within him that broke into flame, as the brushwood of troubled thinking and experience drove him into thoughts of God and the speaking out of his thought in prayer and praise. I mean the outer fire made out of the troubling of timbers by which my house was built. “While I was musing, the fire burned;” and yet the fire without had answer from the fire within—the Psalmist and I much at one in heart, though separated by the shadow of the centuries, only I think my inward hearth burns brighter and purer flames than his, because I am farther in the noonday of the world’s life, and have upon me the sun of the humanizing Christian centuries, and that splendid and appalling outlook upon the making of a man which is the nineteenth century’s chief contribution to world-life and world-thought.

Perhaps I had better at this point share with you that lesson of my hearth fires, which thinks about the outward fire and the inward fire—the fire on the hearth and the fire in the heart. There is an outward and an inward fire of life. Creation lies without us, burning its countless flames of life, that thereby we may be warmed and blessed. Creation lies within us, and burns its fires of life there, breaking into many flames of emotion and thought, of aspiration and duty and willing to do. In the blending of the fires without and the fires within us is the making of the man. The fire without, that gently flames into the grains and fruits, becomes the fire within, through the sacrament of our daily bread—the fire within us whereby our loves and thoughts and selves are warmed into the life we are living. The lily burning a white or a scarlet flame in the fields awakens within us its answering flame, even the passion and joy of beauty. The oriole, burning its flame of gold among the trees, which flame breaks out into a music which the crackling of the fire upon the hearth can never hope to tune with, awakens within us its answering flame of a gladness that sings out, making our natures musical. The sunset fires on the hills awaken within us their answering conflagration of our life's clouds until they glow with a divineness revealing the beauty of God. The horse, burning the homely fires of its everyday faithfulness to man, awakens within us its answering flame of life needing to live out its greatness by the patient toiling that does the humbler, necessary tasks. The fires of everything without, as each is true to its nature, fulfilling the old Genesis fact that each thing brings forth after its kind, awaken within us their answering fires, by which we have our moral and intellectual natures, knowing that in emotion and thought and character there is no confusion of grape bringing forth thistle, or thistle bringing forth grape. Even the granite burns within us an idea of patient endurance and steadfastness, of life hardened and fixed in character. We are told, indeed, that everything without was once molten, a mass of fire, cooling and definitizing itself into all these wonders of creation which we see without us, from the hard granite to the baby's soft cheek and the tenderness of love

that throbs in a mother's heart. So these molten emotions within us, these flames of thought and being, are that we may cool and definitize them into a world of order and beauty, into a character that shall be like an earth with strength and tenderness, and multiplying an endless creation of truth and love.

The flame on the hearth passes away, dies out into ashes, and so the life flames of these things in the creation; but the answering fires that they awaken within us, as diversified and complex character, burn on as long as we shall be ourselves. The lily that Jesus saw burned into ashes centuries ago; but the thought of God's care for us which it awoke in Jesus burns on in his gospel, blessing still his countless disciples. The seed that he saw scattered by the hand of the sower, and growing into its harvests, burned soon to its ashes; but the answering fire which it awoke in Jesus, teaching him how truth and a man grow, burns on in his gospel, making wise his countless disciples. Life, therefore, does not so much consist in things which must perish in the using; but in thoughts which those things bring to us, the character they bring as we use them meanly or nobly, getting out of them an immortality measured by that use. Life consists not in the abundance of things we have, but in the bountifulness of what we are of truth and goodness; and that greatness we call Christian. In the pathos of the earlier and later psalmists, threnodying about the vanity of life and the passing away of everything into silence and pathetic dust, life does not ring true. It is made out of the base metal which judges of the appearance only, and therefore cannot judge righteous judgment, or which has not thought large enough and thorough enough to beat out the gold of thought and stamp it in the image and likeness of speech. There is this outward passing and perishing, and it is pathetic as the mournful wind passing through the withered reed; but, if we see that what passes away outwardly has had a soul, that which has been saved in the heavens of our character abiding within us and doing a deathless work of helping God to fashion us, then we have the reedful-like music, as when the shepherd has fashioned it into a pipe, and

blows through it the sweet, true music of his pastoral love for sheep, for maiden, wife and home, into a greatness of peace enchanting the soul. What life I have experienced in the world, the passing world of show and change, is immortal in me as character; and often it is that these inward graces of things are finer and diviner in man than they were in any realization in the world without.

"As the fire burned, I mused"; and this was my musing,—what outwardly perishes is inwardly renewed and abides within man as his character, his nature; that the end of the world without man is that it may be creative of a world within man, perishing things becoming imperishable thoughts, passing events becoming abiding character.

"Least village boasts its blacksmith,  
Whose anvil's even din  
Stands symbol for the finer forge  
That, soundless, tugs within,

"Refining these impatient ores  
With hammer and with blaze,  
Until the designated light  
Repudiate the forge."

With a single stick of wood you cannot make a blaze. When the smaller sticks are ablaze, the big one burns with them; but, when they are in ashes, the big one smoulders and dies out of its fire, not able alone to keep you or itself from freezing. And so, as my fire burned, I mused, thinking so it is with the fires of life. Everything in nature must touch up against other things, mingling their natures and services together, in order that each and all may be enriched into fuller life.

A tree, attempting to fulfill itself in one only blossom, would issue in failure, no fruit, no endless generation of other trees. Indeed, it would not grow and enlarge and make the finest use of sun and soil and air, distilling them through the graces of itself into the satisfying glories of its life. Unless the fires of its growth were kindled by the countless blossoms

it sends forth to greet the burning heart of the summer, it could not be, it could not become, a full glory of itself. For a fire on your hearth you may blend many things together—coal and wood and paper, and anything that can break forth into a flame. Let us think that so the blossoms come to burn their beauty in the summer air. Soil and sunshine and rain blend themselves together and burn up into the living tree and its fruit. Soil cannot burn into a single blossom without these others. Rain, without the soil and the sun, cannot green into a single leaf. Sun, without what the soil and the rain give, cannot put forth one of the green and growing wonders of the orchards. But all together, meeting and mingling themselves into a flame, they can warm the winds of the summer into the red apple or the peach of gold. This is true of every living thing. Many things have come together, and, mingling themselves into the fires of life, have become what walks the earth, swims the sea, or flies the air. Then, by setting the solitary in families, the Master of life has made some of his finest handiwork, whether going by feet or fins or wings. By socialism on the soil there is produced the finest animals, themselves so the best protected, the best helped to live out their natures unto a greatest fulness. By socialism in the sea the best fishes come to be, so best protected and enabled to live out themselves unto a greater fulness of their natures. By socialism in the air the birds become of a worth and fineness they could not in solitariness attain unto, so protected, so helped to live out their natures into a greater fulness. And, when we come to man, we see him, as is the custom of anthropologists to tell us, emerging from savagery accompanied by his faithful dog and cow, coming up, indeed, in groups of his kind into that fulness of social life we call our civilization. Take out of these fires of our lives what has come into them from the flames of other lives, and we would become but charred and flameless sticks. "Other men have labored, and we are entered into their labors." Other men have lived, and we have entered into their lives. Other men are living, and we are entering into their lives; rather, their lives are entering into us, and making our lives richer and fuller of human worth.

That others are living over again in us, though unconscious of having entered into us, a grace of life, a gain of character, is the truth of ourselves—a fact from which is no escape.

“None can avoid this purple,  
None evade this crown.”

And this is the obligation of altruism. Even as our hearts are hallowed by the countless services of those who have experienced death, and who are yet in this present joy of life with us, so we find duty freighted holiest when it asks of us the service of others, the making of the earth a sweeter place for these who are coming after, to enter into our labors, to enter into our lives and live them on in the new days and the new experiences. Not obligation, but highest joy, this living out the common destiny of all in blending ourselves together to make a flame of fuller life for others about us and these to come after us.

Life is motion. It is diligence of journey and doing. It is not repression, but expression. Every living particle of our bodies is in rapid motion, as ceaseless as the tides of the sea; and this is life. We are breaking into flame more subtle and volatile than the swift, running fires of a conflagration; and this is life. Emotion moves on in its cycles, as the earth through its seasons; and, although there is no rattle of chariot wheels on the road, no puff and noise of an engine on the track, yet it is just by moving without pause that we love, and that is life. Thought is always busy, the brain never stilled, pausing no more than the streams always seeking their level; and this is life. The whole nature of man is in ceaseless activity and growth, and that is life. Fossilize any part of these volatile activities, and death reigns. We must be ceaselessly active, ceaselessly expressing ourselves, in order to live. Everything alive just so inherits and reigns in the kingdom of its life. And it is expression in and toward and for others. Anything that lives in and toward and for itself soon ceases to live. What begins in and ends upon ourselves makes for that freezing of the heart which we have in trembling named death. It is by unfolding itself into the air that the tree lives. Expressing itself in the leaves, giving itself forth in them, it lives and



grows. It gives that it may receive, and so we all. The givers are the receivers. Life grows large in unselfishness. We can break into a fuller flame of joy by putting ourselves with others into the diligent service of all whom we may in any way enrich. Everything grows together by ministering unto each other. There is no joy like the altruistic joy. It has no regrets, no inward, troubling compunctions, no empty horrors like those into which we sink when at the unsatisfying service of ourselves. And this joy is just as the bird's joy comes. Not by keeping within itself, and seeking to make a song that no one else can hear, is the bobolink's glory of gladness sung, but just by flying itself out in gift to the winds do the winds give themselves up to its pipe, that so its inmost soul may sing to the nesting mate in the June meadows. So, as we give ourselves up to the service of others, these others become in us the medium for our highest and sweetest self-expression. And, as old violins mellow into deeper and tenderer richness of tone in every bow that lengthens in fond dalliance across their throbbing bosom, so does every expression of ourselves in the service of others deepen and sweeten our capacity for joy, our capacity for the fuller life of which the selfish are so scant. Colors come in companies. Burning together, they come in the white sunbeam to be life and glory for the garden and the field; and they are never apart in any divorcement whatever. They come united to the rose, and make it live and show its inmost soul in its glowing blossom; and that we see red is just that these sunbeams, in their dear socialism of making flowers, repress themselves into the red, that it may have the honor of being the rose's glory. When in primrose, this dear socialism represses, that so the yellow may be the glory there. When in the violet, this dear socialism represses, that so the blue may be the glory there. Yet, always together, each helping the other to the fulness of manifesting itself, and so in turn helped to the manifestation of its glory—all of them together in the heart of every flower, as upon every cloud in their dear, visible fellowship of the rainbow. One color could do nothing. Unless it dies, it abideth alone, doing no tasks of making the flowers that can show its hidden splendors forth; but, dying into this fellow-

ship of color warming to color, then it brings forth fruit, can journey the leagues of air, and come to the earth and live over again in all the flowers that dream it in their heart of green, to awaken it in their blossoms blessing the summer winds.

“And, even when it dies, to pass  
In odors so divine  
As lowly spices gone to sleep,  
Or amulets of pine.”

“As the fire burned, I mused” that life is not a solitude, but a companionship, not a selfishness, but a service; that our flame of life can burn in purest, strongest fervor when it mingles with others, and these allow themselves to be consumed to make warmth and brightness in the world.

My fire was made of fragments left over after building my house. I was Scriptural in that I gathered up the fragments that nothing be lost, even as I believe the good God is always doing in all the wonder ways of His making worlds and men. And these fragments it was that made the fire on my hearth. And I mused this lesson that nothing be lost—not as a duty-determination of my life, but as a duty-determination of God’s life. When He determined upon creating, then He saw the loss, the fragments, that must fall apart from the glory into which their fellows have gone; and He determined that nothing should be lost, that they should somewhere and somehow come to their glory, also, and cherishing every fragment of Himself that is His creation that so it may serve some of His lovely thoughts ever creeping up into their blossom. Nothing is lost, they tell us—not the matter that to our vision dissipates and passes away, not the force that to our searching of it out passes away, and not life which vanishes before our eager eyes, and not personality which dissipates in what we call death, and yet up into which all creation aspires and climbs. We have seen how that, with the outward passing of things, not their fragments, but their very souls, their inmost meanings may be gathered up into us, immortal with our immortality. But in other ways some dear orderliness of our Father’s perfect

thought haunts with an everlasting glory all the wastes and destructions of His creation. If this cannot go up with its fellows into that immediate honor, then it may burn up in this glory: it may pass away to appear in lovelier forms, in sweeter life, in greater glory.

"As the fire burned, I mused" that in making there is always this selection—some vessels, as the old Scripture has it, chosen unto honor, and some unto dishonor, some bits of maple cut away as worthless that the glory of the violin may appear; but this musing made no hopeless hells of despair in my thought, no shadows of eternal death on my hope, for I am certain that God said to Himself, in that deep and holy self-communion wherein He determined to make us and such a world as ours, "Gather up the fragments, that nothing be lost," even as sometimes we have charged ourselves unto kindness and justice in some great, severe task unto which we set ourselves. And I am sure that God is true to that obligation, that He is gathering up the fragments that nothing be lost. We are seeing that He is. Our vision will grow clearer; and we shall see that this great loss of death we shrink and fear is but a gain, not even a gathering up of the fragments that nothing be lost, but a moving-on in the centre of the purpose of the creative Love. And we will find that, just as the night veils the face of the day, through which by and by that face breaks smiling, so life shall show a dawn of everlasting glory through the lifting veils of our deaths—every loss issuing into a gain, every death dawning into a life, every going down unto some going up, as so the seed descends that the harvest may ascend. What I have lost from one joy shall burn up in another, even as what has not entered into my house goes up to again find the sunshine, and down to again find the soil unto life, as it burns its brief glory upon my hearth. So mused I "as my fire burned."

Can I make plain this next musing, which was really the first one that came into some philosophizing of life? The wood there going up in flame was a fact—a fact not simply in my house, but in the universe, not simply in my life, but in God's life. It was one point of glory in the history of the wood, in the history of the world. But what a patient working and

waiting in the life of God that this glory so brief might appear on my hearth! If what is came out of what was, then the ages conspired and toiled unto the making of that wood, unto the bringing of it and my life together in the brief, bright blaze. Together we blossomed out in our little joy, and then separated to go on into our destinies, which may or may never meet again. Why should it regret the little companionship with me, though it can never be again? Why should I regret its dear flame, though it can never again burn in my happy eyes? We have met and companioned and parted. Let the memory of it be with me, not saddened with any regrets, but just at joy's full, because it has been so a happy part of my life. Indeed, we could not be at that dear fellowship in its flame but for the fact that we are passing always, and change is an essential part of our natures. Every bit of the wood has been on a pilgrimage from the time it left the heart of God to become a part of His creation. And what a journey if we could have it told us—a romance our novelists have not yet dreamed, our scienists but dimly guessing, as riding in the chariot of the sunbeams, sailing from the clouds in the crystal shallops of the raindrops, a mermaid of merriness laughing in the waves of the summer sea; a death in the soil, the darkness of graves experienced; then resurrection, as it became a part of the chestnut tree, slowly and patiently traveling toward the sun, visited by birds, currents of life flowing in it and building its nature; tragedy again, the axe destroying, saws and planes cutting, sundering the dear companionships that grew up together in the tree,—the part entering into my house to abide the years, the other part coming on my hearth to go up in the flame for my gladness, journeying a very essential part of its becoming anything, and hurrying feet of hail and farewell making the music that sung in the tongues of flame, the brightness of the fire? Could it have paused on my hearth, it could not have been fire. The hurry of its hail and farewell was what made it fire. Down into ashes, some of it, to again some time climb into grasses and trees, to liquefy into dew and be kissed into glory by the beams of the sun, others of it lifting straight toward the sun in the chariot of fire, as of old they say Elijah

went. And my journey how great unto the brief trysting-place where this wood and I held pleasant comradeship, and were like ships in the night speaking each other in passing! From God's heart to my hearthstone what a journey! Could its story be written, God's secrets were said, and day would dawn out of our troubling ignorance. But who can know? Who say what of these journeys in which my consciousness took its part? What we know is that it was journey, and must be, with many a happy hail and sorrowing farewell, eyes in as brief glory of love as that with which I and the flame on my hearth met, and then hurrying each our own ways, what we call death taking some of the beauty, that blessedness after which I so sorely hunger. Yet why regret the passing away, the change by which we must be and continue? It was a happy, holy hour. To shadow it by my regrets and tears is not to do it the truest honor. I will rather be glad that it was, that it is, in my memory, a thing of beauty and a joy forever, and honor it by giving myself up to the joy of the present burning my dear life's flame at the best for the happiness of who now is sharing it. Just now it is sacred time of fellowship. Let us be at our best, that God in this moment he patiently planned may be at his best. And that we change and pass we will not be sorrowful; for it is this that makes the joy of the moment, makes us partaker of the glory of the life that is, and is because of its great and generous journeys. To pause just now, the rose would petrify into marble, and were not itself, no more than the effigies of our dead are themselves. Indeed, that pause of the rose were death. Because it hurries, it is its dear charm. We do pause in the photograph, but it has unreplying lips. The flame, if it could have paused on my hearth, would have become a thing of death, a painted show, no reality of its blessed self there at all, just the pathos of what we call death. So, if, when dear eyes looked love into mine, in the dawn when dreams were true and life was holy time, no change in us at all, no passing and journeying on at our growth—why, it would just have been death, and not even the love's sweet memory, as on old tombs they carve some Romeo and Juliet in each other's arms, lip, perhaps, to lip, and eye glazing

at eye—ah! such were not love, it were not life. Better the dear, passionate kiss, and then the sword of a Capulet or a Montague, than to have life that knows no shaping of passionate, pure lips. Better the rapture of Friar Laurence's cell, and then the dagger, than never to have answered pure love with pure love.

“'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.”

In order to love, we must lose, as the most constant tune which swelled and filled the winds with sweetness was at the very moment of its fulfilling passing away: one note fulfilled itself and died, that another might take its place and the tune continue to the end.

“Change and decay in all around I see.  
O Thou who changeth not, abide with me!”

The One who changeth not cannot abide but for this change and decay which the poet lamented. How could the changeless love by which nature continues to be abide an endless glory of all summers unless it were true that

“Leaf by leaf the roses fall,  
Drop by drop the spring runs dry,  
One by one beyond recall  
Summer flowers droop and die”?

Just that in the change and passing of all he is able to tarry and make the new summers glorious with his presence. What is it I see in the beauty of the rose? Endless pilgrimage, that make its beauty. What is it I hear in the rush of the stream? Pilgrimage, that makes the grace of the rivers. What is it I hear in the gladness of the oriole's singing? Pilgrimage, that makes its hymn enchanting my heart to praise with it. Everything that is becomes, because its nature is worked out through change and decay. That there are no endless pauses on some present sweet note makes the music of all this wonderful life

we experience in nature, makes that marvellous hymn of man which we are, and through the changes rung are becoming sweeter and holier tune of the Divine Heart.

Instead of lamenting this as an evil, instead of thinking that in this fact God is unkind, let us learn that it is indeed a good, that in this fact God is most kind. Life could not be in us and for us but for the fact of change and passing. Love could not be in us and for us but for this fact of change and passing. The constancy we crave is just that these who have passed away from the glory of our eyes, loving them, have gathered into them the deathless, changeless spirit of our love; and in them it is passing up into new glory of living and loving. The constancy we crave is just that this love, whose outward form of loveliness has passed away, has become a part of our nobleness, of a fine nature persisting through all the changes that may befall, and showing itself forth in some tender, new beauty, some new holiness of life. It is fate? Nay! let us not petrify life's heart by so calling it. Let us have no withered hags spinning out to us the threads of destiny and snapping them with a snarl and hollow laugh. It is the dear necessity of love that love's life cannot in other ways be lived out and become just these experiences, which, although passing so swiftly from us, are yet the things we would not exchange for any monotony of petrification in our love and life.

The bit of chestnut is gone from my hearth, and I shall never see it again laugh out for me in such a dear flame; I gone, and never to look again upon its dancing glee; but this is the price we pay for that happy hour, for every holy time of our lives. This is life, and must be; but always has it its seasons of summer. Within, without, there is always a present beauty, a present joy. Life is of worth now, and will be. Whatever of worth in its past, that lives within us as power to work out the new worth in the new day, the new, faithful love in the new comradeship.

"As the fire burned, I mused" that "God is good, and His tender mercies are over all His works"—not only over all, but in all and through all; that he abides all our experiences and changes, as our inmost life abides all our deaths and becomes

our resurrections into newness of life. I mused that His goodness and mercy appear in life, in being, by just the change and decay we sometimes lament—this change and decay, not the reality, not the meaning, but the glad flame on my hearth, and in my heart the reality, the meaning, present love and present life the reality, and always without an abundance of truth and beauty and love, and always within us God and the dear ones we have loved and lost, to be experienced into greater, truer nature, diviner, more enduring character.



## ANGEL SWEET.

BY J. M. S.

*The gentle, pretty Margarete  
Has thoughts of nature angel-sweet,  
For which all goodness blesses her,  
And I'm her ardent worshipper.*

She would not pull a flower apart  
And grieve to death its lovely heart;  
She simply loves it as it grows  
And in its face God's beauty shows;  
And so to her with love it brims  
And sings for her life's sweetest hymns.

The happy birds she would not kill  
In hope that she might learn the skill  
Which wrought them for their flights of bliss;  
She'd rather hear the winds they kiss  
To joyous song, her heart aglee  
In love's and life's ecstasy.



In one great grace her heart is firm;  
 She would not wound a meanest worm,  
 Nor make the heart of summer sigh  
 With the death of one sweet butterfly,  
 But smiles to see it wing its way  
 Through love's and life's own sunny day.

She has the dear creative heart  
 Which loves to see a finished art;  
 It withers all her wings of joy  
 To see a ruthless hand destroy;  
 In this she feels God's tenderness  
 Who lives his life to love and bless.

I think she'll be a poet sweet,  
 This gentle, pretty Margarete,  
 To say her thoughts in lovely words  
 To mate and fly with all the birds;  
 Her speech will have the grace of flowers  
 And fill with love and life the hours.

If e'er in griefs her dear heart sighs  
 Such worms will turn to butterflies;  
 Each grief be but a brooding breast  
 That patient waits upon love's nest  
 Until breaks forth the rapturous wings  
 That love's and life's great triumph sings.

*Dear, gentle, pretty Margarete  
 Your thoughts make mine as angel-sweet,  
 My heart a June of wings awhir,  
 Each one your joyous worshipper.*

## THE VEIL OF MATTER.

BY CHRISTIANA DUCKWORTH.

Veil, unlike so many words in our English language, has but one meaning—that of a curtain hanging in front of some object for purposes of entire or partial concealment. When used metaphorically, the term is simply translated from the plane of sense or things tangible to the intellectual or spiritual planes, there conveying the same idea, but often with an additional stress laid on what is thus hidden from ordinary discernment.

Matter is such a wide, comprehensive term that we feel distinctly overwhelmed when the mind demands contemplation of such an immense field of possible knowledge. Some subdivisions are therefore absolutely necessary for an orderly development of any particular aspect of so vast a subject, and, as most people are already familiar with the terms mineral, vegetable and animal kingdoms, we cannot do better than make use of these very natural divisions in our efforts to so develop our spiritual insight that this Veil of Matter may prove itself to be in reality an open vision to our understanding.

Under the heading “mineral kingdom” our purpose will be fully exemplified (commensurate with our space), if we consider just the wayside stone as it lies on the road, apparently waiting for some passing wheel to crush or further embed it in among its fellows; this seemingly casual force helping our stray example to fulfil its present humble mission.

Now, this wayside stone here in Cheshire generally comes from Carnarvonshire, and is locally called “common blue stone.” In the hand one of these chippings is most uninteresting to look at, but to the eye of a geologist what does it not reveal?

For example, we find that the “purple grit” of the Carnar-

vonshire hills belongs to the Cambrian group of rocks; is one of the oldest formations in Wales, and lies directly on the Laurentian formation; this latter being classed by geologists as the very oldest known rock in the world.

Now, the Cambrian rocks, ancient beyond all conception in point of time, as they undoubtedly are, lay no claim to priority on the scene; for, sedimentary in origin (which means largely deposited by the action of water), this "purple grit" contains numerous water-worn pebbles, and many different evidences which go to prove that these stones or hoary antiquity were themselves partly derived from pre-existing rocks.

Until recently the Cambrian group were believed to be unfossiliferous, but later discoveries tend to show that in these ancient sediments there already existed a considerable development of crustacea and bivalves, etc., similar to such as are to-day found at the bottom of lakes and oceans.

These details certainly change this common blue stone into something vastly more interesting than at first sight appeared; but if the geologist can do so much for us and transform the veil of matter into an intellectual telescope by means of which the work of endless ages is brought clearly into view, the physicist and chemist offer us still more valuable help; for from them we are rapidly learning that this seemingly hard, unresponsive stone is a marvelous collection of whirling atoms, which exist together in their present form only because they are subject to unity of vibration; in common parlance, because they literally "dance to the same tune." Alter these vibrations, "chemically, liberate these elements that have lain imbedded in that chip of purple grit from primeval times, reckoned by millions of years, and you will find that these very elements exhibit precisely the same characteristics as any others obtained from different sources, and which perhaps have been subject to many artificial conditions."

The march of science is gradually bringing all the different theories of matter down to the one conclusion that \* "it is in the various *kinds of motion* involved among atoms that the ex-

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\*Matter, ether and motion. Prof. Dolbear.

planation of all their different properties and their varied phenomena is to be found."

Thus the chip of stone picked up at our gate draws our attention to the laws of the Divine Alchemist, by which the various atoms, the a priori matter of the universe, fall into such combination and unison that we have here spread out before our awe-struck gaze the manifold marvels of the mineral kingdom, whether they be declared in the strength of the common rock, in the brilliancy of precious gems, in the worth and beauty of wonderful metals, in dear Mother Earth, or in the very water we drink and the air we breathe!

On the roadside, in the near neighbourhood of the little stone which has already revealed so much to us, lies a dainty living gem, a messenger from the vegetable kingdom. Only an acorn, dropped from the spray of a mighty oak, towering over the hedge-row near by and sending forth its ripened seed to the care of other powers than its own. This parent tree has given of its very best, the beautiful little seed, so attractive to our eyes in both form and colour has received, according to its capacity, of the very essence of oak-tree life. As we hold the pretty fruit in our hand we recognize that potentially it is an oak; and listening with our inward ears we hear a song, accompanied by the music of the wind in the sturdy branches that are to come, telling us how in the bosom of Mother Earth the oak-tree life will burst open its dainty cradle, and striking rootlets down into the lower darkness of the soil will draw therefrom just the very matter that it needs to lift itself into a higher environment, and there live and grow and develop according to the laws of its stately and mysterious being,

Wonderful and inspiring as oak-tree life is in its beautiful and vigorous manifestation, the fresh green herb and the tiny flowering plant have equally great truths to declare.

Little do we think as we gather one humble daisy in the field that we have gathered a whole colony of small flowers. The center is composed of hundreds of perfect little yellow florets, all of high organization and development, awaiting the coming of winged insects who, while searching for

honey for their own gratification, carry on the business of cross-fertilization for the daisy.

\*“Outside this group of yellow florets, we see a circle of lovely pink-tipped white rays; these also are florets, but in developing their showy appearance the better to attract the attention of insects, they have forfeited their reproductive powers for the benefit of their more perfectly formed brethren. Not content with this one act of self-sacrifice, these pretty pink-tipped rays bend over the little yellow florets and cover them up like nurses at night, as if for fear they should suffer frost, or be spoiled by rain or dew; and then, as little children say, ‘the daisy has gone to sleep.’ Hosts of other common plants constantly perform actions, which, if done by human beings, would at once be brought within the category of right and wrong.”

So accustomed are we to accept these marvels of plant and tree life as a matter of course, that the mystery of their hidden forces and powers is usually quite lost sight of, until some gifted one tells how “every common bush is afire with God,” making us to pause, and like Moses (in a wilderness created out of our very blindness), “turn aside to see this great sight.”

Earth and stone, tree, fruit and flower, have each contributed their quota of inspiration, as stars of different glory shining with more or less power from behind the veil; but now, as we advance still nearer, the light grows stronger, the veil begins to be really transparent: for what is recognized as conscious life comes forward to meet us with its message, and in the responsiveness natural to this higher order of being, we discern a community of life and expression common to ourselves, which bears striking witness to the long journey down through the ages that man has travelled, seeking an ever higher and higher expression for the life-principle within.

Through the myriad forms of animal life, from the Protozoa up to man, are overwhelmingly rich in spiritual sugges-

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\*T. E. Taylor, Ph.D., “Sagacity and Morality of Plants.”

tion and analogy. To avoid being diffuse, we will content ourselves with an earnest consideration of man himself; for he, being a complete epitome of the physical creation by virtue of what he once has been and now is, will reveal as much to us, and perhaps far more, than any other example from the animal kingdom which we might select for our purpose.

Now, this wonderful, complex human organism, only a short while ago was accepted as an entirely different creation to all other organic life, something quite apart, set on a pedestal by itself; but once more science has brought to light a multitude of facts which testify beyond question to man's physical unity with all other living things whether plant or animal, for "no appreciable difference either of chemical or microscopical kind is to be perceived between the protoplasm of the lowest forms of life and that out of which the tissues of the highest animals are elaborated, and says Professor Huxley, during the period of gestation "it is very long before the body of a young human can be readily distinguished from that of other young animals, especially those of the ape or dog. Surprising as this assertion may appear to be, it is demonstrably true, and it alone appears to me sufficient to place beyond all doubt the structural unity of man with the rest of the animal world."

Watching thus at the very threshold of our earthly existence, we hear an infant's cry and a woman's heart "leaps for joy that a man is born into the world."

Here before us lies the mystery of our being presented to us anew; a fresh expression of an inward life.

Linked in his physiology, as we have seen, in the closest manner with his animal ancestry, we are yet told and spiritually know that this new-born child is created in the image of God. While this likeness is pre-eminently expressed in the ego, yet in the face of the perfect underlying unity of nature in all her varied manifestations and powers, it would seem highly probable that the organization of the body itself should portray divine attributes in a much more intimate manner than is generally supposed. We have some justification for this thought in St. Paul's famous simile, where he uses the

different members of the human frame to express the unity of the Spirit in its diversified gifts. On looking up the etymology of the word "spirit," we find it comes from the Latin "spiritus" a breath, "spiro" to breathe; and so close is the signification between "breath" and "spirit" that in many parts of the Bible the two words are given by the translators as alternatives.

Since the whole of our earthly pilgrimage lies absolutely between the two movements of the lungs which constitute our first and last inspiration, it would seem that if we can trace a divine correspondence in the "veil of the flesh" we shall most likely find the closest analogy in connection with the breath which "the Lord God breathed into his nostrils when man became a living soul."

Beginning with an analysis of this human organism we find that it consists of different members or organs, each with a special work to do, all interdependent for their well-being in the manner in which that work is performed, all coming under the conscious or unconscious control of the mind by its agents, the brain and the nerves, all nourished from the same source, the blood.

Intimately associated with the nourishment and consequent growth and development of the various members of this kingdom of the body is the question of purification. This very life-blood which goes on its nutritive round, circulating everywhere throughout the entire organism, would fail in its mission did it not carry in itself a purifying agent obtained through the lungs during each act of respiration.

In the above short sketch, we can see, "as in a glass darkly," several ideals which are the foundation of all true conceptions of God the Father.

The mutual dependence of all the various tissues and parts of the body, requiring each member to give of its best in order that one and all may be perfect, is a dim reflection of the all-pervading love of God, which, recognized as the basic law of the Kingdom of Heaven, is manifested in the material universe by those simple fundamental laws of nature which prove all matter, living or dead, conscious or unconscious, to

be so interdependent and correlated in its original elements, that we have revealed to us a new and scientific interpretation of the beautiful lines:

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

Looking at all the different members coming under the control of the mind, we have another portrayal of the Divine, for just as disease and suffering of all sorts ensue when the body with its desires usurps control, so we find all the misery and discord in the world are directly attributable to man's defiance of God and his beneficent laws.

In the circulation of the nutritive life-blood throughout the bodily universe there is some foreshadowing of the omnipresent Giver of all good things, but when we come to consider the purifying oxygen carried in the life-blood, we have a parable which resembles the key-stone of an arch in that such vital issues depend upon it, for we all know that with an insufficient supply of oxygen, decay of the tissues sets in more rapidly than the blood can replace them; thus sowing the seeds of disease and death; while a total deprivation of oxygen severs soul and body asunder.

This parable of the oxygen and life-blood, standing out as it does in marked clearness, accentuates for us once more with redouble vigor, the necessity for cleansing the soul from all taint, if, like the oak, we would live and grow and develop in a higher environment according to the laws of our Divine origin.

That the blood itself, which in some measure portrays the Tree of Life, should carry with it the means of purification, reveals to us the urgent need of striving after inward perfection and wholeness, exactly in the proportion as we enter into realization of our oneness of Being with our Heavenly Father. Neglect of this precaution may be the explanation of some forms of religious mania. The awakened ego, struggling to come forth into the full command of mind and body, meets with some secret form of selfishness, perhaps vanity or self-aggrandizement—such inharmony in high places produces too heavy a strain upon the whole organization, and the mind gives way in the effort to serve both God and Mammon.





# I AM LIFE.

BY HENRY FRANK.

## I.

I am Life: diffusive thread of fire,  
Whose flaming woof is fabric of the world,  
Consuming, as it weaves, the meshes dire  
Of death or birth, together twirled  
Within the Loom of Being, whose shuttles swift  
Repair the rend in every cosmic rift.

## II.

I am Life. Each atom is a-throb  
Within me, nor ever perishes amid  
What cataclysmic shocks of space may rob  
All forms of transient harmony, where hid,  
Within their breast, I lie to wound or heal  
The victims, that I flay on Fortune's wheel.

## III.

I am Life. My chastisements afflict  
But to restore. To me all deaths are births,  
All births are deaths. Nor aught can e'er conflict  
With my pervasive Presence; whose subtle girths  
Bind fast the Universe as One, wherein  
I reign eterne in Virtue or in Sin!

## IV.

I am Life. My bosom burns with love,  
And welds within the furnace of its fire  
The battling elements, beneath, above,  
That war and hate hath fraught with fuming ire.  
I am Life and I am All! I reign  
In peace or strife, throughout the Cosmic Main.

## A TIME OF PREPARATION.

BY FREDERIC BURRY.

It is not the easiest thing to have patience. It is so fascinating to see results, so satisfactory to get to a goal; and it requires a decided effort to overcome the habit of hurry with all its associations of the slipshod and mediocre.

The race has been lazy, especially since the advent of civilization—its indolence being particularly marked in the realm of Mental Energy.

And this is the productive, creative realm. Hence the general poverty of results—because of men's wilful ignorance and protracted lack of concentrated thought.

During the last few years the world has been deluged with various new philosophies. There has been a revival of thought. And our practical sciences, our material development have also given birth to a multitude of improved conditions.

Everything has a reaction; and a reaction is simply a period of preparation for a further rebound; it is a gathering of forces for a still greater move.

We are in such a period of preparation just to-day. There are volcanic energies now beneath the surface of human consciousness which will in due time issue forth, give birth to their different benedictions, and raise life once again onto a still higher plane of action.

So evolution proceeds on and on; so we only reach one stage of perfection to prepare ourselves for another; and every goal is a new starting point.

As we rise and gain more intelligence, work becomes the most joyful thing. It is a glorious thing to be a conscious

creator, to feel and know that we have the lines of fate within our hands. And this consciousness in due time arrives.

It gives us patience. It makes us content to work; it gives us faith—and we care not so much for mere results.

We center our thoughts more on the development, the character, the experience of Life. Our childish longings for symbols, for things, fade away as we become masters.

What is existence for, but to make each soul a conscious god; to develop the genius, the artist, the master? To give us increasing power and freedom!

It is well to assume more than we are immediately capable of. It is well to acknowledge our infinite nature while recognizing our present limitations. The mental attitude hastens the day of realization. Our thoughts are forces of prodigious energy.

It is impossible to perceive all the workings of our forces. Life is a unit; there is an omnipresent law called the law of attraction, that unites all thoughts and materials and relates all conditions according to an infinite system of sympathy and harmony; so when we make a move, many outside, unknown powers are set in motion; and when we take many decided steps we impel many external forces to come to our aid. Thus, a leader, a man who takes a peculiar initiative, is sure to have followers. Let us go on, daring even in the dark to give some expression to our inspirations, and undreamt-of assistance and coöperation will come our way.

Seeds must be sown before the blossom can appear. But most men want signs first. Is it strange that they are not successful? There must be venture; there must be faith; we must experiment and explore and make repeated efforts—though it is astonishing how almost instantaneous some results are, if we only promptly obey our Ideas.

We are personally creative instruments for Nature's forces.

Our ideals represent so much material which it is our privilege to manifest outwardly in the world of objective shape and form.

Cast out those fears, and just get down to business. Do not hesitate; do not wait too much; your work, your action is to be your saviour. What you most desire you will not find outside; you will find it within, in your character, your self—there you will find an infinite abundance of resources from which you can draw and draw for your fields of glorious effort and production.

We are here to prepare Life's material. To take hold of the crude, the sordid, the rough, and actually fashion images of art and beauty. To develop our minds and do better than the past; to keep taking new steps and be faithful to the natural principle of growth and evolution.

There is nothing to regret in the past; it was all right as far as it went; but we should not remain satisfied. Without undue nervousness or strenuousness, let us proceed to conquer new kingdoms, to build better foundations.

We are all more or less ignorant. There is something in us that keeps urging us on to produce, to make new voyages; and so we go on, not knowing where we shall land. And as we grow older and gain more experience, attaining some success—we are encouraged, we become more fearless and confident.

Some men, the heroes of history, achieve monumental success; and the masses instead of spending their time in practical emulation, find nothing better to do than eternally look up to the heroes or humbly wait for some authority's direction.

However, there have been revivals of wide-spread human interest and activity. And there will be others and more far-reaching ones. There have been all sorts of revolutions; there will be others. The next revival and revolution will be a distinct move in the realm of Thought. Men are now being edu-

cated, they are thinking by the million, and this thought must soon sprout out in very marked action.

What will this glorious earth become as the thinkers are multiplied, as science and invention and art more and more transform our daily existence? Each human brain giving forth its own treasures of genius—so long concealed by superstition and ignorance and narrow selfishness.

Concentration is marvelous in its results. It economizes time; it makes each minute count; and it makes all sorts of work to disclose interest. Thus, concentration is a secret of pleasure and profit.

Let us take time to concentrate; time to think; time to examine ourselves, prepare ourselves.

There is a great deal we can do for ourselves and others to-day if we only stop to think out carefully our plans, and then at once act them out. And we shall also thus prepare ourselves for a noble, leading part in the future era of peace and mastery and prosperity that is now appearing on the horizon of the race's consciousness.



#### GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Whoever lives true life, will love true love.—*E. Browning.*

We must carry the beautiful with us, or we find it not.

—*Emerson.*

Man is created free, is free, even if he were born in chains.

—*Schiller.*

Truth is as impossible to be soiled by any outward touch as the sunbeam.—*Milton.*

Opinion is not truth, but only truth filtered through the environment, the disposition, or the mood of the spectator.

—*Wendell Phillips.*

## FOR MEDITATION.

BY J. H. A. MARSHALL.

Life that declares itself even in death,—that is the basis of every conceivable condition,—that is the impulse of those forces which though invisible, imponderable, are the most evident,—whence is it? whither goes it?

We cannot define it as a principle; we cannot grasp it as a cause; we cannot imagine it as lacking under any circumstances.

There is no real idea of non-existence; annihilation is a word without meaning even as applied to form, since form, protean in its dependent being, is eternal in its idea.

We stand dumb before the origin of the number One, overwhelmed by the infinity of unity.

We face mysteries unfathomable every way we turn. We see the process of transformation taking place in everything at every moment, and behold it, according to our individual bias, either as transfiguration or as decay. Transfiguration if we realize the upward trend of evolution; decay, if we are contented with our ignorance.

Mystery, mystery inexplicable to the intellect! We emerge from mystery, we live in mystery, we go on to mystery.

The paradox that is life, that inexplicable something that is nothing and yet is everything; that forces us on and on, and from which there is no escape, not even in the death of the body, since even that resolving back into its original elements seems to be endowed with a deep and full vitality in another way than the accustomed one when we consider how vigor-

ously the grass grows on graves and how strangely the worms come forth from the decomposing flesh. Then what may be said of the soul that found its material focus in that body? Transfiguration or decay?

Of Life which we know so well, yet about which we are unable to formulate the first word of explanation, we are, we must be, either the plaything or a part. It is of us, we are of it; yet we have nothing to say. We exist even in spite of that master faculty, that deific power that is the motif of every phase of our being, the Will. The Will whereby we may become either demons or god, whereby we may search every grade of sense, is powerless against our existence; it may change our mode, our sphere of existence, but never can it cause us to cease to be. Is it that Life and Will are but one and the same? And what are we?—but part of life? of Will?

Even from the limited human point of view we can surmise the infinity of understanding. How the vast horizons of the mind uplift and widen, and beckon on. How, if we be part of universal Life and Will, we *are* Life and Will,—we are ALL. Then we conceive, but wordlessly (for the thought is beyond the limitations of words) how our conditions, physical, mental, spiritual, are entirely of our own making,—and with this conception we enter into the vast peace of the At-One-Ment, and henceforth work with the universal instead of pitting our puny personal strength against it. The basic arcanum, the stupendous revelation of the Silence, is ours; and we view the striving of the past as we view the swiftly interchanging molecules of the mighty torrents of Life wherein float the tossing universes in manifestation.

Wherefore should we strive?—it is enough to *be*,—to uplift our thought,—to seek and find link after link of the endless chain of relative truths that form the unnumbered phases of the One Life,—the boundless scale of the manifesting Will.



We feel fall from us the necessity of doing, of saying;—it is all against active being.

And with the awakening comes the new, keen sense of the Soul's unpinioned wings lifting the mind to visions of hitherto undreamed powers creative. The little, little things of earth; the selfish joys and sorrows that were all for and about a puny personality, dissolve their shape with that of the dwindled image itself that straightens, grows, and from a shrunken humanism becomes a god endowed with the Consciousness Immanent, divine, compassionate, strong. Whoso realizes for a single moment the stupendous potentiality of such reflections has tasted of the elixir of Life; has stood apart and seen the Universe in all its spacious splendor shadowed against the Spaces uncreate in the likeness of a Man—a Man whose deific form is limned by milliards of scintillant planets, whose flowing hair is composed of systems of suns and their dark revolving worlds, whose eyes look beyond the place of Time and search the inscrutable To Be; such an one has faintly heard the reverberant thunder of the Name spoken in Silence—Adam Kadmon—and has known himself as HIM.

Of all marvels the greatest is human ignorance. "Demon est Deus inversus." Ignorance is Knowledge reversed. Man is God denied.

Affirm God,—and you will know Him;—and yourself by His Light. Do not deny, do not so waste your force; but affirm the power over evil; affirm steadfastly, and you will advance, slowly at first, later with a great upward rush.



Marble, gold and granite are not real—the only reality is an idea.—*Wendell Phillips*.

## THE GREAT UNREST.

What is the cause of the present state of religious unrest, the continuous breaking away from the churches, the few students presenting themselves for the ministry, and the cry of the many who will not be comforted?

The answer to the first part of this question is the law of growth, that continuous urge as man develops so does his religious nature change.

He who in past ages worshipped a rock or some other object of worship was classed in his day by his fellow men, religious, until his fellow men started to develop themselves, and when they found that they could do the same thing themselves, in turn demanded higher things from those who desired to be religious.

Hence from out of the worship of rocks and other kindred objects of adoration was evolved the worship of the dead or the ancestral form of worship, but man soon grew to a point of discernment and he saw that his ancestors were not what they should have been according to his standards of ethics, therefore again the priest was forced to take another step forward, and he formulated the worship of a personal God with fixed rules of devotion.

But alas! there is no stopping the force of progress, man has evolved to that state of intellectuality where he has developed the faculty of discrimination and finds that an anthropomorphic God is only an image of human nature enlarged, with all its virtues, vices, consistencies and inconsistencies, and again man's hungry soul calls out for bread.

The propagation of religion is like the propagation of man, its three exciting magnets are termed fear, pain and pleasure.

Take these three forces out of man's nature and he would cease to propagate his specie, and the same law holds true with religion.

We fear what we don't know, we suffer for what we have and we obtain pleasure in what we receive or anticipate.

Never in the history of man's development has he called out in pure psychological desperation as he is doing this day, for that knowledge of God which there seems none at hand to give.

And what must be the price that man must be prepared to pay for this higher realization of his Creator? First, the dethroning of his Antrophomorphic Diety, and, secondly, the abolition of creeds and rituals, church organizations and theological cults. And then, what then?

Fear not, brothers, these were but the leaves, not the flower, the shadows but not the reality. The next great step in religious development will be Man's Awakening, "the knowledge of self is the faith of the future." Man must learn the relationship that exists between the mind and the body, the mind and the spirit, the spirit and the soul and the soul to God, God Absolute, Nameless, without comparison, beyond finite conception and everlasting. Not the God of Change, Not the God of Pleasure nor Displeasure, Not the God of Merit nor Demerit but the God of Man, the God of the Ages, the God of the Soul, and the God of Love, Wisdom and Truth. All the Sacred Books throughout the world teach of this state of godhood, the sacred books must be interpreted from their spiritual standpoint and not from the material. Limit nothing especially the interpretations of the Scriptures, for they have simply existed from the fact that they can be interpreted on all planes of existence, both historically and spiritually; the same also is true of all the great teachers: Christ, Buddha, Mohammed, Confucious and the Sages; it was on account of their divinity that

they can be interpreted from the same standpoint—they were not myths; they were realities.

How shall man be taught this lesson of himself? He must be taught to look within himself to solve the problems, both of himself and his Creator, instead of studying the externalized world of matter, for man is the prototype of his Creator, for man is the creator of man, and within man himself will be found the solution to every problem.

Through man's own divine powers he has made himself what he is, he is given the element of life unconditionally and with it he must master or lose.

Experience is the only teacher, and when man has learned that there is nothing or no one that can help him solve the problem of his own being, and that it remains for him and for him only to open the Secret Chamber of his own divinity, then, and not before will he rejoice that he had to pass "through the Valley of the Shadow of Death," for without that experience man would never rise to the sovereignty of his own manhood.

Yes, when man has mastered the secret of his own being he will verily understand that "All that he is is the result of what he has thought," and that he has created his own life, good or bad, and there is none to blame, and there is none to praise him, for man looking thus within himself learns he is the judge, the jury, the plaintiff and the defendant to his own court, and there is none to award him anything for deeds committed or omitted; it is himself and himself only who can say, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant; enter now into the joy of thy Lord."

Does not this teaching have a tendency to destroy our teachings of God? No, for whatever people are satisfied with, let no man seek to destroy.

Whenever a man arrays himself against any form of religion he arrays himself against God, instead of allying himself with God; we must all work together for the bettering of our religious conditions and the furthering of the kingdom of God. People have but what they ask for, the teachers are just what the people have demanded, nothing more nor less, and just as long as people require a king to reign over them they have a king, but when man has grown beyond a kingdom and has become a law unto himself, he also becomes the most law-abiding subject of the law, not through the enforcement of the law, but through his own acceptance of the law.

So is it in this matter of religious growth, as long as a man wants a place to pray in, and a priest to officiate, he resides in such a locality where such needs can be supplied, but when he has outgrown such environment, he goes in unto the chamber of his own being and there offers his devotions, his own soul officiating as the priest of the sacrifice.

We should all love the church, for she verily is the Mother of our freedom; were it not for her shortcomings, man would never reach out from the good to the better, and from the better to the best.

"It is a good thing to be born in a church, but it is a bad thing to die in a church; it is a bad thing to be born out of a church, but it is a good thing to die in a church." Man's sufferings are man's best friends, through them he outgrows worldly desires and thus ceases to suffer from their actions, through them he outgrows intellectual desires, through them he outgrows spiritual desires; man's desires are the cause of man's sufferings, and but denote imperfections and unfulfilled demands made by man's physical, intellectual and spiritual natures; but when man has reached unto God, he there finds that God is the fulfiller of all desires, and without Him all is desires, and with Him all is desireless; thus man attains to that point

of perfection where he desires nothing, likes nor dislikes nothing; he is free and one with his Creator.

Wherever there is desire there is no virtue; remove the cause of desire and there you have eternal virtue. Man outgrows his desires in the same manner that he outgrows the joys and appetites of youth, early manhood and the desire to live.

Growth is the subjugation of appetite, and renunciation is the cause of growth. "Whatsoever man is not freed of on earth, with that he is born with again." Man leaves the churches because he outgrows the teachings of the churches.

But has man outgrown the Christian Religion? No! for man has not yet become greater than the precepts as taught by that religion; but, on the other hand, man has outgrown (or nearly so) its dogmatic teachings, and now demands that the spiritual interpretation of his religion be given him instead of the material, and not finding that in the church, he leaves the church, and often with bitter feelings against her instead of feelings of deepest love and gratitude, seeing that the church has stood to him in the same way spiritually that his mother stood unto him physically, and that she has weaned him from herself that he might reach out and become spiritually independent of her as a child is of its mother when it has learned to walk by itself, and not dependent upon her, a mere church, for his spiritual needs.

Man must become religion itself, and not religion the man.

And this affords in a certain measure the solving the problems of the future ministry; man to-day will not enter into a profession or business that is always open to criticism and doubt.

But there are plenty of men who are waiting for the call to enter the churches when the churches are ready to lay aside dogmatic teachings and practices, and are ready to teach the Great Universal Doctrine of Unity, also returning to the same

simple way of living that has been taught and adopted by all the great spiritual teachers that this world has ever known, the churches will then become regenerated and their seating capacities taxed to the utmost.

Religion is the function of the soul as much as taste is to the tongue, and though latent in some, is largely developed in others, and we must always bear in mind that this function of religion is capable of cultivation, the same as any other faculty of our objective or subjective natures.

People must be reasoned into things, not forced; man must be guided, not led; man must become religious from choice, not for the sake of sociological considerations; he can then fully express in his every-day life the qualities of his divine manhood, being in himself both Prophet, Priest and King.

Man is the supplier of all his wants, and centering himself into the Eternal Alpha and Omega of All things he passes on to where all must follow.



The things that are for thee gravitate to thee. Oh believe, as thou livest, that every sound that is spoken over the round world which thou oughtest to hear, will vibrate on thine ear. Every proverb, every book, every byword that belongs to thee for aid or comfort, shall surely come home through open or winding passages.—*Emerson*.



Our relations with men are psychic and occult. It is as useless to say one thing and mean another as it is foolish to outwardly smile while we inwardly frown. The outward bearing is often hypocritical; not so with the psychic relation, which is always candid.—*Where Dwells the Soul Serene*.

## INTELLECTUAL LATCH-KEYS.

BY ANNIE A. BROWN.

Nature furnishes each of her students with an intellectual latch-key to the Temple of Knowledge. Yet despite this liberality the departments of literature, especially, are littered with spurious keys. Let a particularly bright man of letters beam out on the public, and immediately a score of authors will throw down their individual keys, which had at least the poor merit of originality, and adroitly proceed to imitate the style of the master. The appearance they present is about as ludicrous as that of a small boy attired in a suit of his father's clothes: pantaloons turned up, coat tail dragging the ground, sleeving impeding a free circulation of the vital (?) fluid, and the hat forecasting a total eclipse of the great luminary.

But a comparatively small number of the large volunteer army of writers are immunes, and it is a fellow-feeling which prompts me to add that the only way to escape these periodical epidemics of greatness is to inoculate ourselves with a little common sense. Let us preserve our individualities and not degenerate into mere literary pen-wipers and blotting-pads. My latch-key may unlock the door to but one small, dimly lighted apartment where eelish ideas elude my feeble grasp, while yours, my talented brother, may open a door to a room filled with sunshine where the happy offspring of your brain leap nimbly to the facile pen for a plunge into the black bath which shall give you immortality, yet I will not merge my individuality into yours. I will be myself; amenable only to the laws of conscience and intellect. To these, my absolute masters who are yet my obedient servants, I willingly submit. I



am softened by the equity of the one and strengthened by the stern justice of the other. One small apartment we have at least in common—a closet with its twin skeletons articulated in the form of an interrogation point. Whence do we come? Whither are we going?

Philosophies and religions have given to the world hypotheses of the origin and finality of organic life upon our planet, grand, gloomy, or ridiculous, according to the era of civilization that inspired them which become puerile and unsatisfying in the growing light of knowledge. Yet those hypotheses, dry, sunsightly cocoons of earth worms, hold the warp and woof of a universal religion which shall wrap the whole world in its soft, silken folds. The intellectual latch-keys of those long-dead benefactors of ours gleam across the many intervening centuries with a mellow radiance which strongly affects our habits, as the moon, pale corpse of a world buried in space, exerts an influence over the laws governing our habitation. Ah me, could I but send back through the long drawn out past some tribute of love to the ancient philosopher who formulated a theory for the elevation of mankind; to the dreamy, occult teacher of the slant-eyed children of the Orient who owing to environment was able to do the "greatest good for the greatest number;" to the high priests who incorporated into their religion the ten commandments; to the great socialist who gave unto us a new commandment, "Love one another;" to the ambitious, turbaned recluse who converted the uncouth traditions of his people into a religion for the betterment of society; to the scientist who with his strong intellectual latch-key unlocked the "everlasting hills" and discovered, piled leaf upon leaf, the true story of the creation of the world, written by Time and illustrated by Circumstances with the fossil remains of many extinct species.

What stores of rich material, the products of by-gone ages,

are ours free of duty, unless we admit that it is a tax on us to give justice. It is true that much of this material is time-worn and out-of-date, but the greater portion is so good and fine that it will bear working over. Sentimentalists may cry "Desecration!" and the bigot exclaim "Heresy!" but to no avail: they must bow to the inevitable. Progress, the invincible foreman touches the electric button and the world moves on in a broader circle. Behold! scientist and sage, preacher and priest, each busy with his shuttle weaving by the glowing headlight of the 20th century a wonderful pattern of truth and love. And as the beautiful petals unfold we catch bright glimpses of the perfect flower of civilization soon to be. Weave on master-workmen, and into the priceless fabric weave the best thoughts of all ages and climes and stamp on it the lustre of your own personalities. The religion you seek to perfect is a graduated one, which had its origin simultaneously with the dawn of human intelligence. Together they have passed through many intermediate forms of development. So closely are they interwoven that I cannot conceive of a separation of the two, nor deem it possible that one could attain to a higher degree of perfection than the other. I am aware that causatively there are intelligent men who have no religion, and transversely in lunatic asylums we find religious men who have no intelligence, but they are not normal men; neither are they all incurables. Charity has done much to alleviate the miseries of the latter, but the former, who belong chiefly to the anarchist class and are far more dangerous to society, are shunned and despised. We do not consider a possibility of their being more sinned against than sinning. Yet before we condemn them utterly it would be well to take the depositions of two important witnesses, Church and State. That these two have failed in a measure to do their duty by this class no one, I think, will deny.

Their remissness is disheartening though it is not astonishing when we consider that society is still in its embryonic state, albeit we can hear the soft cheep of the turtle dove inside the hard shell of selfishness. I do not doubt the result, for nature made no mistake when she elected that the human heart should warm her downy nestling into life.

When the jangle of intellectual latch-keys, theological and political, depresses me I go to Mother Nature who holds me close to her great throbbing heart, and like a blind mute who reads in the sign manual some delightful story she can neither see nor articulate yet fully comprehends. I read by the sensitive touch of my higher nature this paragraph: From its far away undiscovered source the current of life has flowed ever toward the great sea of Universal Brotherhood, as naturally as the tiny spring-born rill from its incipency creeps along its narrow, contorted channel in search of the broad bosom of the ocean.

The dark cloud of pessimism, the loosening seal of our animal ancestry, is being pierced through and through by bright optimistic rays. Under this warm, electric light the stiff-exclusive "I" is expanding into the loving, socialistic "We;" there is an equitable throb in the heart of the erstwhile selfish lawmaker; wealth presents a less indurated surface, and from a horde of slaves a band of brothers are being metamorphosed.

ANNIE A. BROWN.

*Heber, Ark.*

## BODY, SOUL AND SPIRIT.

BY J. M. PEEBLES, M.D.

Not to criticize or in any way undervalue the very excellent and instructive essay of Bjerregaard appearing in your January number; but rather to amplify and possibly make a little plainer two or three points in consonance with the general drift of his thoughtful and very scholarly article under the heading of "Soul as Body."

The words soul and spirit are not synonymous. They should never be confounded nor used interchangeably. If Biblical writers, commentators and preachers have so done, the worse for the truth which they aim to disseminate. Dictionaries do not make meanings. They simply report them. The misuse of words causes great confusion of thought. To this end Prof. Leo H. Grindin, the philologist says:

"Not a little of the confusion prevailing in the popular mind with regard to soul, may unquestionably be referred to the fact of our having three distinct words for it. . . . No two writers use these words alike; hence the confusion. . . . That psychologists should have been content to go on discussing about the soul, year after year, and yet to have allowed the sense of their text word to go irreclaimably adrift, certainly is no credit to them; nor is it surprising that they have made so little way."

The Old Testament scriptures have two distinct words representing different things, namely, *ruach*, meaning "spirit," and *nephesh*, meaning "soul," and these words are never confounded in all the thirty-nine Biblical books. The New Testament has two distinct words representing the same two things, namely, *pneuma*, meaning "spirit," as does *ruach*; *psuche*, meaning "soul," as *nephesh* does; and these are not confounded

in all of the twenty-seven New Testament books. *Ruach*, as "spirit," occurs 232 times in the Old Testament, while *pneuma*, as "spirit," occurs 270 times in the New Testament. *Nephesh*, as "soul," occurs 434 times in the Old Testament, while the corresponding *psuche*, as "soul," occurs 57 times in the New Testament scriptures. And there is not a solitary case of confounding philologically the meaning of these words. The apostle says: "The Word of God is living and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing, even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit." (Heb. iv, 12.) This is surely a clear-cut distinction between soul and spirit. The old scriptures say, "The soul that sinneth, it shall die," but the Bible nowhere says that the spirit shall die. It cannot, because its immortality is a potentialized portion of God's infinite immortality. The spirit constitutes the real essential man. It existed before incarnation in the flesh. It is beginningless and endless.

In our version of the old scriptures, there are four words translated "spirit"—*ruach*, *neshamah*, *pneuma*, and *phantasma*. The last two words occur in the New Testament, and also in the period of the most noted Neo-Platonian writers. *Neshamah*, though found 24 times in the Hebrew scripture, is rendered "spirit" but twice. Its usual meaning is, "breath," or "breath of life."

When the disciples saw Jesus walking upon the sea, they said: "It is a spirit" (*phantasma*). In this phrase they express the common belief of those times in spirit and the presence of the spirits of the so-called dead. Says Renan, the great French Semitic scholar:

"The group that pressed around Him upon the banks of the Lake of Tiberias believed in spectres and spirits. Great spiritual manifestations were frequent. All believed themselves to be inspired in different ways; some were prophets, others teachers."

His apostles, disciples, and multiplying believers were endowed with such mighty spiritual gifts that they wrought wonderful works in the very face of agnostic Sadduceeism and sacerdotal Phariseeism. The sick were healed, the deaf heard. Denial of these miracles otherwise psychic manifestations, was sheerest madness. The cry of Beelzebub and of magic, was of no avail. "Judge ye of yourselves," were the fervid words of Christ.

In I. Kings xxii, 21-22, it is said that there "came forth a *spirit* (*ruach*) and stood before the Lord, and said, I will persuade him. And the Lord said unto him, wherewith? And he said, I will go forth, and I will be a lying *spirit* (*ruach*) in the mouths of all his prophets."

In this passage "spirit" (*ruach*) does not mean "breath" or "wind," but a conscious, walking, talking, undeveloped spirit, sometimes termed a "demon." Jesus always addressed demons as spirits—and never souls. It is said in Numbers xvi, 22, that "they fell upon their faces and said, O God, the God of the spirits (*ruach*) of all flesh."

In Job xxxii, 8, we read that "there is a spirit (not "wind" nor the "breath of life," but a spirit—*ruach*) in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding." Surely, God gives to neither "wind," nor the "breath of life," understanding, or rational reasoning powers.

Job xii, 10, shows how persistently the distinction is kept up by the more highly inspired Biblical writers between "soul" and "spirit." The above-referred-to passage reads thus,— "In whose hand is the (*nephesh*) soul of every animal, and the (*rauch*) spirit of all flesh that is human." This shows conclusively that the spirit that animates human bodies is something more than "breath" or the soul-life of animals.

*Pneuma ho Theos*—spirit is God. The angels are the ministering spirits of God. Men are made in the image of God,

and hence, spiritual beings. "It is the spirit that quickeneth;" the "flesh profiteth nothing." "It is sown a natural body (a soul-body) but is raised a spiritual (pneumatic) or spirit body.' The apostolic writers classified men, as dominated by the body, by the soul, by the *spirit*, and this analysis, into the somatic, the psychic and the pneumatic, is well maintained. Hence, Paul says, 'To be carnally (somatically) minded, is death: but to be spiritually (pneumatically) minded is life and peace.' See further Eccles. xii. 7,—“Then shall the dust return to the earth, as it was, and the spirit shall return to God who gave it.” In accordance with this teaching, Jesus cried out, upon the cross, “Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit.” He did not commend his soul to the Father. God is not the Father of bodies or of souls. But He is called “the God of the spirits of all flesh.” And so when the first martyr, Stephen, fell beneath the stones of murderers, his cry was, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit.” Acts vii, 59. And then falling, mangled and bruised, the body of Stephen fell asleep, while his soul-body with his spirit—his *immortal spirit* ascended to heaven, to join the “spirits of just men made perfect.”



Go before no man with trembling, but know well that all events are indifferent and nothing to thee. For whatever it may be, it shall lie with thee to use it nobly: this no man can prevent.—*Epictetus*.



Love is the finest fruit of life as well as its governing principle; it is the essence of all nobleness, all majesty, all sublimity whatsoever; it is the only possible point from which to project real character and aims, the only lasting foundation upon which to build a true civilization and a true society.

—*Where Dwells the Soul Serene.*

## THE FAIRY OF KERBADEN.

*(From the French.)*

There was once upon a time a boy who cried and lamented one Christmas eve beside the fountain of Kerbaden.

"Truly," said he, "I am very unhappy! What a difference between my lot and that of my friend Jean.

"Jean is rich, Jean is handsome, Jean is beloved by Suzette. As for me, I haven't a sou in the world and all the girls laugh at me. It is true I am bow-legged and lean, I have carrotty hair and a red nose—so red that they have nicknamed me Coquelicot.

"Am I going to drag out a lifetime of misery like this? Whence can there come to me help and comfort? There used to be fairies who pitied the miserable and despairing. Nothing but their intervention can release me from my wretched lot. Oh, if one would only come to me and give me one little charm how wisely and discreetly I would use it!"

While he was still complaining the water of the fountain flamed into all the colors of the rainbow. From the bed of gravel which carpeted the bottom of the fountain there gushed forth a little spring in the centre of which there appeared a tiny lady more beautiful than day and who wore in her forehead a bright star.

"You called me, Coquelicot," said she, in a silvery voice as musical as rippling water. "Do not tremble, I am the fairy of Kerbaden and I have come to help you."

"Ah! good fairy!"

"I have, nevertheless, promised not to interest myself any more in the affairs of men who have always abused the gifts I



have bestowed on them; but your sorrows have touched my heart and I see that you are animated by good intentions, therefore, I am going to try an experiment in your behalf."

"Good fairy, how much I thank you!"

"Remember well what I am going to say to you. Henceforth every time you express a wish aloud that wish will be immediately realized. But mark well that whatever you demand and obtain will be irrevocable. It will not be possible to undo what has been done. So reflect well before you accept my gift."

"I have reflected," said Coquelicot, "and I risk nothing in accepting. I will not be so foolish as to demand anything that will not be to my advantage."

"Do you think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Be it so," replied the fairy, "but I assure you it is not so easy as you imagine to make a good use of a great power."

With these words she waved her wand over her protégé and vanished.

When Coquelicot found himself alone he rubbed his eyes, scratched his head and pinched his arm to make sure he was awake and not the victim of a dream. Nothing around him recalled the vision he had just seen. He bent over the fountain. The water, calm and clear as a mirror, reflected his grotesque person, his blooming nose and his crooked legs. Ah, those legs! were they not ugly!

"I wish," said Coquelicot, "to have the most beautiful legs in the world." Immediately his legs were transformed; from twisted they became straight, from small they became large. His knees unbent, his calves swelled, his ankles grew slender. In an instant Coquelicot, who had been in the habit of seeing the ground quite near, found himself lifted up on superb legs

that would have made the fortune of a Cathedral porter and the glory of a Hercules.

"I am rather tall," thought Coquelicot; "I hope I won't have vertigo."

He did have it, but not long, and he soon decided to continue his transformation.

"I wish to have the finest head of any man in the world."

Immediately the mirror of the fountain, instead of hair like a cow's tail and a nose like a burning ember, showed him the head of an Apollo, a Grecian nose of admirable purity, eyes large and lustrous, a proud expression and beautiful black hair thrown back from his forehead—a noble head, in fact, the head of a poet or artist, but perhaps not according quite perfectly with the new legs. There was too much distinction at the top and too much force at the base; and the two extremes were united by the body of a deformed person of a most pitiful character.

"I ought," thought Coquelicot, "to have transformed myself entirely, instead of in detail. Bah! but that which is done is done. I have embellished myself in the greatest haste. It is enough for the day. I will have the time later to arrange a handsome body for my fine head and beautiful legs."

Coquelicot, very happy, took his way to the village. He was anxious to exhibit himself in his new form.

The first person he encountered on his way was Jean.

"Eh, good day, friend Jean."

But the friend Jean did not recognize the friend Coquelicot, and he had great difficulty in convincing him of his identity. But when he had recounted to him his adventure with the fairy, Jean could no longer doubt.

"I believe you," said he, "but while you were with the fairy you should have asked her for some clothes."

In fact, Coquelicot was ridiculously dressed in his old trousers. As they were not lengthened at the same time with his tibia\* they resembled an ugly pair of drawers.

"Good!" said Coquelicot. "I wish to be dressed like a prince."

Immediately he found himself clothed from head to foot with cloth of gold enriched with precious stones.

"My! but you are handsome!" said Jean astonished.

"Very well," replied Coquelicot. "Now, Jean, you are going to the village."

"I cannot. I must go to the fields."

"What is that?" said Coquelicot in a rage. "When I command I intend to be obeyed. Do you wish me to change you into a donkey and condemn you to the cudgel of the miller?"

"No, no!"

"Well, then, run to Kerbaden, tell the people of my power, and invite them for me to my wedding which will take place to-day in my castle."

"You have a castle, Coquelicot?"

"What is that to you? Do what I tell you and do not allow yourself to question me."

Jean made haste and when Coquelicot arrived at the market place the assembled crowd was expecting him. It was amazed at seeing him so fine and all dressed in gold.

"Do not look at me like geese," said he. "It is really I, and I intend to give you a feast."

"Long live Coquelicot!"

"I wish," then said the fairy's protégé, "I wish that a superb castle may be erected in this square and that a royal banquet be spread for me and for the people of Kerbaden."

The castle sprang up at once by enchantment, with towers like great pepper boxes, a monumental porch and a court of

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\*Tibia—one of the leg bones.

honor, in the middle of which was an equestrian statue of Coquelicot.

"Enter, my friends," said the host; "welcome to my home. And you, my dear notary, bring along your inkstand."

But they hesitated, they had a little fear of this magic. But when Coquelicot set the example by ascending the steps of the porch, the desire for a feast and the curiosity to see the castle overcame their fears; and the crowd rushed into the dining hall.

Coquelicot invited his guests to seat themselves around the table. He reserved only some places in front of him and at his side.

"These are destined," said he, "for my bride and her family. For, my friends, I am going to be married. I do not know to whom, but you will not have to wait long to see."

Then taking the solemn tone of a magician, Coquelicot said aloud:

"I wish to be loved by the most beautiful and best maiden in Kerbaden. I wish her to come and embrace me and seat herself beside me."

All at once Jean, who held the hand of Suzette, and who was hoping to have her for his neighbor at table, felt the young girl to tremble. Moved as by a spring, drawn by an irresistible force, she tore herself from his grasp and ran toward Coquelicot.

"What are you doing, Suzette?" cried Jean in despair.

"Oh, my poor Jean," she replied, "I thought I loved you; but I feel now that it is Coquelicot that I adore."

And she embraced Coquelicot and seated herself by his side while her parents installed themselves in the other places of honor.

"Now," said Coquelicot, radiant with happiness, "eat, drink, and be merry!"

A beautiful dinner! I should say it was a beautiful dinner. There were whole sheep on plates of silver, mountains of fat pullets and little pigs ran all roasted around the table with a fork in their backs for those to help themselves who wished. If you had been there you would have approved of it like the rest.

Everybody was happy except Jean, who put away his food and cried in his plate at the ingratitude of women and the wickedness of friends.

Coquelicot was in high good humor. He found the cooking good and the feast, served on silver and fine crystal, by pages, filled him with satisfied vanity. Greedily he ate of all the dishes and drank of all the wines. Between mouthfuls he addressed gallant words to pretty Suzette, who blushed every time.

Ah, life was beautiful thus. Handsome, rich, powerful, beloved what more could he wish. He lived in the splendor of his dreams realized. But the sadness of Jean troubled him. He was not without affection for this fine fellow who had always shown him sympathy, and who had defended him when he was beaten. Certainly he had not dreamed a single instant of robbing him of his betrothed, and when he had asked the fairy for the most beautiful maiden he had not thought that his happiness was to be assured at the distress of his friend. But now what was done could not be helped. So much the worse for Jean. It was fatality that pursued the poor fellow; to each one his turn! Jean had been the happy one up to this time and Coquelicot miserable. The rôles were exchanged now. Coquelicot took his part easily enough.

He was reflecting on these things when suddenly some one sneezed.

"Atchee!" it was the mother of Suzette.

Without dreaming of evil, Coquelicot responded by a quotation proverbial at Kerbaden:

"May God you bless  
In all distress,  
And ere the moment pass by  
Give you a nose like my thigh."

The words had scarcely escaped, when lo! the countenance of his future mother-in-law began to distort itself. The nose of the good woman, which was flat, lengthened and swelled excessively. A mountain of flesh raised itself in the place of the modest eminence which had been between the eyes and mouth. It swelled and swelled until it attained just the proportions of the new thigh of Coquelicot. It was horrible and monstrous.

Suzette wept and cried:

"What have you done, my Coquelicot?"

Coquelicot is very much chagrined. He seeks a subterfuge and before the spectators who are observing him he does not dare to frankly avow his imprudence and express his regret. Besides, what is done is done, there is no use in grieving over the irreparable. Then the fumes of the wine went to his head.

"Rah!" said he, "she is only my mother-in-law. Mothers-in-law are no longer wanted."

Everybody laughed, but the gaiety is of short duration, for the guests perceived with stupefaction that the mother of Suzette had disappeared. The wish of Coquelicot is realized, the place of the mother-in-law is empty. There remains not a trace of her.

Suzette screams and turns upon Coquelicot who is frightened and defends himself.

"Suzette, do you no longer love me?"

"What have you done with mamma? I love you, and who loves well chastises well. The grief will kill me, but I cannot do otherwise. I call on all the young girls here to witness it."

"Umph!" said Coquelicot, "all the girls and yourself, I wish you were all five hundred miles from here."

Crack! Behold Suzette and all her young companions disappear. It was discovered later that they had been transported exactly five hundred miles from Kerbaden, for that which Coquelicot wished was accomplished to the letter.

Whenever in the midst of festival, where each one is seated by his beloved, the women vanish not to return; a certain constraint and coolness follows. At this time the coolness was extreme. Coquelicot tried, however, to revive the festive spirit.

"Come on my friends," said he, "come on. Nothing is so delightful as a dinner with men alone. Let us drink a merry toast and be gay."

The company, who had just seen the effects of Coquelicot's power, trembled like leaves, all but Jean. He was firm and rising to his feet he said:

"Coquelicot, no one has the heart for gaiety here. Your tyranny and your folly have disheartened us. There is no longer a possibility of pleasure."

"My folly!" cried Coquelicot reddening. "My folly! I wish you were dead, you and all those who do not amuse themselves when I order it."

Oh, but it was dreadful! The arms of all the guests fell to their sides and ceased to move, their faces paled and stiffened into the immobility of corpses. The fixed eyes alone seemed to hold a semblance of regard. Coquelicot found himself presiding at a table where were seated five hundred dead people.

Thus, in a few moments he had destroyed his happiness, ruined his native place, sacrificed a whole population to his silly vanity. He comprehended then the enormity of his fault. He tore his hair and so great was his rage against himself, that, without thinking of the sense of his words, he exclaimed:

"If ever any one saw such a fool as I am, I wish the evil one may fly away with me." Pouf! Satan appeared with his scuttle. One, two! into the furnace went Coquelicot!

This was no great loss, but what is to be regretted is that after this sad experience the fairies held a council and decided they would no longer bestow any favors on mankind since they made such bad use of them.

And now in vain might one weep at the border of fountains, even the night before Christmas; the fairies are no longer touched by our complaints.

JOSEPHINE LEWIS BANNISTER.



### BY A THOUGHT MADE FREE.

BY CORA B. BICKFORD.

A fettered soul was bound by passion's flames  
That tortured, while with fiercest greed they fed.  
Doubt, like an iron bondsman, held the will;  
Trust bowed to black despair, for hope was dead.  
The flames burned on, till seeming naught remained  
Of faith or love, a better life to speak—  
A soul in anguish cried, for mortal hearts  
Must crave the virtues which the angels keep.

But scarcely had the heart-throes struck the air  
When followed them a tiny burst of sound,  
As when a chrysalis is rent to free  
A life within its shell-like bosom bound;  
A silken sound, and fluttering into life  
Was born a thought—a thought so pure, so sweet,  
So tremulous, like thistle-down it lay  
And fluttered still, as when sweet songs repeat.



The soul had heard, nor said it yea nor nay :  
 Wrapt in the calmness of despairing rest,  
 It could not lift the weights that held it bound ;  
 It heeded not the presence of its guest ;  
 It shelter gave—the visitor forgot—  
 Till conscious of an inward growing peace  
 That broods as does the calm at close of day,  
 When mortals from their daily labors cease.

So stayed the thought, and slowly took it shape ;  
 More tangible, more marked it daily grew,  
 And life became again a dream of good,  
 And hope awaked to purer life and true ;  
 Again the soul heard finer voices call  
 Across the star-lit spaces of the sky ;  
 The world smiled towards the sun its daily course ;  
 Truth leads again the van—God cannot lie.

Life is but truly life when it can give  
 To heal the wounds another life may know ;  
 This thought gave freely of its wondrous joy,  
 To two that towards life's sunset sweetly go ;  
 Doubt cannot hold again their vassal will,  
 Nor black despair weight down their moving feet.  
 Through all eternity their joy shall grow,  
 To fuller measures shall their pulses beat.

Adown the highway of the years  
 Is borne the song their lips repeat,  
 Till earth and heaven alike resound  
 With melody divinely sweet.

*Thought is born of Heaven ;  
 Heaven grew from thought ;  
 God will claim his own ;  
 Evil counts for naught :  
 Evil cannot reign ;  
 Doubts in shackles lie ;  
 A pure thought cannot die.*

# WHAT THE PHILOSOPHERS ARE SAYING

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## LIFE AFTER DEATH.

The human race will not believe that death ends all; perhaps because it cannot believe that our life is rounded in an endless sleep. "If a man die, will he live again?" is a question that will not down. The human heart will keep asking and answering this question as long as there is a human heart. Huxley says: "There are savages without God in any proper sense of the word, but there are none without ghosts." And now modern science is awaking into a search for the answer to this question which human life and love ever asks. There comes to us the January number, the first issue of "The Annals of Psychical Research," a monthly journal devoted to critical and experimental research. Directors: Dr. Dariex and Prof. Charles Richet; Editor: Cæsar de Vesme; Committee: Sir William Crookes, F.R.S., Camille Flammarion, Professor Cæsar Lombroso, Marcel Mangin, Dr. Joseph Maxwell, Professor Enrico Morselli, Julien Ochorowicz, Professor Francois Poro, Albert de Rochas, Albert Von Schrenck-Notzing.

The main article of this number is the address, "Should Spiritualism Be Seriously Studied?" by Professor Charles Richet, President-elect of the Society for Psychical Research. It is an elaborate and able argument "to establish that *a priori* negation is unwise and contrary to a true scientific spirit." This has, of course, reference to that immoral state of mind which insists upon condemning any alleged phenomena without a hearing that is full and fair.

His arguments are:

1. There is no contradiction between the facts and theories of Spiritism and the positive facts established by science.
2. The number of writings—books, memoirs, statements, notes, experiences—is so considerable, and seconded by authorities of such a nature, that it is not permissible to reject these innumerable documents without an impartial and serious preliminary study.

3. Contemporary science is, at present, so elementary by comparison with the knowledge which mankind will one day possess, that all is possible, even that which seems to us most extraordinary.

4. The psychological absurdities of Spiritism are not of a nature to, *à priori*, prevent our studying the experimental facts.

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It has been professed, and is still professed, that bodies which are not the seat of any chemical change do not produce heat. This appears to me to be a universally classical, absolute, and positive law, one of the immovable bases of general physics. Now, the discovery of radium has destroyed the absolute generality of the fact, since radium, without any appreciable chemical change, emits perpetually considerable quantities of heat.

This phenomenon does not contradict antecedent experiments. It is a new phenomenon, that is all. And the scientist who refuses to examine facts because they are new, because they present an appearance of contradiction to classical facts, would be rather a poor specimen of a man.

Nevertheless, when *à priori*, Spiritism is attacked, it is in reality for no other reason than that of its newness! There is nothing to be found in the facts of Spiritism which formally contradicts data established by science.

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In 1823, my great-grandfather, P. S. Girard, who was a clever engineer, said at a meeting of the members of the "Académie des Sciences," with the assent of the whole Assembly: "The idea of supplying every Parisian with water in his own house, up to the fifth story, is so absurd that we need not pause to consider it for a moment." I have often referred to the incident of Magendie, who refused to consider surgical anæsthesia as possible; to J. Müller, who looked upon measuring the rapidity of nerve-waves as being quite beyond the powers of science; to Bonillaud, who believed that telephoning was the work of ventriloquism; to Prévost and Dumas, who declared that it would be impossible ever to isolate the coloring matter of blood; to Pasteur himself, our great Pasteur, who affirmed that bodies possessing molecular dissymmetry would never be created by synthesis; to Lavoisier, who proclaimed that meteorites did not come from the sky because there are no stones in the sky. And I could multiply instances to prove that as far as science is concerned no *fact* can be impossible.

Inasmuch as science is unassailable when she establishes facts, so is she liable to error when she claims to establish negations.

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From a hundred to two hundred books are published annually on these phenomena, in France as well as in England and in the United States, in Germany and in Italy. Allowing for the fact that from 1847

to 1880 the production may have been less, and supposing even that only about twenty good works on Spiritism have appeared every year, the total in fifty years would amount to a thousand books. If only the tenth part of these be taken, there will yet remain a hundred works which, without revolting injustice, we have not the right to treat with scorn or disdainful silence. What! here are a hundred writers who, after experiment and careful study, have considered it their duty to give to the public the results of their reflections and studies, and we are to believe that they have only been at work on fraud! Men like Crookes, R. Wallace, Zöllner, Lombroso, Stanton Moses, Aksakoff, O. Lodge, de Rochas, Gibier, have they expended their unfruitful labor on absolute unrealities? Savants of every nationality have lost themselves in affirmations of erroneous facts, allowing themselves to be fooled or duped by a few impostors?

Scientific questions must be judged by arguments other than those of the numbers or qualifications of writers. The question before us is simply whether we have the right to treat all this immense labor as if it were null and void; or to throw it scornfully aside without study and examination.

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Four centuries have sufficed for the complete construction of the immense edifice of contemporary science. And can any one persuade themselves that the coming four centuries will not be accompanied by analogous revolutions! It is a strange illusion to suppose that our present doctrines should be preserved from the same ruin which has come upon those of our predecessors of the fifteenth century. Why should we be privileged to formulate irrevocable laws, since science has never been other than a series of errors or approximations, constantly evolving, constantly overturned; and overturned the more rapidly as she advanced.

Between 1504 and 1604 the change was less than between 1604 and 1704; from 1704 to 1804 there was less progress than from 1804 to 1904.

What was known of electricity in 1804? Experimentation had only reached to the attempts of Volta and Aldine. Neither Ampère, nor Faraday, nor Maxwell, nor Hertz had established their experiments, so that the entire science of electricity dates from this century.

The theory of heat, before Mayer, Joule, and Helmholtz, did not exist; it was not so much as suspected, in spite of the genius of Laplace.

In 1804, Lamarck and Darwin had not appeared. Even Cuvier, their predecessor, had not yet founded the science of paleontology, neither had Lyell inaugurated that of geology.

There was nothing in physiology except the compilation of Haller. Neither Magendie, nor J. Müller, nor Claude Bernard had yet initiated it.

Chemistry was in its elementary stage; the ashes of Lavoisier were

not yet cold. There was neither Dalton, nor Berzélius, nor J. B. Dumas, nor Liebig, nor Berthelot, nor any of the founders of this vast science. The spectrum analysis of Bunsen was unknown, iodine and bromine were not discovered.

And as to medicine, whose scientific period dates from Pasteur, it was really in the swaddling bands of infancy.

We take pleasure sometimes in discovering, in ancient writers, half prophetic words which suggest an idea which at a later date is developed and demonstrated. But do not let us indulge in any illusions about the flashes of genius. None of the contemporary theories were foreseen, nor could they be. In fact, the conceptions of contemporary science are all new; and a great scientist of 1804, however great a genius one may suppose him to have been, could have known nothing of the telephone, nor of the X-rays, nor of radiant matter, nor of anti-septics, nor of surgical anæsthetics, nor of serotherapy, nor of the synthesis of sugars, nor of the glycogenic function of the liver, nor of the relation between ontology and phenomenology, nor of colored photography, nor of wireless telegraphy, nor of the theory of ions, nor of any subject in which a university man would now take his degree.

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The conclusion I would draw from this long discussion will be brief: Instead of seeming to ignore Spiritism, scientists should study it. Physicians, chemists, physiologists, philosophers, ought to take the trouble to know and understand the facts affirmed by spiritists. A long and diligent study of the subject is necessary. It will certainly be fruitful, for, however absurd the theories may be, these do not alter the facts. And if there are many errors and illusions in the assertions of spiritists, there are probably—nay, certainly—many truths, truths which for us are still enveloped in mystery. These truths, when they are better understood, will profoundly modify the puny notions we at present entertain concerning man and the universe.

### THE MOTHERHOOD OF GOD.

At the heart of the universe is motherhood. The love in which the universe is born and lives can not but be mother love. At the heart of the universe is fatherhood. The wisdom in which the universe is born and lives can not but be father wisdom. From nothing nothing comes. From motherhood come motherhoods. The feminine is. Always in men's thought of God has it had some recognition. In this age of love, in whose dim dawn we are, it will have an increasing recognition. To those who believe in the essential divinity

of sex, it is interesting to know that Mr. George Barlow in *The Contemporary Review* for January has a strong argument for the Divine Feminine as a constituent and eternal part of the universe. Some of his words are as follows:

"It is very curious and instructive to notice the way in which the instinct of the Roman Catholic Church has acted in the matter of the divine dualism—or perhaps it would be more correct to say, the instinct of a considerable portion of humanity acting through the Roman Church. There has evidently always been a deep feeling in the human race that the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God did not fully meet human needs or satisfy human yearning. Human beings, especially at moments of grief and anguish, crave for the sympathy, the gentleness, the tenderness of motherhood. This gentleness, tenderness, sympathy must in some way, men thought, be resident in the Divine Being. The Roman Church endeavored to meet the craving by enunciating the dogma of the Virgin Mother of God. This, without interfering with the doctrine of God the Father, introduced the attributes of feminine tenderness and sweetness into Divinity, or what was regarded and worshiped as Divinity. We know how, for century after century, the Southern nations, especially the women of the Southern nations, have found comfort and help through believing that their sorrows are sympathized with and their burdens shared by the tenderly loving heart of the Virgin. It is the same idea—the same inward presence has produced it—the idea of the Divine Femininity.

"Frederick Robertson, in his sermon, 'On the Glory of the Virgin Mother,' touched upon this point. But he, being a Protestant, took another course. He recognized the necessity of seeking and finding the feminine element in Deity. But he asserted that it should be sought and found, not in the Virgin Mary, but in Christ, the softer and tenderer side of whose character provided us, he thought, with the needed blending of the feminine and the divine.

"Those who have studied the writings of Theodore Parker, the great American Theistic preacher, will remember that in his very beautiful prayers he always addressed God as the 'Father and Mother of the Universe.' He was much attached to his own mother, and those who have known what a mother's love may really mean will never be content without ascribing motherhood, and the tenderness of motherhood, to God.

"It is perfectly plain that if, with many deep spiritual thinkers, we are to hold that the tenderest and purest divine love-currents can only be communicated to humanity through the specially refined and delicate atomic structure of woman, she is lifted to a place in creation hitherto undreamed of, and becomes a being

potentially of angelic importance and angelic attributes. I think that the world's best poetry not only confirms the theory, but in facts suggests and even proclaims it. I think the truth may be found implicit in Shelley's verses, in much of Swinburne's noblest poetry, in Mrs. Browning's poems, in the poems of Keats, of Hugo, and of many others. I think it was also conveyed in much of the more mystical and less clearly understood teaching of St. Paul. And I think the real obstacle to the full apprehension of the truth lies in the dulness, the petty jealousies, and the want of faith of woman herself.

"We may gather from all this how utterly foolish and futile the ascetic attempt to expel sex from the universe has been. It is far more probable that sex, sex in Deity, represented in the world of matter by the ceaseless interchange of electrical affinities, is the underlying fact upon which the whole cosmos reposes, than that sex is at any point absent from the universal scheme. Love, as Dante said, 'drives the sun and stars along.' If there were no such thing as sex—if the sex-element could be extirpated from the universe—it is not unlikely that the whole immeasurable structure would collapse. We may be pretty confident that a universe containing no feminine life-vibrations would either be an impossible universe, or, if possible, it would be a universe of an inferior and degraded type.

"The most highly wrought and poetic natures do, in effect, combine the masculine and feminine attributes. Mere maleness is not a noble thing; it is a coarse and crude thing. From its unchecked action in the world all evil things have sprung: wars, greed, cruelty, injustice, falseness, corruption. Human history may, from the religious point of view, almost be regarded as a record of the long striving of the Holy Spirit, the divine feminine, to penetrate with its pure sunlight the gloom and darkness accruing from the lusts and wickedness of men."

From *Awakened India* we get the "Hymn to the Divine Mother," by Swami Vivikananda. Here, too, is the yearning to find motherhood in the Godhead; and in the Godhead motherhood is, or the human heart would never know this hunger, even as the sun is to answer the yearnings of seeds for the beautiful light.

Thou beautiful, pleasure and pain in thy hands, doer of the good, by whom is whirled the water of existence, tossed into mighty waves, who art thou? O mother, is it to restore in this universe the harmony, broken in many ways, that thou art again always so busily engaged?

May the mother of the universe, the ever active, who is ceaselessly dispensing the fruits of actions done and is the guide of actions yet to come, bestow blessings ever on me. I know for certain you hold the ropes of Karma in your hands.

Is it inherent nature, or something uncreate, or destiny, or some unforeseen result, without which, they say, nothing is accountable? Whose untrammelled will controls the laws, may she, the primal guide, be my shelter.

Whose manifestations are the powers of immeasurable might in the universe—powers who swell the ocean of birth and death, who change and break up the unchanged, say, where shall we take refuge but in her?

Even are thy lotus-eyes to friend and foe; the touch of thy hand is fruitful alike to the fortunate and the unfortunate; immortality and the shadow of death, O mother, are both thy grace. Thou supreme, may thy gracious look be never turned away from me.

What thou art, the mother, the all, and what thy praise by me of little understanding! It is like the desire to seize the sole supporter of the universe with two hands. To thy blessed feet, contemplated by all that is good, the abode of fearlessness, worshiped by the highest service, I seek refuge.

Who has been leading me towards perfection since birth through the path of grim adversity in her own sweet playful ways, who has always inspired by understanding, she, the mother, the all, is my resort in success or failure.

### MEDICINAL MUSIC.

Doubtless Carlyle's idea is right, that seeing deeply we see musically, the universe an epic, and sung to its grandures of destiny. The Hindu doctrine of breath rests on the idea that the universe breathes rhythmically. If we breathe in harmony with that rhythm, the quickening power of the universe enters into us with the realization of perfect health. In the universal anthem we are a chord, and, singing in tune with the central soul of the harmony, no discord can distress us. A university graduate who specialized mathematics, to whom music was like a foreign land upon whose shores his foot was never set, noted the relation of mathematics to music, and is now teaching a sight method of reading music. An interesting field of investigation lies botanywards. An investigation may show that all flowers are arranged by musical numbers, and, with



ears attuned for finest sounds, so that, as Tyndal suggested, we might hear the grass grow, each flower would be found a note or a chord of music, as their life expresses through numbers. The waves of light making the colors of flowers might be shown to be musical waves. Then every evil is but a discord which the good of music can overcome, each disease a discord which music can heal.

From the *Philadelphia Medical Journal* we get these words about music as a sedative for neuralgia:

"*The British Medical Journal*, in directing renewed attention to the sedative influence of music in neuralgia, states that Mr. Gladstone, during the many weeks of acute neuralgia which ushered in the last phase of his fatal illness, is said to have found great relief in music. Mr. Herbert Spencer is said to have had recourse to music for the relief of nervous disturbance; and the Empress of Austria is reported to have been cured of neuralgia by certain strains of sound repeated at frequent intervals. Many other less illustrious sufferers have had their pain charmed away by the same sweet medicine. The 'music cure' had considerable vogue some time ago in Germany, and a special hospital for its systematic application was, we believe, established in Munich."

John Harrington Edwards has written an interesting book on "God and Music." From his chapter on "Musico-Therapy" we quote what follows:

"In 1900 another experiment was made at the hospital on Ward's Island, when eighteen cases were treated, eleven of acute mania and seven of acute melancholia. The treatment covered a period of two months, with five seances each week. This company of extremely demented people could not be called a favorable class or subjects for musical therapy. Two of the cases most happily affected by the treatment are thus reported.

"An exaggerated case of agitated melancholia. Was looked upon as a favorable subject, well educated and of refined habits and manner. Was deeply affected and appreciative from the beginning. Lively music, such as familiar marches and the like, always cheered her to smiles. The effect was generally lasting. Rapidly improved and has since gone home.

"A case of acute mania; considered favorable. Music of a quieting nature always had a sedative influence on her. She soon became attentive and interested in all kinds of music. Has since recovered.

"Conclusions. (1) That music is a powerful agent in affecting

the emotions of some of the insane. (2) To get this effect it is necessary that the patient have a natural love of music, as otherwise her sympathies can not be reached in this way. (3) The quality and character of music have to be regulated to suit the natural preferences of the patient. (4) Melancholia seems to be best suited to this kind of therapy, since the attention of the patient can best be arrested by sound vibrations. (5) In cases of mania, simple, slow, dreamy music is best adapted.

"Observations. (1) Pulse, respiration and bodily temperature usually increased in nearly all cases. (2) Bodily nutrition greatly improved in large majority of cases, three-fourths showing a marked increase in weight. (3) After musical treatment, patients were less disturbed through the night, showing that the calmative effect was at least prolonged for some time.

"Calculations. (1) Recovered, 38.88 per cent. (2) Improved, 33.33 per cent. (3) Unimproved, 27.21 per cent. (a) Benefited, 72.21 per cent. (b) Not benefited, 27.76 per cent.

The concluding words of his chapter are:

"Sufficient facts are already within reach to show that here is an agency of no small power and value in the treatment of human ills of many kinds, and especially in ministering unto minds diseased. Music is a fitting medium of grace through which a sympathizing creator might conceivably, and even probably, communicate a healing force to bring comfort and cure to the myriads of his silent and suffering creatures on earth."

### PROPHET AND PRIEST.

Always are the prophet and the priest; but not always in harmony. The prophet of yesterday is the priest's authority. The prophet of to-day is the priest's antagonism, the voice of heresies to be anathematized. One is creator, the other interpreter. One is the discoverer of new continents, the other their civilizer. The prophet is Shakespeare; the priest the player repeating Shakespeare's lines, re-enacting his characters and scenes. If always they were at unity, it were truth's ideal day, as when the renewing leaves and the conserving wood are at the unity of an oak. About these two *The Brahmavadin*, a Madras journal devoted to the cause of Vedanta, says these words:

It is the transcendent insight of the Vedic seers that discovered in nature and in man two correlated cycles of operation—that of

*Prana* and *Prakiti*, the producer and the preserver. To express it in the more modern language of evolution, "heredity" and the "tendencies to spontaneous variation." These two universal forces of history, building up the macrocosm as well as the microcosm, are concretized in the religious history of humanity into the prophet and the priest. The prophet is the spontaneous variation of society. He is the power of the spirit, the teacher of unity and the expression of freedom and truth. He rises above all organization, escapes all limitations of society and castes, and proclaims the sublime oneness from which all things bubble up and to which all things return. The function of the priest is only executive. He is the translation into life of the power of the *Prakiti*. The power of nature is *Maya*, manifoldness, necessity and law. Beyond all the forms of his time, religious, social and political, the prophet perceives always the essential solidarity which lasts when all local forms have passed away as growths of thought necessary in their time and place but of no absolute value in themselves. Still they are equally essential. Religion can never grow without forms. Hence the priest, who is the god of forms, is essential to the growth of man, socially, intellectually and spiritually. Even in the scientific world, Huxleys and Tyndals, Darwins and Newtons, the popularizers and producers are essential to progress. The priest is, therefore, as great as the prophet, and greater still. In carrying the torchlight of religion to illumine the darkest corners of society, in his attempt to make religion practical to all grades of men, diversities of race, caste, creed, nationality and temperament become his essential study. He not only realizes all that the prophet has declared, but he has also to watch the differences in the nature and environments of individuals. New rites are as much the product of a lofty exaltation and mystic transport and transcendent insight. It requires divinity itself to bring religion to practicality—to express the harmony between man and his environments between the world and God by attuning all the acts of man's daily life to rites, by means of conventions through which man may realize his divine nature and reach his true home. It is with regard to this grand and necessary function of the priest in ministering to the spiritual needs of humanity the Lord is said to have declared in one of the Puranas—"The universe is subject to the will of God; God is realized by the force of *Mantras*; *Mantras* are in the custody of the Brahmins, and therefore the Brahmins are my Gods." A religion without priests is without rites and without worship, and is therefore void and impossible. Even isolated philosophers whose whole worship is an intellectual ardor are compelled to burst into prayers and create convention and symbols to express their solitary sentiments. Any school that rejects its priest degenerates into an ephemeral code of social reform and is unable to found a religion.

## THE CHRISTIANITY OF TO-DAY.

Dogmatic religion is passing away because it cannot satisfy the intellectual man of the twentieth century. It is receding before vital religion like dark before the coming of the dawn. The essential religion never passes. It abides like gravitation; like the uplift of vegetation; like the breath of the lungs; for, as naturally as these fulfill, man yearns after some knowledge of a union with the Great Ideal that haunts the universe and troubles him with the impulsion of elevated thoughts and noble life. A universal truth is spirit and life, and abides as new to-day as centuries ago. A dogmatic attempt to say the truth passes with its century, or else lies like a stone across the heart of the race, refusing to be rolled away, and let the eternal Christ, which is ever in every man, arise and come forth into newness of life.

This truth about religion was voiced by Jacob Gould Schurman, President of Cornell University, in a recent address given to his students in the Sage Chapel. Some of his words are:

"The Christ of the twentieth century differs from the Christ of the nineteenth and preceding centuries. No longer will educated men go to the Bible as a text book of physical science. It seems strange that men should have ever regarded the Bible as such, but they did so but a generation ago. Now an educated man who would quote the Bible as an authority on any physical subject would be an object of ridicule in the eyes of all educated men.

"I do not think that there is any history in the Bible, simply because the Hebrews never wrote history. I do not attempt to explain the miracles attributed to Jesus Christ by the Bible. But even to-day we have our faith cure and our Christian Science, and who can say what great influences Jesus Christ may not have had naturally over both the minds and bodies of men?

"Although we are recoiling from these dogmatisms of the Bible, yet I believe that no age since Christ came into this world needs the Gospel of Jesus Christ as does our own age, and no place needs it more than our seats of learning.

"The religious principles which the Bible sets forth in its garb of 2,000 years ago are needed to-day to save our race from despair, materialism and skepticism, and to save our young men from low standards."

## UNDER THE CHIMES.

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### THE BEAUTY OF THY FACE.

When Thou Thy beauty wouldst behold,  
And from self-loving yet be free,  
Thou makest birds and flowers manifold,  
And all this beauty human eye can see.

When finer beauty Thou wouldst rapture in  
Thy heart becomes this human race,  
Whose lives at growth diviner graces win  
And give Thee back the beauty of Thy face.

'Tis Thee in singing birds my listening hears,  
And Thee my eyes behold in all the flowers;  
Thy smile's in every joyous thing that cheers,  
Thyself man's noble and ennobling powers.

So bring Thy holiest beauty forth in me,  
Thy truest being in mine own abide;  
Thyself at human fullness then I'll be,  
In me Thy beauty-hunger satisfied.



### A HARVEST OF JOY.

Thou hast given us the power to sow and reap. We are sharers in the beautiful law of Thy nature, whereby Thou gettest to Thine own heart what Thine own heart has given. Thou hast a lovely thought which Thou sendest forth to become a world, and forever Thy heart reaps a harvest of joy as that world fulfills its destiny. Thou givest Thy beauty to become the rose, and its countless lovely generations become

gladness in Thine eyes that watch the happy Summer fields. Thy human deeps give up their holiness to become a man, and all these children of men become a joy to Thee greater than that in which we rejoice in the faces of our children.

Because Thou hast given a divine self to Thy creation, Thou wilt get back again a divine universe, divine children worthy Thy truest and tenderest heart. Even as what the sun gives to the earth it gets back again in grasses and trees, and all these countless things of life that aspire unto it and show forth its beauties, so Thou gettest back again what Thou givest in this that we in human beauty are becoming. Our love goes out to Thee, and Thy heart gets some harvest from the toil of its sowing. We perfect, and Thy joy in a work of Thine own well done is the reward of Thy creative diligence. Forever Thou gettest back what Thou hast given, forever reapest what Thou hast sown.

What is the law of Thy being is the law that governs us, for we are created from Thee, and live and move and have our being in Thee. We, too, reap what we have sown. We sow a good thought, and by the law of the harvest it comes back to us a hundredfold, in increase of power to think Thy wondrous truths and in a multitude of enriching thoughts from the treasures of Thy thinking world. We sow a noble emotion, and by the law of the harvest it comes back to us a hundredfold, in an increased power of love, and in the multiplied lovings of many beautiful hearts. We sow a good word, and by the law of the harvest it comes back to us a hundredfold, in an increased power of eloquent speech and in a multiplied truth shaping on other lips into enchanting words. We sow a good action, and by the law of the harvest it comes back to us a hundredfold, in an increase of power for doing good, and in multiplied kindnesses from many hands. We sow a good life, and by the law of the harvest it comes back to us a hundredfold, life living in us and for us more and more abundantly, beautiful lives fellowshiping ours like flocks of birds rapturing among the Summer trees. We sow a good character, and by the law of the harvest it comes back to us a hundredfold, and we rejoice in being conscious

part of a goodness infinite and eternal which smiles upon us in every kindly face.

May we never forget the law of our life! Because the harvests grow and ripen slowly, may we not mistake, saying that they do not come. May the fields which men sow and reap be a daily parable of life unto us. May the orchards which men plant, waiting years for their fruit, be to us an unfailing reminder that goodness rewards goodness, however long the waiting for the harvest's growth and ripening. In the terms of his seed the farmer may interpret his year. So we, whatever the appearances may be, can interpret our destiny in the terms of what we cherish as our dearest love, the thing out into which our whole nature eagerly yearns.

So help us, Thou God of the harvest of human lives, to love with purity, to think with truth, to speak with kindness, to act with fidelity, to live as becometh our childhood to Thee, the Eternal. Then in our great and everlasting harvest we will abundantly rejoice, and Thy heart will join in the tune singing its own harvest home. Then will we have attained the glory of Thy perfection, and Thou wilt behold the beauty of Thy face in a childhood that forever gladdens Thy heart.



Truth takes its rise not from the Bible, nor the Upanishad, nor the Avesta, but from the Soul, and antedates all books.

—*Where Dwells the Soul Serene.*



It may be proved, with much certainty, that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that he intends every man to be happy in his work. It was written: "In the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written: "In the breaking of thy heart."—*John<sup>h</sup> Ruskin*

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## PEACE ON EARTH.

The advocates of war often declare that it is the duty of Christian nations to make war upon other people less enlightened than themselves, in order that they may bring to such people more enlightened and civilizing methods than they have before known. They feel wholly justified, when they quote an isolated statement from the founder of Christianity: "I came not to bring peace, but a sword." This is taken as a sanction justifying warfare, notwithstanding the fact that He has been called the "Prince of Peace," that He Himself said that His message was one of Peace and Good Will to all people, that He came for the release of the captives and proclaimed the acceptable year of the Lord.

When we find Jesus going to the extreme He did in saying that, rather than offer resistance to a man who smites you on one cheek, it would be better to turn the other, or if a man took your coat to let him have your cloak also, or, again, when he said to the people, "Your law as written says 'an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth,' but I say unto you, resist not evil;" it is not easy, in view of these statements, to think of Jesus as ever sanctioning warfare under any circumstances. Yet there are thousands of people calling themselves followers of the "Prince of Peace" who continually raise their voices for war, and prate about God as being on the side of their country when engaged in war.

But the long night of warfare is passing away. There is a "peace beginning to be, deep as the sleep of the sea." All over the world there are small groups of people praying and longing for the great peace that the Master desired might come to the world. These lovers of peace are found amongst people of all nations and creeds, and their influence is being felt in all parts of the earth; it is the leaven which, when entering



the world, is to leaven the whole race, and out of all the strife and turmoil of life there is yet to appear the great brotherhood of humanity.

I know that, in view of the wars and rumors of wars, many will say that the time is far distant when peace shall be universally realized. There are, however, indications on every side, all looking toward permanent peace. Even the rampant spirit of commercialism, which we deplore, is coming to see that its best results are to be attained through peaceful issues.

The Arbitration treaties already ratified by many of the civilized nations, and the other treaties proposed or in process of ratification, tend to bring the day nearer when universal peace shall have its benign sway in the hearts and the minds of all peoples.

The lovers of peace, however, must do something more than merely to desire it. Everything in life worth having comes through desire and rightly directed effort. The more the subject of peace is agitated by its advocates through both the spoken and written word, the sooner will it be realized in fact. There is a mighty educational work yet to be done, and that work is to follow along new lines by holding up to the world new ideals. Just as soon as the world as a whole sees that all real benefits accrue through peaceful methods, the world will stop using its brute force for gain and the subjection of others. The world can never become richer through warfare, which results both in the destruction of life and property. The great armies of the future will be for constructive purposes—not to destroy, but to build up.

Warfare is not to be overcome by painting its horrors or deploring its atrocities, but rather by making peace so attractive that no nation will care to engage in an undertaking that promises no advantage. The real strength of the nation is to be found in its honour and integrity, not in its army or navy, and the nation which deals justly with all other nations need have no fear of losing its freedom or prestige. In the ultimate, the nation, like the man, must be judged by its character and honour, and in that character and honour is its real safety. History offers manifold justification in proof of this statement.

It is greatly to be regretted that the national lawmakers of our own country have, within recent years, voted vast sums of money for the enlarging of our navy, taking the ground that to be thoroughly equipped for war was the best precaution towards insuring peace. We believe such a doctrine to be fundamentally wrong. A man who carries a chip on his shoulder will, in process of time, surely find another who will knock it off.

The vast sums of money expended for instruments of destruction, if put to a more valid use, would vitally augment the progress of the world. A nation which puts itself in the van of the peace propaganda is the one which will attain to real glory for righteous doing. Let us hope that some one people will perceive the underlying doctrine of the founder of Christianity and take the initial movement which will make for universal peace, and eventually all the nations of the earth will become one great family, acknowledging the Father-Motherhood of God, and the All-inclusive Brotherhood of Man.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

## WITHIN IS GOD.

I find beauty individualized in the rose. If at the rose I pause adoring it, deifying it, claiming it the ultimate divine revelation of beauty, I belittle beauty and dwarf myself. If I pass beyond the rose, I will find the lily and the violet, the countless flowers and multiplying blossoms, and greatness as beauty tells me the fuller stories of her charm. What the rose could not tell is told by the lily. What the lily could not say is said by the violet. Each flower in the grace of its being reveals something of beauty which no other flower can reveal. But flowers do not tell beauty's full story. There is a beauty in the bird, a beauty in the tree, a beauty in the sky, a beauty in the sea, a beauty in the violin, a beauty in the face of a child, a beauty in the ethical passions of men, a beauty of spirit,—infinitely varied manifestations of the one beauty which is the great and eternal reality whose dwelling within us is our sublimation in the beauty of holiness.

If I would teach my heart beauty, then, I must pass through the rose and experience beauty as a spiritual essence immediate in me. Every limited beauty, whatever the form of its limitation, is but a door into the temple of beauty itself, where only should the worshipper kneel. This is one reason why the forms manifesting beauty appear and pass so that we can hold them in no outward eternity. Whether it is a flower, or a sunset, or a child, whether it be a bird-song, a violin or a human voice, the forms of beauty are evanescent. Beauty may tarry in them, but in them it can not abide. Not one of them is beauty's eternal home. Beauty is spirit. Beauty is life. Beauty is God revealing Himself. Beauty is greater than any of its manifestations. Whatever the media, beauty can only reveal itself in your own soul. When your soul is awake in beauty and is beautiful, then it may see the beauty that is everywhere, in the rose or the child, but see it not as rose or child merely, but as the everlasting reality of the universe, a reality in which you are needing not rose nor child

to make known to you what is an essence of your being. The kingdom of beauty is within yourself. Within yourself it must be found. Whatever keeps you worshipping at the shrine of the rose, thinking that all beauty is there, is keeping you an alien from your kingdom, a prodigal of poverty from your father's house.

What is the fact about beauty is the fact about truth. There is truth in the granite. There is truth in the steel. There is truth in the grape that always comes grape, keeping faith with man. There is truth in the water, always water for the service of man. There is truth in the light, always itself, so that man can give himself up confidently to its guidance. It is the truth of things that makes the achievements of man possible. Yet if he finds truth but in the world that lies without him, to worship it there, to there adore it, as divinely and finally revealed, he misses the great reality of truth, which must be within him awake and dominant, before the truth can make him free in its infinite worth. When the soul is awake in truth and is truth, then is truth known as the safety of the universe, as the sanction and eternity of man. Valuable as the true man may be to you, illumining as the man radiant in truth may be, until truth is your conscious value, shining within you like a sun, you have not yet attained unto the revelation of a son of God.

What is true about truth is true about love. Whatever the value of finding love in another, the great and divine worth of love is not yours until love is awake and regnant within you. To be loved, to learn love in the affection of a dog, to enter into its glory by the trustful smile of a little child, to experience it as some great soul shines it like a sun—this is to find an ennobling enchantment in the midst of the years. But to love, to be awake in love and to be love, this is the greater grace. This is essential life. Until a soul loves, however so much it be loved, it is a soul which does not know what love is. By loving, not by being loved, is the soul's illumined grandeur.

What is true about love is true about God, who is the loveliness of love, the truthfulness of truth and the beautifulness

of beauty. However you may find God in the granite or the rose, in a Bible or a church, in a sacrament or a Christ, the ultimate, final knowledge of him must be the knowledge of your own inmost being. His ultimate revelation of himself must be within you. As you are conscious of his indwelling, he is to you the eternal truth, the everlasting love. This he is to you because this he is in you. When we search for God outside of ourselves we may find broken fragments of him, but we can never find him as the one life and love by which the universe is until we find him within ourselves. The blind may be helped by those who see, but light itself is known only as it shines within the souls of the unblind. Men have been saying, lo! here and lo! there, forgetting that the kingdom of God is within. By creeds they have sought to compass God and said that their poor phrases were the final truth about him. In their ceremonies, they have said, he can only be found, as if the sun were only the ordered ways of some shadow. In sacraments, they have said, is his grace alone found, as if some word about life were life itself. In shadowing churches, they have said, he is found, when his sunlight is laughing on all the hills. In some holy man, they have said, he alone is revealed, when he is in every man, the secret of being, the grace that can unfold into a glorious and glorifying consciousness of him. Within is the light divine. Within is the shekinah of his presence. Within is heaven, his love its perfect sun. Within is eternity, which you inhabit with him in a life which no death can shadow. Within is all power. Realize it, use it, transform by it and you will know the freedom of an angel of love on errands of light, to fulfill his joyous will. Within he dwells. Conscious of his beautiful presence, you are knowing the source from which has come all truth that spake through any prophet, all love which made any human heart divine, all life that has been a glory in any of the sons of God whose feet have hallowed our earth. Only by the light that is within thee canst thou see the truth and know the way.

When you rapture in the rose, it is because some beauty is awake within you, and this is the eternal beauty. When the

truth that is in the granite grips you as with a divine strength, it is because truth is alive within you, and this is the eternal truth. When love in a holy face sets you athrill, as if a new day had come with its dew and dawn, it is because that love within you is smiling back the shadows of night, and this is the eternal love. When Christ makes God a holiness and a joy to you, it is because that God is within you, the exceeding glory of his presence, and this is the eternal God, the everlasting Father, the peace passing understanding, the love in which worlds are born and heavens are embosomed.

However we may be indebted to the rose for helping us into beauty, what a mistake to make the rose the only and final revelation of beauty! If truth has grown precious by what the granite said to us, what a mistake to limit truth to the granite, and say this is all! If the Christ has made the raptures of divine love at their music in your soul, what a mistake to limit God by him, and to turn the light that was within his face into a limiting shadow falling across your growth. We honor our teacher when we pass beyond him into the eternal truth of which he could but voice a part. We honor the one who has inspired us when we pass beyond what he was able to say, using the enchantment of his voice to press on into the heart of all song. We honor him who has quickened us into life, when we pass the springtime of our awakening into the glorious Summer of the fullest life. When we are taught of any one, we begin with the wisdom of our teacher, and should be able to press beyond him, attaining together with him or apart from him a wisdom greater than his.

It is always a loss when we follow personality as an end and not a beginning. How strange that we do this in religion, and refuse to do it in the affairs of our social life. English song may not have surpassed Shakespeare, but English song has not been the slave of Shakespeare, and therefore it lives and has the inspiration of the abiding spirit of poetry, infinitely greater than any music which Shakespeare voiced. Song is greater than any of the voices that sing in its inspiration. Electricity is vaster than Edison. What he has done may be the way in which those who come after him will walk, but

that way will turn a way of darkness unless by it they are lead to vaster fields of discovery.

When Shakespeare came nature's order was not broken; nor when Edison arrived; nor when Jesus enchanted the heart of Mary. Genius of whatever kind is not some break in the orderliness of God's world, is not some abnormality to take the mind in strange surprises. Genius shows simply the diviner meanings of world-order. It is what we should expect. It is the blossom of the race to which we may constantly yearn. It is as natural as the rising of the sun, as the ripening of the grape. It is what we should always expect. In a growing race genius should not be the exception. It should be the constant production of the movement of God's heart in the midst of his worlds. The universal genius is the truly normal man, the man God's heart means in thinking men.

To ask for yourself the greatness of the great is to ask in accordance with God's will. To ask for yourself the goodness of the good is to ask according to the foreknowledge and determinate council of God communing within himself and determining to make man. To ask for the Christhood of the Christ is to ask a fulfillment of that exhortation which fell from the lips of Jesus when he said, not to mock man with the impossible, but to inspire him with the attainable, "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." It is the will of God that you be not fettered with any personality through whom he shone with whatever brightness. It is the will of God that you realize the divinity in which and for which he created you, unfold in the Christ consciousness within you, and stature to the full of your childhood to him. Within you is the kingdom of God, or for you it is nowhere. Within you is God, or for you he is nowhere. Within you is the Christ, or for you he never walked the ways of Galilee, and never lifted in glorious resurrection from the shadow of the grave. In the Scriptures is no truth unless it is true in you. In the heavens is no God unless he is God in you. In the universe God is not life unless he is life within you. In his universe God is not love unless he is love within you. In his universe God is not holiness unless he is holiness

within you. In his universe God is not eternal unless he is eternal in you.

What a dignity belongs to us! Its vastness appalling, and shaming all meanness until it is not, as when the sun shames the shadows by revealing them to be nothings. What a power is ours, infinite and eternal, so that we can achieve and manifest a perfect body; so that we can, under our hand, round any task to noble completion, seeing that genius is our native air; so that no failure can put us to shame, no adventure defeat us of the thing we will. You are owner of the Lord Christ's heart. You command the omnipotence of God. His beauty is yours that you may grow all beautiful. His truth is yours that you may grow all truthful. His love is yours that you may grow all loving. His life is yours that you may live forever. This is your heritage awaiting within you. When will you cease searching throughout the earth and running after some tangible external Christ, if happily you may find him whom God hath sent? You are he whom God shall manifest. Why look for another? Why tarry away from your kingdom? Enter within your own being and take the throne of your world, and you will know "the only living and true God whom to know is life eternal."

JOHN MILTON SCOTT.



## THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION.

3414 Bell Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.,  
February 1st, '05.

### FRIENDS OF THE NEW THOUGHT:—

The quarterly meeting of the Board of Directors of THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION was held in Kansas City, Mo., January 26th, and was well attended.

One of the matters of general interest determined at this meeting was that of locating the place of the Annual Meeting and Convention of this year. Many points were considered and various cities presented their inducements. The Board felt that the question should be decided from the standpoint of the best good of the Federation, and its final decision was in harmony with this feeling and thought. The desire was to designate the point that would permit the greatest number from all sections to attend, for a truly representative convention should attract from the entire country, and not be confined to any particular locality, hence, the most central point proposed was the one selected. Strange to say, also, this most central point presented the strongest claims, and its inducements were such that the Board felt itself not justified in refusing to recognize the same.

The Annual Meeting and Convention will be held at Nevada, Mo., on September 26, 27, 28, 29th, 1905. The work of preparation will be taken up at once. Ninety per cent. of the people of Nevada are more than friendly to the New Thought movement, and the spirit and letter of their invitation and agreement insures a most hospitable entertainment of all delegates.

Another matter of general interest was that several of the publishers of New Thought periodicals offered, as a contribution to the movement, to give a 3 months' subscription FREE to all new applicants for membership in THE NEW THOUGHT FEDERATION; this to cover also renewals of last year's members. Each applicant for membership, there-

fore will receive for 3 months from 5 to 10 magazines each month FREE.

The work of the Federation is one of co-operation, and demands are being made upon it for practical purposes which require an increased supply of a financial nature. In view of this the Board felt justified in instructing the Secretary to invite all centers, so disposed, to set aside the collection or income of the first regular meeting in March as a contribution to the Federation. Individuals not associated with any center, but who are in sympathy with the purposes of the Federation, are asked to make such voluntary contribution as they feel disposed to.

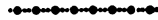
All should bear in mind that this is a contribution to a CAUSE. The Federation is so inclusive and co-operative that it stands for the MOVEMENT, the CAUSE, and not for any one individual or set of individuals. All who read this notice will please consider it an invitation to co-operate.

In Life, Love and Truth,

JOHN D. PERRIN, Secretary.



By mistake of the printer, Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregaard's name appeared last month as editing the department "What the Philosophers Are Saying," when the work was done by another hand.



Because our printers were burned out there is a delay and hurry which crowds out all advertisements for this month. We ask the indulgence of our advertisers until our next issue.

## REVIEWS OF BOOKS.

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### RELIGION IN LITERATURE.

#### A REVIEW OF "KINDLY LIGHT."

REV. R. HEBER NEWTON, D.D.

It is a commonplace criticism that this is an age of growing irreligion. Upon the surface it appears to be such, unmistakably.

There is a notable falling off in church attendance. Here and there a church exceptionally conditioned holds its own in numbers. It is the fashion to go to a certain church, and so the people who want to be in the swim are found there regularly—as regularly as they are found at other social functions, and as profitably. Another church lavishes its large income upon attractions; a preacher who "draws," a choir that gives free sacred concerts every Sunday—the orthodox contributions of the "church floaters," a dime, not sufficing to destroy the eleemosynary character of the performance; and the crowd runs after these permissible Sabbath indulgences. Here and there a pulpit is a genuine spiritual battery, electrifying the souls of men, and the service is a true spiritual uplift of worship, inspiring the spirits of men with the aspiration which is the very heart of life.

But for the most part, average intelligence and spiritual forces in the churches avail no more to bring to them the throngs which filled them of yore.

The testimony on this point is unmistakable. Earnest pastors confess it. Devoted laymen grieve over it. A tour of the churches any fine Sunday demonstrates it.

And this, we are told, is a sure sign of the lessening interest of men in religion.

Other indications, not a few, seem to confirm this impression.

Over against which, he who discerns the signs of the times, must note, at least, one significant fact—the notable increase of a certain form of literature among us, its profoundly spiritual tone, its wide circulation, its manifestation thus of a deep religious want, to minister to which it comes into being.

In the last decade this class of literature has assumed very large proportions. The counters of any book store disclose the presence of these works, as a recognized need of the public—alongside of the latest works of popular science and the freshest novels. The sales of many of these books run up high among the thousands. Where the author succeeds in his aim, his book obtains a circulation exceeded only by a popular novelist.

A distinct school of writers has thus made itself felt—preachers without pulpits, ministering to congregations gathered within no church walls. Multitudes of men and women are being daily fed by this apostolate of the press.

And the characteristic feature of these books is the pure, essential, spiritual religion which they express. Their pages may be scanned in vain for any tokens of the ecclesiastical affiliations of the authors. Of all that pertains to the polity of the churches there is no sign whatever in these writings. The church which these writers serve is no visible church—imposing, ancient, historic—it is the church invisible, constituent in the lives of the good and true, the church whose litanies are aspirations, its sacraments the graciousnesses of character. It is the church which is “the blessed company of all faithful people”—that most truly “holy Catholic church,” which is the “communion of saints.”

There is in these little books—for they are rarely large—next to nothing of dogmatic teaching. Positive affirmations indeed abound in them. Clear-cut convictions express themselves through their pages. These dogmata concern, however, the very innermost realities of the faith—as to which religions men differ little, and never touch upon the secondary and external beliefs concerning which men contend so vehemently in theological controversies.

Their realm lies far back of the field of popular and tra-

ditional Christianity, whereon the battles of the faith have ever been fought. The note of orthodoxy is rarely to be discerned in these writings, while the combatant challenge of heterodoxy is as wholly lacking. You cannot tell from these pages in what camp of Christendom the writers train.

The intellectual anxieties of belief in our age are absent from these pages. There is in them no attempt to reconcile religion and science, to solve the doubts which so press upon our generation—save in so far as those doubts are moral and spiritual rather than intellectual. The writers move on a plane above the doubt-charged atmosphere in which the average Christian lives. The truths emergent on these pages rise from depths far below the storm-tossed surface of our modern life.

These writers make no endeavor to prove the truths they utter—to certify them by arguments other than their own self-evidencing light. They speak that which they do know and testify that which they have seen. Their books are messages to men.

The very pith and marrow of religion forms the substance of their writings. They are of the substance of pure religion and undefiled. In their literary form essays, they are in their contents spiritual meditations, religious inspirations, utterances of the soul of a man to the souls of his fellow men, counsels of perfections, maxims of a morality indistinguishable from religion, modern beatitudes, uplifts of the spirit, soliloquies of man's inner being, colloquies between man and God, "recollections" on the part of the human self, a withdrawing of the thought from the things of the outer life to the abiding realities unseen and eternal.

These little books are companions for the closet, classics of the soul—the modern counterparts of the *Thoughts of Marcus Aurelius*, the *Discourses of Epictetus*, the *Morals of Seneca*, the *Rhapsodies of Plato*, flowering ever and anon from his immortal dialogues, the *Letters of John*, the *Ancient Jewish Poem of the New Thought*, known to us as the *Ninety-first Psalm*, and their confreres in the goodly fellowship of the prophets.

This literature has certain clearly defined characteristics. It manifests a deep faith, a bouyant hope, a serene charity, a sacred peace, an exhilarant joy. A boundless optimism pervades it. It is the voice of a new evangel. It is religion renewing itself, and returning in upon its deepest inner springs.

And this is the literature which is—alike by its distinct note, its deep genuineness, its wide appeal, its confessed power over the lives of men—the characteristic literary feature of our modern age of irreligion.

So the soul smiles at its deniers, makes a holy mock of the Philistines who are so ready to rule it out of being, and, from the outer court of the temple, no longer sacred enough for its presence, retires within the most holy place, and takes up once more the still small voice of old, which he who will may hear and be at peace.

The little book before us is one of the latest contributions to this literature of the soul. Its author is just beginning to make himself known in the circle of the “so-called” New Thought.

The book consists of poems and prose, meditations, aspirations or prayer; a poem and a prayer constituting each one of the separate sections of the book. The poems indicate the right of the author to bear the noble name of John Milton. He inherits, in the spirit, if not through the flesh, somewhat of the poetic quality of him whose name he bears. The poems are simple and suggestive. There is much charm in their expression, while the deep, essential truths of religion form their contents. The new theism pervades these poems of the soul. The imagination interprets the thought of the reason. The stones of knowledge which the scientist gathers are here taken by the poet and reared to form the altar from which leaps up the flame of adoration.

The prayers or aspirations only lack meter to be poems. They are prose poems. They are the deep uplifts of the soul; the exuberant joy of the spirit breaking forth into speech; the thought of God filling the spirit and drawing forth the incense of adoration.

One cannot criticise these poems and these prayers,—they are beyond criticism. They are the whispers of the soul in the secret place of the Most High. As we listen to them, we find ourselves drawn within that most holy place of the temple, and becoming conscious of the presence of the Infinite and Divine.

The book is not one to be picked up and read through at a sitting. It is not meant for any such purpose. It should lie upon the table by which one sits for quiet thought, and be taken up, a few moments at a time, for the reading of a poem and a prayer, and then laid down for a period of quiet thought and feeling,—a retiring of the soul within The Silence. It cannot fail to prove of deep and abiding helpfulness to any one who will thus use it.

R. HEBER NEWTON.

THE FOUR DOCTRINES, CONCERNING THE LORD, THE HOLY SCRIPTURE, THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, AND FAITH. By Emanuel Swedenborg. Translated from the original Latin work, and edited by Rev. John Faulkner Potts, B.A., London. New York: The American Swedenborg Printing and Publishing Society.

"The Doctrine of the Lord teaches that the Lord Jesus Christ is the one God of heaven and earth, of the work he came into the world to do, and the means by which he assumed a human nature and glorified or made it Divine. The Doctrine of the Holy Scriptures teaches that the Word, or the Bible as it is commonly called, is Divine, that it contains a spiritual or inner meaning, and that it is the means of spiritual life to angels and men. The Doctrine of Life is from the Ten Commandments, and teaches the necessity of shunning all evils as sins against the Lord, and explains the application of the commandments to daily life. The Doctrine of Faith, or belief, shows that faith or belief, separated from charity, or the life of obedience to the commandments, is not faith, but destroys the life of the church."

This is the first volume of a new translation from the Latin of Swedenborg's entire works. There will be twenty-eight volumes in all. Mechanically the book is built to last. Printed in clear type on genuine rag paper, hand sewed with real line thread, it has the lasting quality, its publishers evi-

dently believing Swedenborg is for the centuries. It is above the average of book making, and mechanically is a delight to handle and read.

Swedenborg is among the greatest of the seers. Among his representative men Emerson placed him as the mystic, the man of inner vision, the man who realized the union of the human and divine and taught its sanctities. His teachings have had a vast influence in modern religious thinking. He has permeated the orthodox theologies, changing them, bringing its representatives into a nobler and more inspiring thought of God. Such a book as Henry Drummond's "The Greatest Thing in the World," a little book of love, is none other than a simple putting of Swedenborg's teaching that God in his inmost being is love itself. The modern movement in Christian theology can not be perfectly understood without, at least, some knowledge of Swedenborg.

People who believe the Bible to be the Word of God and yet who have felt the reasonableness of the modern criticism of the Bible, will find in Swedenborg's doctrine of the Scriptures a great help, finding a soul of life beneath the letter which killeth. Those who have outgrown the Bible and all ecclesiasticisms will find it hard to read Swedenborg. He will seem to them irrational and dogmatic, but, getting at his meanings, at the heart of his philosophy, letting go the peculiarities of its setting forth, they will find it a great philosophy worthy their most careful thought. Holding it as a working hypothesis, they will find in it much illumination, much of a sweet reasonableness.

Perhaps every New Thought disciple will readily accept his famous saying, "All religion is of the life, and the life of religion is to do good," but not many of them will believe him when he says, "If a man wills and does goods before he shuns evils as sins, the goods are not good." His whole doctrine of life based on the Ten Commandments has the failing of those commandments themselves; they emphasize the evils put power in shadows, discount the positive way of life. If one will get his eyes filled with light, he does not see the shadows. He pursues his journey in the light. If one sees good and



loves it and passions it, he need not think of the evil, he need not lament his sins. He is in the positive power of God, and in positiveness transforming. Recognizing evil is giving power to evil, and this from the New Thought point of view is Swedenborg's greatest weakness, his greatest limitation. Music is not passioned after because of discord. Musicians are not made by shunning discords, but by delighting in harmonies. Throughout his works Swedenborg gives too much power to evil, teaching that the souls of men are destroyed by evil and held forever in the hells of evil. This is a view which the growing conviction that God is the one love and life filling the fulness of his universe, will find more and more unthinkable. Like all framers of a system, he is too insistent that character is corrupted or purified by the rejection or acceptance of some particular doctrine or phase of truth. He who is the God of the granite and the rose, from whom is no flight possible, who is the life that lives in all, has given to no man or book the saying of the word which saves or damns by any arbitrariness. Truth is divine, but a system interpreting it is human. God is greater than any man or any book, and God without man or book even though He may have most highly honored them, can reach the humblest soul He has fashioned and impart to it the glory of a more perfect creation.

Notwithstanding, there is much in the teachings of Swedenborg that may enlighten our New Thought. His doctrine of discrete degrees would be especially helpful. Peel off the shell and get to the kernel of his word, and it is a word of truth and love, full of the graces of life to whomever has ears to hear.

His "The True Christian Religion," one of the last books written by him, and published a few years before his death, contains this statement of his mission:

"Since the Lord cannot manifest himself in person, and yet has foretold that he would come and establish a New Church, which is the New Jerusalem, it follows that he is to do it by means of a man, who is able not only to receive the doctrines of this church with his understanding, but also to publish them by the press.

That the Lord has manifested himself before me, his servant, and sent me on this office, and that after this, he opened the sight of my spirit, and thus let me into the spiritual world and gave me to see the heavens and the hells, and also to speak with angels and spirits, and this continually now for many years, I testify in truth; and also, that, from the first day of that call, I have not received anything which pertains to the doctrines of that church from any angel, but from the Lord alone, while I read the Word."

THE ANNALS OF PSYCHICAL SCIENCE is a new monthly magazine published by Philip Wellby, 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, W. C., London.

It is the official organ of the Society for Psychical Research, and is published simultaneously in French, Italian and English. The main part of the January number, which is the first issue, is given to the address of Professor Charles Richet, president-elect of the society. It is called "Should the Phenomena of Spiritism be Seriously Studied?" In this issue of MIND, in the department "What the Philosophers Are Saying," will be found some of this able argument. Copies of this number can be secured at the New York office of MIND, 2040 7th avenue.

THEOSOPHY AND THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY. A Course of Six Lectures. By Annie Besant. New York: John Lane.

The lectures are published as delivered, and "were intended," the author says, "to induce the hearers to use theosophical teachings as a guide—or at least as a working hypothesis—in their study of psychology." The lectures are "The Larger Consciousness, The Mechanism of Consciousness, Sub-Consciousness and Super-Consciousness, Clairvoyance and Clairaudience, Telepathy, and Methods of Unfoldment." There is the earnestness of strong conviction in these lectures. Their spirit is truly catholic. Their suggestiveness is illuminating whether her doctrines and conclusions are or are not accepted.

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### Contents:

Living . . . . .	* Mary Russell Mills
Desire—An Evolutionary Agent . . . . .	Margaret Elsie Cross
The Mission of a Childless Woman . . . . .	Elizabeth Fry Page
Narrowly Upright . . . . .	Austin Bierbower
From Supremacy to Liberty and Love . . . . .	J. William Lloyd
Self-Confidence and Success . . . . .	Dr. J. C. Quinn
Success Euphaisms . . . . .	Mary Eupha Crawford
In the Current . . . . .	Frederic Burry
Faith as a Law of the Universe . . . . .	Carrie Moss Hawley
The Atomic Man . . . . .	Harriet S. Bogardus
"Know Thyself" . . . . .	Birdie T. Sexton
On the Way to be King . . . . .	Sarah Rogers McConnell
Singing a Spiritual Help . . . . .	Louise Cary Duncan
Meditation En Route. From My Journal . . . . .	Anita Trueman
What is Food? . . . . .	Mabel Gifford
The Sacredness of Work . . . . .	Teresa Strickland
Likemindedness . . . . .	Rev. D. C. Eggleston
The Gospel of Joy . . . . .	J. H. Rollo
Woman and the Home . . . . .	Harriet B. Bradbury
The Mission of Music . . . . .	Olive L. Louis
Introspection . . . . .	Harry T. Fee
Good Friday . . . . .	Elizabeth Fry Page

### Editorial:

Change—Stability—Sensitiveness . . . . .	Charles Brodie Patterson
The Gift and Its Blessing . . . . .	William Brunton
Part of a Letter . . . . .	Wyander Van Asch

### Reviews of Books:

The Edinburgh Lectures on Mental Science—Satisfying Love, or What Love Really Is—Healing by Various Methods—Spiritual Healing and its Philosophy—  
Advice to 20th Century Business Juniors—How to Attain  
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*"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth."*

—EMERSON.



VOL. XV

★

APRIL, 1905

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No. 4

## LIVING.

BY MARY RUSSELL MILLS.

### I.

#### THE STRENGTH OF NON-RESISTANCE.

"Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man shall sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee, turn not thou away."

There is a deathless vigor, attainable by every one of us, but possessed not so long as we practically doubt concerning its source or the method of its attainment. It is the unfailing energy drawn from the very fountain of life itself, when all striving has ceased and the currents of the individual being, unimpeded by any personal will, flow with the current of Universal Being. He who has acquired the art of absolute non-resistance has passed, by a partially obscured door, into the cabinet of causes, into the secret place whence are the issues of life.

This principle of Non-Resistance has been taught by the religious and spiritual teachers who have sounded the most profound depths of human need and experience, and risen to the most lofty heights of power and inspiration, those whom the largest numbers of intelligent men have unquestioningly received as bearing the stamp of a heavenly origin.

And yet, when this principle has been stated as a rule of action, it has met with more of questioning, of hesitation and antagonism than any other. It has seemed peculiarly out of harmony with the whole thought and genius of our western world. So intent, indeed, have the peoples of this latest civilization been on the working out of certain ideals of material benefit and progress, that as a principle or as an important element of the teachings of the great, universally recognized Prophet of this portion of the world it has been very largely lost sight of. It has not only occupied no prominent place in the exposition of His professed interpreters, but those very priests and instructors have appeared, for the most part, to feel no obligation to live in the spirit indicated by the teaching of their leader, at least to give this spirit anything like a pervading prevalence in their thought or actions. On hearing a clear statement of the teaching of Jesus on this point, an intelligent man who had all his life attended the services of prominent churches, remarked, with no little of surprised interest, "I have *never* heard anything like that." When awakened souls have eagerly inquired of their ordinary spiritual teachers concerning the meaning of Jesus on this point, the explanations have often been but ingenious or bungling equivocations, although, we may well believe, ignorantly conscientious ones. Of course there have been many souls, the centuries through, who have reached a sufficient degree of intellectual and spiritual freedom to slip the noose of popular opinion, and not only perceive but live in the beauty of this transcendent idea, but these have generally succeeded in giving only an impression of their own courage and sanctity, rather than of the practicability of their method. Our governments and society are organized to punish the evil-doer and protect the innocent. As nations we are equipped for the violent pro-



tection of our rights and bloody resistance to any encroachment on them. Our "business is organized warfare." There is provision made in even the most humane of our institutions, our asylums for the needy, our churches and schools, for some sort of discipline of offenders. The home has been the most nearly exempt from methods of punishment, but perhaps the best-ordered and most truly conscience-governed homes have been those where obedience to a general law was in some fashion required, and a penalty laid on those who disregarded it. We have grown into the habit of thinking that it is a disgrace and weakness to be found lacking in firmness in the assertion and defense of our "rights," and we almost universally ascribe the solidity and glory of our civilization to our warlike and aggressive methods.

But all the while there speaks to the quickened and reverent ear of the one who will listen the sublimely authoritative voice of Him whom many have recognized as foremost in the counsels of the God of all Wisdom, "But I say unto you that ye resist not evil." If any man shall smite you, give him the opportunity for another blow. If he would take from you by force or process of legal proceedings, give him more than he asks, grant his most unreasonable request, and lend, hoping for no return. Is not all this clearly an outrage on the best ideas of justice and right that society has developed up to this time?

Our whole difficulty in regard to this matter has proceeded from our attempt to look at it from the outside, and judge of it by its external appearance, plausibility and possible consequences. Perhaps this has been the best we could do, thus far. The knowledge of any principle is received, with most people, by its translation into a method of action, and the interpretation comes slowly through its application. But there are always those who intuitively perceive the eternal, necessary qualities that go to constitute a principle that spreads its immeasurable vastness of truth, as a background for all possible actual explications of its existence and beauty. To the pure in heart, Non-Resistance has revealed itself as such a principle, and when shown to be such, all questions as to whether it be practicable as a method of action appear frivolously irrele-

vant, and to have had their birth on a low plane of selfish utilitarianism. It will be seen that when it finds voluntary and consistent expression in an individual life, non-resistance is an attitude of mind rather than a mode of action. It is *the habit of looking at the invisible*. It is the recognition of the Divine Nature that is at the heart of all things, that is the essential substance, source and purpose of each being and object in the universe; that is the central, formative force and cause of every event, condition, relation and experience that has ever been known or will be known. Non-Resistance of evil is the exercise of that Reason wherein we see things as they are, in their own true state of being, not in the haze caused by the crude and often repulsively-unformed conditions incidental to their and our state of extreme youth and partial development.

One who had, long after the hair was white and the years increased, preserved a face and manner of beautiful serenity, was asked the secret of her calm, and replied: "I remember, always, that there is a Heart at the heart of the universe that is friendly to me." The confidence of this memory is what he practically expresses, who steadily refuses to combat any appearance of evil. He considers it wasted time to expend energy or care in attempting to destroy that which is of its own nature impermanent and must in the course of a natural process disintegrate and disappear.

He makes this thought the guiding motive in all his intercourse with his fellows. He says: "I understand that this violent aggressiveness, this grasping at the apparent good, this disregard of the need of others, these indications of a low and coarse origin in the brute nature, that for a time I behold in my brother, are but the unpleasant vestiges of a lower state of being, that presently will fall away and leave him pure and fair, the child of God which he is. I will see the true man *now*, and, ministering to him, procure his more speedy emergence. In him I will confide, him I will address, and to him I will lend and give all things that are typical of the wealth of the soul, which I share with him, if I, too, be a true child of the Highest. If, in the blindness of his childish ignorance, he

would wound or injure me, it is only the same poor weakness and wickedness in me that he would strike, and I will perpetuate that in neither of us, by a returning blow. If he will and must, let him beat into nothingness the brute in me, and exhaust even to the death the brute in him. Meanwhile, the God in me shall call with such power unto the God in him, that we shall come to express the harmony of identical nature. And thus will I regard all the outer conditions of my life, howsoever unlovely or painful or degrading they may be. I will not resist them, understanding that in whatever strange guise they come, they are messengers from the Lord of life; they are, seen yet more nearly, but the varied coverings of His own majesty of Wisdom, as He comes to me with most loving intent. I will not resist them; I will go down deep enough to find the God in them, and go *with* Him."

It may now be clearly seen how this attitude of mind and rule of conduct are the representations, in the will and action, of a principle that lies at the very heart of the religious life—a principle that sooner or later each one of us will have to reckon with, and with which every individual life will have to be squared. The intelligently religious life is the life of trust and love; trust in the whole good order of the world; trust in the God that is in everything; love that "taketh no account of evil," love that "believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things"; love that "never faileth." When we trust, when we love, we do not resist; we find the soul that is in harmony with our own soul, and act with it.

There are three specific aspects in which this manner of life approves itself to the enlightened mind, and these three cover the whole range of relationship and duty.

1. We should practice non-resistance for the sake of every soul with whom we come into a one-to-one relationship. Faithfully observed, this mode of intercourse would banish all the irritations, retaliations and recriminations that steal so much of sweetness from the home-life. If the tenderness that is the dominant chord in every real home became supreme, without a second the homes would overflow the world, and the universal "heavenly home" would indeed have become an actual-

ity. Every enemy would be slain, if we thus "struck at his heart," and overcome his hate by "not-hate." Every criminal whom the methods of violence have failed to reform—and that means every criminal the world has known, for force has never converted to purity and nobility one unclean or unworthy wretch—would be constrained at last to yield to the patience of infinite gentleness.

2. Society is to find not only its noblest development, but its surest method of progress, in the practice of this principle. Advancing civilization represents itself in outward convenience and advantage, in increased material comfort, in the mastery of natural forces, in the communizing of facilities for intellectual culture, in the growing prevalence of institutions which are channels for the outflowing of the humane spirit. The accurate observer sees all these as evidences of the development of principles, finding their expression in the practical life. When this greatest principle, Trusting Love, shall be accepted, shall present the test and set the standard in all our societary life, then shall we find that the Kingdom of Heaven has not only come nigh unto us, but that we have passed through its silently-swinging "pearly gates," while we clasped hands and walked *with* our brothers.

3. For ourselves we shall learn that herein we find the only place of rest and power. This absolute committal of ourselves to unreserved trust in Life, in all its manifestations; this saying, I will recognize no enemy, I will see no evil that is not enclosed by, and resolvable into, the Perfect Good; I will resist nothing, but will peacefully co-operate with that Will that works for righteousness in and through the life of every creature—this preserves to us the strength that ordinarily we fritter away in striking at shadows. Foolish are the efforts to vanquish that which we have taken to be a monstrous entity, but whose very name—Sin—reveals it to be naught but a *failure to be*, and whose appearance may be wholly obliterated by the wise will that replaces it with the only positive substance and force in all the realms of life—Goodness.

Therefore, as said the ancient sage, Laotze: "Reason always

practises non-assertion, and there is nothing that remains undone."

"Therefore the holy man puts his person behind and his person comes to the front. He surrenders his person and his person is preserved. Is it not because he seeks not his own? For that reason he can accomplish his own."

"The Heavenly Reason strives not, but it is sure to conquer. It speaks not, but it is sure to respond. It summons not, but it comes of itself. It works patiently, but is sure in its designs."

## II.

### THE WILL TO LOVE.

Love, being the current of life, rushing with a great, silent, irresistible force toward its center, the Primal Energy that flows through all the forms of its own creation, gathering up and transmuting all the particular energies of each individual, through which it has striven to express itself—must, in the time of sufficient ripeness of the understanding, make itself known and obeyed as the highest law. Willing obedience thereto is the blessed destiny of every one of its children. But ages and accumulations of experience beyond human computation, form the process by which Nature guides the infant soul, freeing itself from the weights, vestiges and decays of selfishness and error, and coming to hold in its crystal purity the one great purpose of life, to live only in the universal interest that holds the welfare of each as dear as that of every other. Every now and then, in this long process of the unfolding of the true life and power of the soul, a gleam breaks on the inner sight, revealing the apparently distant height toward which we tend and also the possibility that the strong, quick spirit may overleap in one supreme effort all the weary distance, may discount all the toilsome up-hill and down, extract the significance of it all, and pass swiftly to a point of knowledge and power that overlooks the care and sorrow and striving that otherwise were his lot. A sense of wings becomes his, and for a brief moment he breathes the upper air. Alas! that the faith is so

poor, the will so weak that he sinks back again and creeps, and thinks he must creep, and almost enjoys the creeping. The celestial radiance so fades, he almost doubts whether he ever caught the supernal ray. He goes on trying to mix the transcendent perfume of love, whose very nature is pure benevolence, with the fumes of his own desires, an experiment which is doomed from the beginning to unmitigated failure.

O, man! hearken to the voice of Wisdom that speaketh to thee a new and living message. The great words with which it smites thine ear bear the intelligence of the truth that thy faith is not small, thy will not weak; that the fairy gleam, which broke upon the night of thine ignorance and wilfulness was a ray from the sun of an eternal day. It is not necessary, it is not meet, that thou shouldst grovel and strive and distress thy soul with all these cares and efforts to get and to hold that which is not lasting or real, and that will not satisfy even when thou dost possess it for a brief season. All that thy poor young hands reach out for will perish in their grasp and the desire shall pass beyond them, yet unfulfilled. Thou didst see truly in the mount of vision. The place of power is where thou hast divested thyself of all that personal desire, thy private interests; washed them away, once and forever, in the purifying, life-giving tide of the great purpose *to give*; to give without thought or wish for reward; to give as the sun and air and rain, as the mountains and flowers give; as all strong and beautiful things of nature give; to give as the great God we have conceived of gives—freely, largely, unquestioningly, impartially, untiringly; to pour out the life in the great joy of giving. Thy salvation, the salvation of the universe lies in this, that thou shalt give *all*. Arise in thy might! thou canst do it, for it is what thou art. Thou hast found the “pearl of great price,” thy life, thy destiny, thy God, thyself, in *the Will to Love*.

But after the sacred joy of the great solemnity in which this once-for-all consecration is made, there must be, day by day, and hour by hour—truly moment by moment—in the attitude of the mind, if not in the conscious action—the continual, earnest putting forth of the will of love, in all the relations, actions, transactions, and functions of the interior and exterior life.

We must train the mind to love—to think of no object or person or event or relationship, with any consideration of any possible gain that is to come to self by means of it. To keep the thoughts free from any taint of disdain of any lowliest, or meanest, or most repulsive object or action; to consider that the quality that causes the physical or moral shiver on our part, is but a temporarily concentrated and abnormal expression of energy, which may be turned into the divinest channels. To pronounce even in the silent court of our own most secret thoughts, no judgment, no condemnation of any sin of any soul, that is not also a recognition of that soul's divine nature and possibilities, and an aspiration and determination for that soul that he shall leave the sin that is not his and attain to the holiness that is his own. Above all, we must train the mind's eye to look at the eternal beauty of the Invisible with such firm resolve that its outlines shall daily grow clear and true, and no material landscape shall be more defined for us than the pure realm of Principle.

We must train the heart to love. Having disengaged our minds from the confusion caused by the false premise, that affection is love, we shall no longer be troubled by the query whether it be possible for us to love all men as we love those whom, according to the flesh or the choice of congeniality, we call our own. We shall be able to gather, as never before, all the dear sweetness and tender loveliness of the natural affectional relations, when we regard these precious souls as in no sense our own, except as they and we are expressions of the great Life that brought us into this nearness to one another, that thus we might learn more quickly and thoroughly the details of the supreme lesson. Then first do I love my child when I see him as Life's child and become to him a channel of Life's purifying, upbearing force. And understanding that love is not the pleasure of possession, even of the noblest heart on earth, or of the sweetest affections of that heart, that love is not the delight of being held close in a tender embrace, or held high in the appreciation and estimation of the friend whose opinion seems to us of the greatest value; but that it is that divine sympathy by which we may pass over into the

life of every child of God, recognize that one as another self, whose needs and welfare are as important as our own, or those of the one for whom we feel the greatest responsibility; we may become true lovers, heart-lovers of the race, a divine enthusiasm glowing and burning within us, making of the life a great hospitable hearth, at which shall be warmed and lighted many naked and shivering souls, who shall go forth cheered and clad in the knowledge of their own divine heritage, the holy fire having become kindled in their bosoms, also.

We must train all the faculties to love. The voice and the hand must become love's own instruments. He who would beat all "swords into ploughshares" must remember that the tongue may be the sharpest of two-edged swords. Why should the tongue or pen be considered the most effective when used as weapons of warfare? Say, rather, that they are instruments for the elaboration of all that is high and noble, and that will by reason of its own existence make obsolete all that is lower or poorer. The true artist criticises only "by creation." The work of the lover is purely constructive.

Thoreau says: "A friend advises by his whole behavior, and never condescends to particulars. Another chides away a fault, he loves it away. While he sees the other's error, he is silently conscious of it, and only the more loves truth itself, and assists his friend in loving it till the fault is expelled and gently extinguished." And again: "We reprove each other unconsciously, by our own behavior. Our very carriage and demeanor in the street should be a reprimand that will go to the conscience of every beholder. An infusion of love from a great soul gives a color to our faults, which will discover them as lunar caustic detects impurities in water. The best will not seem to go contrary to others; but, as if they could afford to travel the same way, they go a parallel but a higher course."

When we plant vineyards that our brothers may be fed, when we build cities that they may be the habitations of brothers, when all the expenditures of capital and labor are sacraments of love, when our lines of commerce bear only messages and gifts of lovers, then shall we realize the permeating glory of the Will to Love, which is not only the blessed privilege, but the whole duty of man.



Let us strengthen our faith, reassure our hearts, and reinforce our faltering resolutions, with the knowledge that by nature are we constituted lovers, that the possibilities of the human will are limitless, because it is an expression of that Omnipotent Will by which the worlds were called into being and the universal order is preserved; that when we will to love we set the individual will in line with the highest law, we strike a melody that loses itself in the symphony of life. Thus the soul passes into her native realm, which is "wider than space, older than time, high as hope. . . . Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn; they are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes and goes out through universal love to universal power."

### III.

#### THE NATURE OF LOVE.

Trust is the fixed attitude of the mind of him who lives the life of the Spirit. He is committed, without reserve, to an absolute and abiding faith in the Source of life and all the objects and processes of life.

Love is the expression of this trust through the emotions, the will and the executive abilities. It is at once a sentiment and a method of action. In that it is a sentiment, its nature is universal, unfathomable. It lays hold on the very essence of being. Never shall its beginning be guessed at, never its completion beheld, until it shall cease to be known as aught that is separate from ourselves or its Author. But in its present period of manifestation and our present stage of development, it is not only a sentiment, but also something more and less than that—a mode of behavior and expression of relationship. We who would intelligently and voluntarily come into harmony with the Divine intention, are constrained to a faith that we can discover and make clear to ourselves such characteristics of the holy fire and force as will enable us to wholly yield the capacities of our human nature to become fit vessels for the bearing of it into every highway and by-way of the

world's life. To this end, although we cannot hope to touch more than the outer rim of its beauty and give the faintest suggestions of its majestic outlines, we would reverently inquire concerning its significance as it may be manifested through us.

1. Love is not mere affection, such as grows easily between those who are conscious of bonds formed by the relationships of nature and proximity. We often confound it with that, and argue from that false but naturally assumed premise that we cannot love all as we love some human beings. Affection in its purest and most refined forms is a very beautiful picture and hint of love—is indeed in its warmth of enthusiasm, its tender and noble considerations and sacrifices for the beloved one, a ray of real love, shining through the opaqueness of our heavy natures. Observing it in others and in ourselves, following its high leadings, we may become instructed as to the loveliness and constancy and strength and power of love. The observation of a genuine affection, manifested even in the life of one who otherwise is living coarsely or meanly, is always a joy and an assurance. We may say, he is learning by this one little reading in the primer of life, a line of life's greatest lore, and we know the fuller and richer revelations must follow, until he shall become a savant, a teacher of teachers, and that he and all the human family shall continue to grow in this knowledge of knowledges until it shall be no longer necessary for one to say to another, "Know the Lord, for all shall know the Lord, from the least even unto the greatest."

But looking at the affections as they exist in us at the present time, we must, if we would gather from them hints as to the real nature of love, separate that which is high and pure from the selfishness in them; from the seemingly inevitable desire for personal good, with which they are so marred and weighted that they often bring to us more of pain than of pleasure. In its lowest aspect, affection, or that which is mistakenly called love, is merely pleasure in the sensation of being loved. It is that delight in the reception of attention that can so easily pass into an aching void of disappointment and longing when the attention is withdrawn. A higher stage of affec-

tion reveals it as a sort of commerce, a give and take, in which the giving is largely, although not always consciously, the result and provocation of the receiving. Let us not fail to gather all the sweetness and real suggestive beauty that we may from this stage of the development of love. Better to give in this way than not to give at all. And this manifestation holds its own intrinsic teaching, also,—namely, that all the giving of love brings its own return, that no particle of the heart's wealth is ever poured out into nothingness, or fails to return to the hand of the giver. Later on we shall learn that there is a divine recklessness that banishes from our minds all concern except that of the giving, but most of us as yet have found it possible to live—with the exception of occasional sublime flights—only on the plane where we receive love's price in coin of its own kind. A soul loyally following the indications which life gives us in this, that might be called the economic stage in the growth of love, would come to see something of its real nature—would grow into the observation of the fact that more joy was generated within himself by his bestowal than by his reception of the offices of love, and in the course of time would prove his own high lineage by voluntarily exchanging his "market-cart for a chariot of the sun." But it is possible for us to open the eyes *now*, and by a recognition of the truth, pass swiftly over all the dreary lengths that otherwise must be traversed by practical experience. Doing this we shall see that, —

2. Love is the will to serve. It is that state of the soul in which the giver is purely a giver; in which he so separates himself from that lower nature that feels pleasure in receiving, that it is as though that nature were dead. He knows not whether he receives or no. He heeds not whether his act meets recognition. Here is a soul who needs the kindly service of a friend. He can be that friend. The act and its reward are one and are not separated in the mind of the lover. It is said that "true love cannot be unrequited." This is true, but because it is requited by naught but itself. "All the money of God is God." Thus love begins to shine with its own light and we become conscious of the enchanting flavor of that wine

of eternal joy which is quaffed only by lavishly pouring it out for others.

3. Yet, if love were only the will to serve, it might bear with it some sense of superiority, as though it were somewhat the richer and gave in princely fashion to a beggar. It gives, indeed, and for the joy of giving; but if its own light truly illuminates its movements, it sees that its offering is laid at the shrine of a god. For Love is the perception of the true nature of the being loved. It is the clarified vision by which we see that every object of life, beautiful or repulsive, is a manifestation of the One Life, than which there is no other. Love is cognizant of the divine essence within every form; beholding all nature as "a projection of God into the unconscious," returning by slow stages and gradually refining forms, unto its Source and Self. Love looks upon no distorted countenance of a fellow-being in which it does not see the features of the one Beloved. Love reverently touches every stained hand of humanity as a hand of God; trusts every human heart as the living sanctuary of the Deific Presence, whose glory and power must presently shine forth until it shall have obliterated all the appearance of vileness and impurity which were indications that this child of the Highest had not yet come to know himself. Love sees him as what he is. Truly saith that great prophet of the Soul, "He who is in love, is wise and is becoming wiser, sees newly every time he looks at the object beloved, drawing from it with his eyes and his mind those virtues which it possesses. . . . And the reason why all men honor love is because it looks up and not down; aspires and not despairs."

4. Love is the recognition of our true relationship with one another. It sees that, all life being of one texture, woven of threads so inextricably interlaced that no one could be withdrawn and remain whole; that no one could be injured and the material not be marred; that all life being the manifestation of one substance and force, of which each being is but a small fragment or expression; that all life, as one vast sea of Being, but swirls itself into eddies here and there, which we know as individuals; so the interests of one of these indi-

viduals are the interests of all. My brother's needs are my needs. My brother's growth or retardation of growth, is mine. He may not be wounded or cramped or hindered in any way and I not be, also. My enrichment is his, or it is but a visionary gain that I see as having come into my hands, and I am still "poor and blind and naked." Not that love in its infant stirrings within us always beholds this emancipatory truth in its entirety, for that would be the consummation towards which, as yet, we only tend. But all the sweet sympathies and tender compassions and noble sacrifices and acts of brotherly helpfulness that beautify and lift up our common life, all the voices that are staunchly heralding the coming of a better day in politics and industry and the whole life of society, all the heroic efforts to usher in that day—these betray the truth that we are near the time of a larger and truer vision of our relations with one another and with the universe.

5. But there is a yet deeper and more vital sense in which we may understand that love is of the very essence of God. It is the will to serve without reward; it is the perception of the infinite worthiness of every being it could serve; it sees that serving one is serving the whole, of which itself is a part; but it is more than a perception, or an act following intuition. It is a movement of nature itself. Life tends to concentrate, to return toward the Center whence it was projected, that it might, by seeming separation, and the path of individual consciousness, voluntarily pass into universal consciousness. And all the affections and attractions by which husband and wife, parent and child, friend and friend, are irresistibly drawn together, are the instinctive motions of this one nature that has produced affinities only that they may unite. All the sweet acts of love, gradually becoming purer, freeing themselves from the decay and dross of selfishness, rising to the knowledge and height of their own nature—these are the more or less intelligent and voluntary efforts to "do by knowledge what the stones do by structure." Love is the longing for home; it is the effort to reach home. It is the homing instinct that clasps to its breast all its own, and later knows as its own all the manifestations of this one great wedded, parental,

brotherly, filial life. Love is the constructive, welding, fusing power, that works throughout nature. Love, the very life of God, is, in the world, the process of reunion in that Life which is in all and is all.

#### IV.

##### THE MOST HIGH GOD.

There is a beatitude that encloses our highest aspiration. It is an ineffable light that banishes all our conceptions of darkness. It is the shining of a soft brilliance that comes from no central body, but is pervading and intrinsic. In its complete purity the individual soul is bathed, until he passes into and becomes one with its crystal clearness. Beyond this perfect transparency there is naught to be seen, for it contains, and is, full satisfaction for the eye that is open to behold it. It is the Perfect Intelligence that holds all objects of Knowledge as the children of its own creation. It is the Pure Joy that precedes, encloses, and is the goal of all the alternations of pleasure and pain. It is the end or completion of Love, in that it is the realization of that identity of nature that discovers no more parts to be united. It is the Omnipotence that creates forms and raises and refines them into unobstructed power. It is somewhat more than the stilling of all personal desires, for it sees desire as existing only where this perfection is not realized. Not that desire is in itself any unholy thing; it is but the token of an incomplete state of consciousness, the beholding of some manifestation or intimation of the Universal Good as a separate good, and distinct from the would-be possessor; conjoined with the instinctive movement of nature that unites itself with all good that it can perceive. It becomes harmful only when it emphasizes that separateness and would, for the attainment of this one pitiful portion, exclude all else; and when it becomes regardless of the equal right of all other divine souls; when the false conception "*mine*" takes on an excluding significance which in no wise belongs to it. But, in the light of this nearness of Pure Truth, it is known that there is nothing to desire, that not only is there the complement

of every faculty and capacity, that each has been met and wedded by each, but that, in a higher reality, there was no parting.

It is possible for the individual soul to reach up, to unclothe its eyes unto the soft smiting of this celestial radiance, to pass into and enclose itself within, to know itself one with, this all-encompassing Perfection.

That at times this transcendent experience has come into many lives, we know, from the testimony of souls every here and there, who, in connection with many different formulations of religious conception, have, through sacrifice, meditation, and loving service, passed into widely-acknowledged sainthood. And added to these are the words of many humble followers of the pure gleam, who have, in obscure lives of sweet patience and faithfulness, stumbled, as it were, upon the spring which opened an otherwise unseen door into this realm of unmingled, celestial beauty.

That it is our destiny to refuse to remain content with these glimpses and to become absorbed, translated into this Fullness of Life—in no sense losing ourselves, but finding all that is high and true and permanent in self—this we know with a solemn certitude that is past the power of argument to confirm or refute.

On our way thither there are various stages in the knowledge of God through which all of us, perhaps, have passed or must pass.

There is first the time when we conceive of Him as outside of ourselves. This state of development has its own degrees and progressions. From doubts as to whether this extraneous Power is not sometimes antagonistic to, and subversive of, our interests, we come by the paths of many observations, experiences and intuitions, to revere, to trust, to love, to claim kinship with, to regard as "Father," this more or less clearly perceived Authority. The point at which we can, with all sweet and glad and unquestioning trust, look into this Father's loving face, with hearts full of responsive, filial love, is high and true; and I would bid any young soul to tarry there until he has built into himself all that is of value and

beauty in this conception. The essence of the trust thus generated lays hold on the real, and *may* be carried over without a break into the sublime atmosphere of the high knowledge. Sometimes there must be a soul-trying hour when all that seemed so true and real fades, crumbles, slips from our grasp, and our hands and lives seem empty and sunless for a while:

The lower stages of a higher development often seem depressed below the greatest heights attained by the estate of nature or thought that is really more primary: for example, the lowest animal organizations appear much farther from completion and beauty than many expressions of vegetable life that well-nigh approach perfection in their own way. But the power of will that is revealed in even the very slightly organized creatures of the lowest classes of the animal realm, admonish us that here is another and higher type of life. Thus, as we pass from the conception of a God without ourselves to the understanding that all the power that exists is resident within us;— and yet do not perceive this power as infinite and eternal Intelligence,—it often appears a fall into materialistic darkness. In the place of a personal God we have only impersonal law and force, and a certain high element is lost out of our universe of conception, which leaves us the dreary feeling that we are poor, bereft “orphans of nothing.” Yet the very fact of our being thus flung upon ourselves, is a condition from which there is likely to grow a larger conception of truth: “When we have broken our god of tradition, and ceased from our god of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with his presence.” But that glow may not be kindled until there has been many a sturdy, conscience-strong act of self-dependence, of loyalty to the right for right’s own sake, that recks not of a past nor a future, and recognizes no height of being except goodness. Let us render a true and tender respect to any soul we may chance to meet who is passing through this stage of development,—who sees naught which he feels he can justly call God, and yet worships God by the integrity and cleanliness of his life. His lesson at this stage is a far harder one than that of him who has a God,



whether it be a God or authority, or a God of his own finding.

But this is no permanent tarrying place. When the power of vision grows strong enough, we see a larger and better truth. We see the God of all intelligence, wisdom and purpose, finding his being in and through all manifested life, God in the sod, in the plant, in the animal, in the man, groaning, sorrowing, toiling, groping his way back unto his own. We dare to say, "God is in me; all of my tears are God's tears, all of my pains are God's pains; all of my experiences of every sort are God's experiences; all of my aspirations are the preachings of the Holy Spirit within, toward the Eternal Bliss that is His own high estate." And little by little we come into the exercise of the confidence and patience and hope and love that we feel are the virtues growing in the soil of the divine nature within us. We will listen to the divine voice, we will trust the divine wisdom that is within, we will let the divine compassion flow through us; we will be channels for the vigorous outpush of the divine energy, and even the physical being shall, if possible, form no obstruction to the full expression of the Divine Will. The God within, the God we are, shall, by our consecration and effort, grow, as speedily as may be, toward His own heights of glory and power. We have taken a great step onward when we thus identify ourselves with the God that is our own true life, the God that is in the world and is the world, and that moves with ceaseless and certain step onward and upward toward the supreme and perfect bliss in which the "One without a second" is alone known. There are untold depths and reaches of wealth and beauty, of experience and potentiality, within the zones girded by these great thoughts, and we must tarry here for long, or return again and again, to garner up and incorporate into the character all of these namelessly vast riches. Something of this growing, giving, toiling God, we must ever know and be, until all of manifested life shall have found its full redemption, for no soul can attain perfection until all souls are with him, for he is but a portion of the great, common life.

But there comes a time when a soul knows that he may, at

least at intervals, pass to a greater height than even this fine, pure earnestness and exalted purposefulness; that he may pass beyond the confines of even this consciousness of his own divine nature and destiny, up through all the potentialities of life in every form, into that Infinite that transcends them all. His highest consciousness is no longer that of being a part of an evolving, divine world, a travailing, divine humanity, but of being one with the Eternal, "the same yesterday, to-day and forever." The finite, "which toils and suffers," passes almost into the shadow of forgetfulness and there remains only the Infinite "stretched in smiling repose;" there shines only the perfection of unobstructed, nightless day. His "eyes are holden" that he may not become sightless with the great glory. If he reasons about it, he will say that he knows that compared to the endless powers that he is conscious are opening in and from him, on every side, he now is able to catch but the most infinitesimal glimpse. But he nevertheless knows that it has been given him to behold The Most High God.

Henceforth all the objects and experiences of life, shrunken and shrivelled into insignificance, must, if they are to exist at all, be lifted up and receive the revivifying touch of a new meaning and dignity which this light alone can give them. From that height the soul looks down on the world-process with the interest of complete certitude. It sees the end so clearly that all the steps toward it, however feeble or halting or slow they may appear, are beheld through the medium of a joyous and moveless confidence. It sees its own personality as but a small portion of the whole, of no more importance than any other, and looks at it with precisely the same interest it feels in all others. It is being moulded and guided by the great beneficence and wisdom that pervade it and all else; it is animated by so much of the Universal Spirit as it gives place to; and the freed soul, no longer that personality, but only a dweller in, or *with* it, for purposes of utility, is glad of every experience of every sort, that shapes it into a truer channel for the onflowing of the divine life. It is content with life's work. It is one with the Worker. It is enwrapped and filled with an unending serenity. Yet its ministry has

no chill of indifference, but the touch of infinite tenderness, of deific efficiency. Such a soul is one with its fellows as it could not be until it rose above them and itself, and knew itself and them as one with their Source and Purpose. To voluntarily rise to this height is the privilege and duty of every soul. To have entered into the wonder of this Ineffable Beauty but once, is to have seen the way of life. To abide in it is to have passed from death unto life.

## DESIRE—AN EVOLUTIONARY AGENT.

MARGARET ELSIE CROSS.

Desire then in the beginning arose, the first germ of mind; the bond betwixt Non-Being and Being, as knowledge, wise men find hid in their hearts.—*Veda*.

In all nature there is a creative energy, by means of which the actual reaches out after the ideal. From eternity this energy has been a steadfast force of transformation, impelling all things onward by certain laws. Then æons of nebulous matter it reached out after a solid state and evolved a great world-system. From chaos it unfolded the naked earth into sublime beauty and harmony. Then the uncouth forms and dim sensations of animal life, with irrepressible longing, it reached upward into the beauty of human body and the dignity of human brain. Unsatisfied with even this fruition, it climbed up into spirit up into love, and brought into marvelous existence human homes and happiness, earthly governments and laws. Its yearning *still* unappeased, by gigantic struggle and conquest it seeks in an ever-broadening psychical life to satisfy its divine discontent.

At every progressive step nature accomplishes her marvelous work through conflict and pain. For the process of growth is the story of a struggle for the realization of an ideal and is always accompanied by some disintegration—some breaking away of old relations, that new and larger relations may begin. The ideal by which growth is governed in the unconscious forms of the mineral and vegetal worlds is called *law*. In obedience to law the energy, resident in the structure, literally attacks the environment and appropriates the elements essential to the transformation of the actual into the ideal form. When the plant-energy extracts elements from the soil, moisture and sunshine, and converts them into nutriment, when it attacks other organisms and robs them of their distinctive form, and when it restores to the mineral world the exhausted

portions of the plant, it acts in obedience to law, or an ideal which, through the process of nutrition, it seeks to realize. Thus, by vanquishing or assimilating external substances in its progressive realization, the rose dons its garment of delicate tint and texture, the oak puts forth its branches, leaves, and swelling buds, the willow weaves its gray and green garlands near the river's brink, and the vine extends its twining tendrils for support.

The correlation between struggle and growth is more perceptible in the animal than in the vegetal world. With the mysterious ascent of energy from plant to animal life, there comes the power of feeling, the first faint stirrings of a dormant soul. By means of this power, the animal, unlike the plant, becomes conscious of itself, conscious of its environment, and the still, small voice of that dawning consciousness whispers of the contrast between the real and the ideal conditions. Within the organism of the animal, feeling represents, as a mental image, the ideal object, which includes both the being and the not-being. The vision of the ideal creates appetite and desire with their concomitant sense of need, for the satisfaction of which the animal selects, attacks and utilizes objects within its environment. This activity is *always* attended with effort and *often* with fearful struggle and suffering in which the weaker organism succumbs and disappears.

Throughout the countless forms of life, from plant to mammal, from mammal to spiritual being, this struggle unceasingly goes on. The universe is an arena in which all things are engaged in perpetual combat for the achievement of the non-being. Every attainment reveals a fresh ideal beyond and the endless struggle is renewed.

When regarded as a contest between unrelated, independent, individuals, each battling for a temporary, selfish end, the destructive "struggle for existence," with its unsatisfied longings and its anguish of baffled and dying organisms, sacrificed to gratify the desire of their triumphant survivors, brings discouragement and discontent with Nature's law. But ARE all these perishable forms in which the destructive and forma-

tive energy manifests itself, isolated and independent? Is each a separate unit, working out independently and exclusively an unrelated destiny? Does the fragrant flower bear no relation to the breeze that rocks it upon its slender stem? Is the mighty river or the boundless ocean independent of the rain-drop? Are all the myriad creatures, daily cheered by solar heat and light, unrelated to the central sun or to the immeasurable worlds which whirl around it without pillar or support?

Every object of the material universe proclaims the fact that

“Nothing in the world is single;  
All things by a love divine  
In each other’s being mingle.”

Each fleeting, evanescent form in which energy manifests itself, producing the subtle and mysterious changes we call growth, is but a specialized form of *one* animating principle which unites all things in a great, surging stream of life; a stream composed of an infinite number of rivulets, each guided in its course by an invisible power as it increases its volume and momentum by intermingling with other rivulets in their struggle toward the goal; each being essential to the perfect preservation of all others and to the mighty tide which bears it onward to the infinite sea. Through the agency of this unifying force, the universe is a vast system of relations and interdependence, in which each finite form becomes a sharer in the life of all other forms.

The dream of this universal kinship, established by a Promethean fire, resident in all nature, has been handed down the ages in the prophecy of seers and the songs of poets. Virgil, echoing the voices of sages who had lived before him, thus sang nearly two thousand years ago:

The heaven, the earth, the main,  
The moon’s pale orb, the starry train,  
Are nourished by a soul,  
A bright intelligence, whose flame  
Glows in each member of the frame  
And stirs the mighty whole.

Thence souls of men and cattle spring,  
And the gay people of the wing,  
And those strange shapes that ocean hides  
Beneath the smoothness of his tides.  
A fiery strength inspires their lives,  
An essence that from heaven derives,  
Tho' clogged in part by limbs of clay,  
And the 'dull vesture of decay.' "

Epictetus, in the first century of the Christian era, asked the same question, that is the burden of this present age: "Doth it not appear that all things are united in One?" And from the lonely hills of Galilee the Great Nazarene proclaimed the divine truth of the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. And St. Paul realized that "There is one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all and in you all." But it was left for modern science to establish the *truths* of the beautiful dream of the ages. The discovery of natural selection supplied the evidence of the unity of the world-process by proving that all the mystic forces of the universe are so many diverse manifestations of *one energy*, which proceeds by orderly sequence from lower to higher forms of life.

With this conception of the universe, the profound significance of the perpetual struggle for existence is revealed. The perspective through which it is viewed is no longer that of time, but of eternity. Each struggling organism is a part of a progressive whole which advances in proportion to the achievement of its parts. The struggle and conquest are the subtle method by which Nature selects the strongest organisms of each generation, teaches them to conform to the needs of their environment and seeks to realize, in ever-ascending creations, her divine ideal. In the unhewn measures of Walt Whitman the Human Soul graphically describes Nature's steadfast purpose and untiring effort during the long ages of its **ascent**.

I am the acme of things accomplished, and I an encloser of things to be.

My feet strike an apex of the apices of the stairs;  
On every step bunches of ages, and larger bunches between the steps,  
And all below duly travel'd, and still I mount and mount.

Rise after rise bow the phantoms behind me;  
Afar down I see the huge first Nothing—I know I was even there,

I waited unseen and always, and slept through the lethargic mist,

And took my time and took no harm from the fetid carbon.

Long was I hugged close—long and long.  
Immense have been the preparations for me,  
Faithful and friendly the arms that have helped me.  
Cycles ferried my cradle, rowing and rowing like cheerful boatmen;

For room for me, stars kept aside in their own rings;  
They sent influences to look after and to hold me.  
Before I was born out of my mother generations guided me,  
My embryo has never been torpid—nothing could overlay it.  
For it the nebula cohered to an orb,  
The long, slow strata piled to rest it on,  
Vast vegetables gave it sustenance,  
Monstrous sanroids transported it in their mouths and deposited it with care.

All forces have steadily employed to complete and delight me,  
And now on this spot I stand with my robust soul.

It is thus that the energy, resident in all forms, has climbed upward through all the varying ideals from nebula to the first, faint whisper of nascent mind, upward through all the myriad modes of consciousness to the warring and aspiring soul of man, gaining strength through contest and wisdom through victory. In the depths of the struggle there lies concealed the whole mystery of being, the divine secret of which philosophy, for six thousand years, has sought to discover. But



during the unavailing search of philosophers, the ceaseless passion for the unattained, ever surging in nature and the souls of men, has been accomplishing its marvelous work of progressive realization.

What is the ultimate ideal or goal toward which nature has struggled so ceaselessly through the ages? The process of growth affirms the existence of an Infinite Ideal from which all finite ideals have sprung and in which each seeks its final fulfillment. Back of the energy which animates all created things, back of the secret mystery of being and of all the phenomena of progress, there lies the Infinite and Eternal Ideal toward which all the forces of the universe, united in a mighty synthesis, are tending. Yearning to express its completely realized ideal, the Infinite Energy, from eternity, has progressively revealed itself in the sublime beauty and grandeur, the power and wisdom, the peace and love of the great world system. To each finite expression it imparts a portion of its own infinite activity and unutterable longing, by means of which the incarnate energy slowly unfolds into ever-ascending manifestations of the Infinite Spirit. In the soul of man the Infinite beholds the most perfect expression of Itself and in the unfolding power of this consummate creation, it seeks to carry out and express its Divine Ideal.

It follows that complete manhood and womanhood, a perfected humanity, must be the glorious end toward which Nature has long been working. The prophet of the soul's unrealized depths of wisdom and heights of excellence is the Christ-ideal which has permeated humanity through all the epochs of human history; feebly expressing itself, at first, in the crude symbols of primitive man, but ascending, with the progress of the race, to the divine attributes of the spirit, exemplified in the grand and stainless life of Jesus of Nazareth. The varying spiritual ideals that have come down the ages are a record of humanity's quest for God, and the perfection of Jesus is God's promise that humanity, ultimately, shall reach Him.

As a measure to this glorious culmination, man is endowed with all the attributes of the Infinite Spirit, whereby he may

reflect faithfully the Divine Life from which he sprung. The germ of desire, slowly unfolding in the lower forms, gives birth, in human life, to knowledge and will, and then emerges into love—the ultimate gift of God. Knowledge, united with the deep and wonderful tide of love, is the “bond betwixt Non-Being and Being,” which ceaselessly draws the soul of man onward to the illimitable life. It is knowledge, united with love, which forms the bond of human society, which is the origin of all social organizations and human institutions, of all the lofty hopes and aspirations, all the noble, irrepressible longings that are the promise and prophecy of the world. It is man’s power to know, to love and to do which has lifted him from the savage state to the dignity and grandeur of

“Cæsar’s hand and Plato’s brain,

The Lord Christ’s heart and Shakespeare’s strain.”

His unwearying progress ever accords with the Lord’s benediction upon the arch-angels in the second Prologue to Faust:

“The Becoming which ever works and lives, embrace you with love’s gracious bounds, and what hovers in unsteady seeming, do ye make steady with enduring thought.”

Such a benediction of the Infinite Spirit, breathed upon humanity to-day, is the inspiration by which the soul of man continues its struggle toward perfection. Thought and love and noble endeavor are the channel through which humanity is reaching toward God. Through these we catch a glimpse of the vision and hear the Christ-spirit whisper of man’s completeness; then we know that “To think God’s thoughts after him” and to feel and to express the soul’s deep hunger is loyalty to the Perfect Plan. It is thus that God seeks to make the human life divine and in a perfected humanity to reproduce Himself.

Desire, then, or the soul’s unrest, is God messenger of harmony and love which hints of what is meant to be, but is not yet. It is the bond which unites all finite life and joins it to the Great Life by which it is maintained. It is the universal hero-force which struggles for the unattained, even as Jacob wrestled through the lonely night till he saw God’s face. And the battle-notes of the lonely, bitter struggle are in truth mighty harmonies which tell of conquest and perfection yet to be.

## THE MISSION OF A CHILDLESS WOMAN.

ELIZABETH FRY PAGE.

"You love children more tenderly, and have more patience with them, than any one I know, to have none of your own," said a friend and neighbor to me.

I love all life, and there is no sweeter, more lovable form of it than *young* life, in any domain of Nature. Young trees, young plants, young animals, young children, are alike attractive to me. One reason, perhaps, is that they appeal to me and seem tacitly to place themselves under my protection. The instinct of motherhood is very often more highly developed in a childless woman than in one who is the mother, by force of circumstances, of a large family. The world is inclined to laugh scornfully and grow satirical if a single man or woman, or a married one without offspring, presumes to express opinions or advance theories upon the subject of child culture; yet we, who have no little faces to wash, or pinafores to make, or such a struggle to provide the loaves and fishes, have more time for observation of child life, and study of childhood's needs, than the average parent.

Froebel, the author of the kindergarten system of education, which grows in popular favor with the years, had no children of his own, but he remembered his own child-life, its lacks and its longings, and studied children closely when thrown with them. He knew biology and psychology, and applied them to some purpose in his work as an educator. There are many mother—and father—*hearts* among the teachers of the young in all lands, who will die spinster and bachelor. Who loves children more or understands the child heart better than James Whitcomb Riley? And yet, to his fond eyes, only "unborn faces shine before a never-lighted fire."

With this brief justification of my temerity in touching upon a subject of which I am supposed, through lack of physical experience to know nothing, I will explain how I have endeavored, in the last year or two, to aid in the production of

beautiful, healthy, happy, gifted children, and to better the race in an abiding, though silent way.

I believe very strongly in pre-natal influence. I believe also in the formative agency of thought, and that loving thought is the greatest known power for good. I know that a person's thought can, by the practice of concentration, gain a wonderful dynamic force, and when such thought is directed toward a person, an animal, or even a plant, it flies with the directness and force of a well-aimed bullet, and seldom fails of its purpose. The mind of an expectant mother is as sensitive as the film in a camera, and her thoughts act directly and positively upon the mental, moral and physical development of the unborn child. She is often subject to hallucinations that render her very nervous and unlike herself, fitful in temper and unhappy. One woman told me that at such times she conceived the most violent prejudices and unexplainable aversions to people of whom she had formerly been fond. The entire system of some women is upset and unnatural, and the mental note decidedly out of tune. Noticing this, during several years of close association with mothers, and observing the effect upon the children, either in physical weakness or temperamental inclination, I began theorizing about it, and decided that an outsider could help matters, and a childless woman take a part in peopling the world, the value of which could not be estimated.

We have all seen, or at least heard or read of, the effect upon a person's whole life of having been an unwelcome child, and most of us know what a small percentage of children come into the world really desired and loved in anticipation of birth. We have also seen that such children, the desired and loved-in-advance children, are the happy, healthy, gifted ones, in most instances, unless some parental fear of the one-time bugbear, heredity, impresses itself upon them, and they, in response to the fear-thought, develop the trait, habit or disease feared by those nearest them.

Thinking over these things, I made up my mind that henceforth no child should come into the world undesired or unloved. I would do it myself, beginning with increasing my

consciousness of love for all life, and particularizing as individual cases came under my observation. In the Episcopal church, we pray for women in the perils of child-birth. Why not breathe a blessing upon the little unborn child?

The first person with whom I came in contact after that, upon whom I could try my theory, was a woman who rebelled against maternity because of the physical suffering attendant upon it, and the added responsibility after the child's birth. I was thrown much with her, and always guarded the conversation closely, introducing cheerful, pleasant topics, interesting myself in the coming child, envying her her new happiness, directing her mind away from the pains and cares and toward the joys and splendid privileges of motherhood. I decided the sex of the child, named it, and loved it as an individual. She was at first amused at my attitude and what she termed my fanciful notions, but she soon lost her fears, became her old bright, sweet self, and spoke as lovingly and tenderly of the little expected visitor as she did of any of her children already born. I was often with her during her shut-in days, and never failed to fill her with loving and powerful, though silent, suggestions, and continued to love that little unseen creature with a constant devotion that I had seldom given any one outside of my own family. The little fellow came, a boy, according to order, a perfect, splendid little specimen, so jolly and sunny; and his advent was almost painless. He grew in beauty and charm with each day, developed rapidly, and, best of all, loved *me* devotedly. I said nothing about my theory, but was so delighted with this one practical working out of it that I felt sure of having hit upon a beautiful mission, and have persisted in it.

On the street, in the shops, in cars or parks, or wherever I see an expectant mother, I direct toward her my most powerful thought for the successful accomplishment of her confinement, her peace of mind, and always add a hearty "God-bless-you;" while to the little life I send love and assurances of welcome. These thoughts, that really amount to strong mental treatments, treatments of two in one, I am sure have some effect, but of course, where one is constantly or even at inter-

vals thrown with the mother, the effect is more noticeable, and powerful.

When an artist is painting a picture, or an author is writing a book, and some interested person watches the progress of it and speaks sweetly or admiringly or lovingly of the work, it is a strong stimulus to creative power, an incentive to the highest achievement. If mothers in general realized what a beautiful, holy, artistic thing they could make of the moulding, shaping, developing and beautifying of the hidden, plastic germ, the world would be so much more beautiful and happy. Disease and discontent and crime would disappear, and an ideal race would be the result.

I know two members of one family, one of whom was not only desired but prayed for by his parents, and the other was what is commonly known as an accident, both parents rebelling at his coming, and taking no pre-natal interest in him whatever. His oldest sister, who was for the first time old enough to understand such things, was the only one to whom he was welcome, and she loved the little new life and longed for its coming. The older son was sunny-tempered, handsome, high-minded, successful and popular. The undesired child was small, nervous, misanthropic, seeming to care for no one in his world but the one sister who had loved him previous to his birth. He was never successful, never happy. Antagonism characterized his every association with his fellow men. I have heard and read of many such cases, some of them even worse in effect than the one cited.

So I have decided to expend my mother-instinct in loving thought directed systematically and persistently, though, of course, not exclusively, to the unborn. It is a beautiful work to mother and love and make welcome these little new-comers, as beautiful and, I believe, as powerful for good as caring for them after arrival, and a work in which one may engage without rivalry or heart-aches, hard labor or regrets. Of course, many people do this unconsciously, it is instinctive with them, but I believe the power for good is increased many times by the persistent application to it of conscious thought.

I can see, upon my own life and character, the imprint of a

woman with whom my mother was intimately associated three years before my birth, and whom I knew well after I grew up. Her influence I have long recognized as one of the most potent factors in the formation of my personal tastes and character.

I believe that expectant mothers should choose their associates very carefully, and not cultivate or allow any intimate relations with persons of trivial nature, irritable temper or any characteristic the reproduction of which in a child would be a detriment or disadvantage. What is cheerful and honest and noble, high-minded and sweet and loving ought to surround this greatest of all God's wonders, the incarnation of a new soul. I have never cared for the right to vote, either for myself or any member of my sex, and would never raise up my voice to clamor for public or political rights; but the right of voluntary motherhood, it seems to me, should engage the thought, tongue and pen of every earnest person. In that lies the uplifting and purifying of the race, and there should never be a pregnant woman who could not chant, with her whole heart, "My soul doth magnify the Lord."

Men and women bow in humility before worldly greatness, but there is nothing so great, so honorable, so heroic as motherhood. There should never be cause for any commiseration from outsiders, but every friend should salute the expectant mother with a loving smile, and a hearty, "Blessed art thou among women."



We all dread bodily paralysis and would make use of every contrivance to avoid it, but none of us is troubled about a paralysis of the soul.—*Epictetus*.



Learn to laugh. A good laugh is better than medicine. Learn how to tell a story. A well told story is as welcome as sunshine in a sick room.—*Suggestion*.

## NARROWLY UPRIGHT.

AUSTIN BIERBOWER.

Broadly speaking, there are two classes of thinkers, illustrated by the man who takes a general principle and applies it to all cases, regardless of expediency or qualifying circumstances; and the other who notes exceptions, who studies each combination presented to him and everything bearing upon these as so many sidelights from a central and, as yet, only partially understood truth. The one is of the stuff of which the heroes of history are made, he belongs among the red letter men of the world, the men who say "This one thing I do." He has but one rule of conduct—this determines for him "the right" and his duty, he can not consistently depart from these, for any consideration of expediency is deemed a moral sacrifice and surrender. The man of the other class, recognizes that "principles" are only rules, man-made frequently, and little more than the crystallization of the usage of the ages or even the "expediency" of generations—not necessarily spiritual laws, by any means—and sometimes, indeed, in seeming contradiction of such fundamental truths. He believes there are exceptions that should be taken into account, that conduct may be guided by many principles, instead of but one, and that some of these may for a time conflict—until the truth underlying is eventually revealed. Such a man holds that general principles are only generally true, and that the highest good may sometimes be determined by other things than these. Love is beyond principle, and to love and be wise one must weigh many considerations, of which an intelligently conceived "principle" is but one. A man must sometimes depart from every law or rule that may be formulated. He must give scope and expression to the new truth or new aspect of truth that may choose him as its medium to the world. In this light, even the decalogue may sometimes be disregarded, for in the highest and deepest sense, truth includes all—even so-called "error." It is the truth one must seek and witness



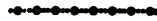
to, not merely the obviously "right." And he cannot always be sure the course according to principle is "the way of truth," especially when principle is determined by intellectual standards alone. The sacredness of the shew-bread is as naught before the hunger of a human being—"the Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Even the "moral" must sometimes yield to the spiritually expedient—as has the expedient again and again, to the moral—or rather both "moral" and "expedient" must minister to the truth—must be determined by what is true and best in the light of all the circumstances. One must sometimes be seemingly bad, to be truly good. The highest may sometimes be reached by conceding something to the lowest. The so-called moral law must be recognized as but one among many laws. Have we any more right to sacrifice a wise tolerance than a "principle?" A common interest, than a narrow conception of duty?

It is a question, which of these two classes of thinkers is the more nearly right. Or, are they of equal service to the world's progress—or even, perhaps, fundamentally the same?

The "man of principle" has the easier course, requiring but one rule for his guidance. His way is simple, not without effort, but without deep problems and perplexities. He has only scruples of conscience to settle, and once he knows "what is right," he has but to "go ahead." If the "right" is injurious, he does not care; he will do right and take the consequences. He trusts the right, believing it must prove best in the end, and he is relieved of all the perplexing problems which the other must solve, the fine discriminations and experiments which that other must make. Keeping one great rule instead of trying many expedients—he always knows what to do, and easily excuses himself if the result is disadvantageous. The other can rarely be sure he is wholly right, or very certain, even, that he is wise. He does the best he sees, in the given circumstances, in the light of the moment. Having no unalterable rule, he may seem to take a zigzag course.

"One ship drives East and another West,  
On the selfsame wind that blows."

Which, then, is the better guide for life—a fixed principle or a habit of receptivity to new truth—an openness to conviction? The merely right, or a wide, tolerant wisdom? One rule, or many considerations? Can we find a rule that will work unerringly, or will even all of the rules guide us with certainty? Can the laws of morality be formulated as one principle, or as any number of principles, so as to be followed without exception? Is not one man's meat another man's poison? Are we not all, in truth, experimenting with life and its principles—with so-called laws? Is not the heresy of to-day the orthodoxy of to-morrow? May not reliance upon a single rule of conduct conduce to rigidity of judgment, narrowness of horizon and contraction of sympathies? Is not the more desirable attitude that of unbiased receptivity, of tolerance toward all points of view, hospitality for any conception or consideration? Shall we not at least "try the spirits," "prove all things," before we condemn or even discard? And shall we ever surely know except by experience, and of what value to the world is any personal experience unless it may contribute something of *new* truth?



### JUST LIGHT OUTSIDE MY WINDOW.

The twitter of birds on the roof,  
 A church spire 'gainst the sky,  
 Just light outside my window,  
 The last dream fading by—  
 At peace in the early morning;  
 The long bright day to come—  
 Great Love, that filleth empty hearts,  
 Oh, make in mine, a home.

F. A. H.

## FROM SUPREMACY TO LIBERTY AND LOVE.

J. WILLIAM LLOYD.

Evil pursues, and, driven continually by fear, disgust and all repulsions, the individual is put to it to get away, and to better himself and vindicate the inner impulse, fights and anon tastes the bliss of victory. All nature goes through the same process, follows the same method, and rises through battle.

And it is no sham fight, either, from the standpoint of the lower nature, for the peril is very real, no quarter is given, defeat means death or ruin. If it were otherwise there would be no stimulus, for these sluggish lower forms are not easily moved, or gifted with vivid imaginations. Nothing but fear and pain of the sharpest kind can move them.

But gradually they lift and gradually they conquer, and as they lift the ideal is gradually born into their consciousness and becomes ever more potent. A mere dim mind-picture of safety, food and comfort, at first, it continually grows more beautiful and vivid, until its drawing equals and at last exceeds the driving of Fear.

And, as the ideal gains, fear grows less, because the individual is with every victory gaining in courage, ingenuity, self-confidence, and the habit of success. Courage has always been worshipped, and rightly, for it tells just how far along an individual is on the path. It is the accumulated fruit of numberless victories, begins with the first one and grows with every successor. Fear may make a man fight desperately, but only courage enjoys peril. Cowardice is reversion and sin.

As fear grows less, hatred grows less; the battle begins to be enjoyed. There is dawning of respect for the enemy. At first the struggle is always for supremacy, and the victor is merciless, revengeful, wasteful, but gradually this softens. The victim, first slain, devoured, assimilated, or despoiled, begins to be an object of pursuit and desire, and thus is, in a manner, loved; in some moment of satiety is spared, perhaps enslaved, perhaps petted and embraced, perhaps emancipated and made an equal. From the rudest beginnings all sorts of kinder feelings sprout and grow, and aid the reconciliation and unity.

This holds good through all existence. The first stage is

Supremacy, but later evolve Justice, Generosity, Liberty, Equality, larger and larger Unity, or Love.

Observe this in the relation of man to lower nature. At first, as man gets the victor's power, he is simply a fiend of destruction, and blasts all he touches, but gradually he changes and becomes himself an agent and creator of order, blessing and higher beauty—the desert is irrigated, the swamp drained, the mountain tunneled, the torrent bridged. Cultivation and protection take the place of wanton, wasteful, ugly spoliation, and man emerges the Artist and Protector, the Workman Beautiful and Beloved, where before was but the vandal.

And in man's relations to his fellows the same truth holds. The law of all lower nature is that Might is Right. All animals, plants, brutes know only this, with faint foreshadowings of higher adjustments, and man, in his early or brute stage, obeys the same law unhesitatingly. Force rules, and Supremacy is the only good.

At first the lust is only to rule, and to benefit self at others' expense, but this does not satisfy. The evils of such a state grow huge, and more and more intolerable, and force, finally, an uplift. It is inevitably perceived, sooner or later, that separateness and selfishness bring disaster and pain to self, and the growth once started in that direction cannot stop till it ultimates in mutual loving kindness, helpfulness, liberty, equality and peace.

Whenever the battle of life has lifted a man high enough to have ideals of peace, unselfishness, co-operation and liberty he has become evolved enough to no longer need the unmitigated pressure of evil as a driver. Instead, his ideals are now so high and attractive, and the habit-currents of his life so strongly set toward the center, that he is in a fit state to receive Evil as his Opportunity and, as a matter of fact, it does sooner or later dawn upon him in that light, and he no longer avoids it, but co-operates with it; no longer fears it, but welcomes it; no longer hates it, but lovingly thanks it for its services.

When this happens the Dawn is upon him, and he is attaining the Reconciliation.

## SELF-CONFIDENCE AND SUCCESS.

By Dr. J. C. Quinn, F. S. Sc., London, Eng.

"Health, usefulness and success are mine. I claim them." Keep thinking this thought, no matter what happens, and ere long these blessings will be yours.

The law that underlies this mental process may be thus expressed: "Desire will fulfil itself"; "Nothing is impossible to him that believeth," to use a Biblical phrase.

We can achieve success and have health, wealth and happiness if we will persistently hold to a desire for such things and confidently believe in the realization of our desire.

When apparent adversity comes, be not cast down. Make the best of it. Always look forward to better things, for conditions more prosperous.

By daily holding yourself in this mental attitude you will set in motion subtle, silent and irresistible forces, which, sooner or later, must actualize in material form that which is to-day simply an idea.

But let it be clearly understood that ideas possess occult power and, when properly planted and carefully tended, are the seeds which ere long bloom as material achievements and fruits of satisfied longing. John Burroughs expresses this idea well:

\* \* \* "Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,  
Can keep my own away from me."

Avoid with the utmost care all worrying and complaining and utilize the time thus redeemed in looking forward to and so actualizing the conditions you desire.

Continually suggest prosperity to yourself. See yourself mentally in prosperous circumstances. Keep ever affirming to yourself that you will soon be in affluent circumstances. Affirm it calmly and quietly, but none the less strongly and confidently.

Believe it absolutely. Expect it. Keep constantly before the mind's eye

"The thing we long for, that we are ;  
For one transcendent moment,  
Ere the present, poor and bare,  
Can make its sneering comment ;  
Still through our paltry stir and strife  
Glow down the wished ideal,  
And longing moulds in clay what Life  
Carves in the marble real."

Desire must fulfil itself. How? Why, simply by keeping up this habit of thought you make yourself a magnet to inevitably attract the thing you most strongly desire. By this process of mentation you are utilizing an agent among the most subtle and yet dynamic in the universe. If you are specially desirous for anything that you regard as good and right to possess, which will enlarge your life or add to your usefulness, simply hold the thought calmly, confidently, but persistently, in your mind. Then, at the right time, in the proper manner and through the best instrumentality, there will come to you, or there will open for you, the means or the way whereby you can attain your desire.

Faith in yourself, absolute, "dogmatic" faith, if you will, is the only law of true success. Let me give an illustration of this principle from the life of the late Professor Horace Maynard.

When he entered Amherst College he had strong faith in himself and a definite purpose before him. He decided at the outset that he would be the valedictorian of his class. No doubt there were other students at Amherst as intelligent and gifted as Maynard—even much more so. But his fixed determination carried him ever ahead of his class and won for him the great honor to which he had directed every power of his mind. From the moment that he fixed a square of cardboard with the letter "V" printed on it over the door of his room in the college he never for a moment lost sight of his ideal. This mysterious letter caused Maynard to submit to much banter and ridicule from his fellow students, which, however, he endured good-naturedly, though he refused to give them the meaning of the mysterious letter. Ever before his mind as

he entered his room, the one aim of his student life, it kept him in unflagging vigor in the pursuit of his studies.

At the end of the four years' course, when he had received the congratulations of both professors and students on the way in which he had acquitted himself as valedictorian, Maynard disclosed the meaning of the letter "V" over his door.

"What!" they cried in amazement, "is it possible that you had the valedictory in mind four years ago?"

"Most assuredly I had," was his emphatic reply.

This determination, this unswerving faith in himself, was the secret of the successful career of Horace Maynard, professor, statesman and accomplished diplomat. From the beginning he worked with a definite purpose in view. He laid his plans and then with unfaltering energy he worked to reach his goal.

Once we fully recognize the fact that a man carries with him his success or failure, and that it does not depend upon outside conditions, we will that moment come into the possession of powers which will greatly change untoward outside conditions into agents which make for success. We will then, like the great Napoleon, render circumstances subservient to our interests. When we come into this higher realization and bring our lives into complete harmony with the higher laws, we will then be able to direct and focus the awakened interior forces, so that they will go out, search for and return laden with that for which they were sent. We will then be great enough to draw swiftly to us that success which has so long hovered just a little beyond us in the race of life.

The philosophy of this is not far to seek. The "law of attraction" is forever active throughout the universe. Like attracts like. God holds all things in His hands for His children. "All things are yours." This is the *believer's* heritage, though we often fail to realize it through lack of faith.

Absolute confidence is the price. The men and women who are successful in this world are those who have absolute confidence in their ability.

Have a definite purpose in view; then ever hold in your mind the thought of success, work steadily on to your goal, and you cannot fail.

## SUCCESS EUPHAISMS.

MARY EUPHA CRAWFORD.

The point of attainment of some ideal, desire, or effort is regarded by humanity generally as a foothold or vantage ground in the substance of success, or the good that all are seeking.

It is a substance of good vitalized by infinite power, composed of elements to suit the needs and desires of every mind that possesses sufficient force, intelligence, persistence to project thought into and combine and shape from it forms that may be used and enjoyed.

Mental recognition of the possibility of gaining one's desires, with some power to do so, places one in touch with the elements that may be combined into some form. Success substance is plastic to the thought force projected into it by millions of minds, without crowding or confusion of its elements. It is of such nature as to seem to be always in advance. No retrograde action or dropping into it lazily or by accident is possible.

That "the fault is in ourselves and not our stars that we are underlings," oft appears not to be of universal application when one has struggled long and vainly to make success combinations. Yet, while failing to do so in every respect to our own satisfaction, or to command the outward respect always paid to success that shows, nevertheless by working persistently, cheerfully making the best out of the worst situation, with a pleased, thankful mental attitude for the smallest results, comfort may be drawn from the thought that in the fine balance of justice this kind of character-making possesses the enduring elements of success which the soul takes away with it, yet which do not always manifest in material forms. The proverb that "nothing is ever made in vain" is not immediately self-evident to the one who is working patiently through difficulties that evolve the very qualities of patience it is a sore trial to exercise. The one who can work with hope and continuity through hard situations and difficulties that seem of



over-whelming strength, bears the stamp of a steady drawer from the reservoirs of success.

There is a kind of success that draws and combines, that masters details and carries everything worth doing to a finish, and there is another that goes only with the surface of the current and accomplishes only superficial results. The character-building that accompanies each of these is after its kind, and the success of each soul is fashioned after the ideal pattern by which it works or shirks. Success showing in possessions that fill space, makes an impression on the masses by carrying its value in sight and use, like notes payable at face value. Each must carve his success out of the space between the ideal sought and the reach of effort toward it. The retaining point can only be kept open for more filling to be packed in by the same instruments of effort that made the first retaining point. The Paderewski kind of combining drudges unceasingly until the results unfold as expressions of genius, then keeps on drudging to hold the power of expressing what it perceives and feels. If one can but keep moving and devising new ways to master each situation that presents itself, so much of the momentum of success, so to speak, is at the service of his effort.

Giving up, or even harboring a thought of weariness or despair at any failure, makes the will and nerves too weak to carry the impulse and thrill of success that is requisite for speedy achievement, just as people who breathe close, bad air dread and shiver at the touch of fresh, and look forward with apprehension to every demand made upon their systems. The more impulses and sensations that thrill the nerve system at vital centers to which one is able to respond, the larger place he will fill with himself as a combiner and radiator of force.

Being pleased and thankful for the smallest results of effort is a mental attitude that invites more of such kind.

An *unfailing* characteristic of the success that reaches and lasts is, that it works in and around toward its objects without defrauding any of aught that belongs to them. The achievement desired appears to the vision out of the unknown that is ever in advance of active thinking minds, as a thing unique

and individual, and, in a way, the one who then draws it to him places his stamp on it as separate from everything belonging to his fellows.

But its selfless nature radiates from its realizer through the telegraphic subways, the subjective channels of all his environment, and many take heart from such a success who have no direct share in its accomplishment. Each individual success—each *true* success—helps the whole world just in proportion to its trueness. It is individual only in the sense that the one to whom it belongs cannot be defrauded of it; nor can he truly succeed if at any point he himself is regardless of the rights of another.

No one can take in from the psychic outdoors his thoughts nor those that attend his words. Though they be contradictory to what may be expressed, they will obey the law and flash along the auric wires all other minds have out as well, and be carried to their living centers to be sensed at their true value.

The most brilliant continued success reaches but a little way into the unknown, whither all progressive life is pressing, and when any become sated with what has been gained and cease to push on, their horizon remains bounded by known things, rather than by that which may be known, the immanent, untried, beckoning Possible.

No one can continue to fill a large place on any plane who is satisfied to move within a known horizon after his faculties have proved themselves capable of a wider field. He must advance or retrograde. Every point of thought centered on expands rapidly into more of its kind and leaves no excuse for the blankness of ennui.

Those who have worked to the summit of some material success are often apt to be thinking age-thoughts because of having neglected suitable exercise, and having formed habits of eating such food as solidifies their bones and tissues into the stiffness and infirmities of age. Unconsciously as this physical tendency increases, new thinking and fresh effort are less frequent. There is a feeling of having attained a satisfactory degree of success by comparison with that of others, and the ideal becomes dimmed. But the elements that unite

to produce true success never lose vitality, grow old, or dissipate. The one-hundred-year-old youth can by the same mental attitude and effort draw as much from the reservoirs as he did at fifty or fifteen, and while his companions sleep, can, by laying hold on the ever new forces of the subconscious mind, still toil upward in the night as well as the day. Every thought keeps a touch on more of its kind in the unknown. It makes a movable pole for others to crystallize about. When a sufficient number of a certain kind have centered around a desire, they inevitably project it into objective form as some form of success.

Success force displays qualities of inhabitiveness in the desire to stay with its own kind of companions and breathe its own vital atmosphere. Its inhabitiveness manifests a tendency toward higher levels, with no break in the continuity of kindred associations. The difficulty it encounters is in making the right combinations of decision, judgment, foresight, prudence, continuity and self-confidence to inspire confidence in others and to know how to lead with tact.

True success displays elements of content that saves a just acquisition from lapsing into greed; of justice that seeks no more than its own; of tolerance of the degree of success that satisfies and looks great to others, since it bears the stamp of their own desire and effort.

The smallest success of even the meanest sort looks large at first, and thrills the nerves with joy. Even a burglar feels a grim sort of self-congratulation when he succeeds in robbing others without being caught, but as he lives in violation of psychic law, his success makes an exhaustive drain upon his vitality and lacks staying qualities or any vestige of true satisfaction.

The winding bouts of trickery and dishonest advantage may give a kind of success that shows large at first and on the surface, but in a few years more is lost than has been gained; nor do health and content mark the lives of the "short-cut" seekers in their dark labyrinths of mistaken success.

The truly successful men and women of the world are those who have worked through the guile and seeming of the press-

ure of desires and appetites that make the discord and misery of humanity, and have acquired through self-control and experience, the joy and strength that attend upon mastery of the animal forces and strictly ethical methods of dealing with their fellows.

They then move in zones of a success that is permanent because it is founded on the basic laws of the universe.

Each must fall back eventually upon his own mental power and his own efforts to gain what may be desired from life. The hard work necessary to attain it develops and strengthens the mental, moral and physical forces, so that it is a growing pleasure to use them. Whatever good comes through others, and without personal effort, is apt to be of a negative nature, and not the kind that lasts.

The dominating spirits of the day, in both the mental and material world, seem to form trusts of all the success elements to the exclusion of less able ones, from the good things of fortune. But, as a matter of fact, they use and combine nothing that any others would be *able* to absorb or think of using as they do. In a very true and just sense, "the battle is to the strong." As others become strong, they will inevitably have their share.

People animated by a purpose think forward thoughts and have always an atmosphere of earnestness and efficiency. Every thought of theirs keeps in touch with those of its kind in advance, and holds close connection with the supporting rear ones that have become experience and visible form, through a ready, attentive memory, kept keen by constant practice.

"Nature never lends the smallest scruple of her excellence,  
But, like a thrifty goddess, she determines herself the glory  
of a creditor,

Both thanks and use.

If our virtues did not go forth of us in steady growth and  
exercise.

"Twere all alike as if we had them not."

## IN THE CURRENT.

BY FREDERIC BURRY.

Now and again we are tempted to take a superficial inventory—we look around and we look within, and we come to the conclusion that life is empty and existence an irritating, boresome thing.

But we change our minds as conditions grow brighter; and later again we alternate between the extremes of pessimism and optimism.

In the meantime our destiny carries us on and upward, through various hard and soft experiences, developing that wonderful thing, Human Character; and with the growth of our consciousness and knowledge, we become more satisfied and contented.

Everything is according to the point of view.

Perhaps we have looked at conditions in a false light. We have misinterpreted certain measures in our educational process to be goals in our existence. We have mistaken means for ends. And so we have made a protracted stop at a certain point, instead of going on, making added conquests, doing more and more.

Life appears empty only when we do nothing. Our universe, in a sense, is a personal subjective creation; and we perceive the reflections of our own mental productions. Let us transform something from the infinite into a finite reality; let us express something, manifest something, materialize something. Then our universe will be no longer empty.

There is no joy equal to that of the creator. Work of the true kind yields deep and lasting pleasure.

If any phase of your work or life appears empty and inconsequent take this as a hint that you may make some improvement. Everything serves its time; everything should eventually depart; and the void be filled with something yet better. We should see all materials and circumstances filled with glorious possibilities; and view vacant places as opportunities for

us to work in, and be thankful that we have found such scope—an open field.

There is indeed a "vacant place," which will prove a kingdom of hidden treasures and resources for each one of us. Let a man but seek and he will soon find a most productive vineyard waiting for his management, a garden in need of his cultivation.

There is small use in having ideals if one doesn't live up to them. Ideals must become habits of thought and conduct—then they are worth something. As soon as we recognize our oneness with infinity and dare to rise beyond the narrow, time-serving standards, then are we truly ourselves; then we can do something worth while.

The real, immortal consciousness must displace the unreal mortal conceptions. We must look beyond and beneath mere surfaces, even unto the centers and foundations.

We have heard a great deal about the joys of heaven. They have been clouded in a hazy mystery; and to many they have not seem so very inviting. But they are most real; only we must look within, where surely abides the celestial kingdom and realize that out of the spiritual depths we are ourselves to give birth to our heavenly delights.

And what a sense of freedom and fearlessness there is for the one who wisely chooses to follow the way that leads to the infinite realities; who dares to live up to his ever-unfolding ideals, despite habit, precedent, criticism. What an exhilaration, buoyancy, what a consciousness of dominion and mastery!

Truly we are more than compensated when we sacrifice negatives for positives, when we give up the seeming of emptiness for the sense of infinite resource.

The same current that bears us into the eddy of ennui carries us again into the whirl and tumult of midstream. Both are good, through both we learn the meaning of life; only by both do our sympathies widen and deepen.

In the current we feel the pulse and throb of the whole; on the bosom of the current we reach our "desired haven."

## FAITH AS A LAW OF THE UNIVERSE.

CARRIE MOSS HAWLEY.

All Christians are familiar with the word faith, and yet I often think how few really comprehend its meaning as taught by Jesus.

Most of us have been given the idea, which we have accepted without much thought, that Jesus taught we must have faith in him, in his own personality and personal power. This is undoubtedly the outcome of intense loyalty to the great founder of the Christian religion. But, as frequently occurs, I believe a mighty truth has been thereby obscured. If we read the four gospels with unbiased mind we shall find this true.

There is not an instance where Jesus said: "I have healed you." What he did say was: "Thy *faith* hath made thee whole," "According to your faith be it unto you," "O, woman, great is thy faith, be it done unto thee even as thou wilt," "Fear not, only believe," "All things are possible to him that believeth." You will note he never said, "You must believe in *me*." Those who were healed probably believed it was the miraculous power of Jesus which was able to cure them, and their faith was probably in Jesus himself. But, as a matter of fact, it was their condition of mind which made possible the cure. In the gospel, according to Matthew, we are told that Jesus was not able to do much in his own country because of the unbelief of the people.

Now Jesus understood, used and taught to his disciples a law which is one of the most valuable in the universe. We have reached a point in our development where we have some comprehension of it, but we do not use it because we do not appreciate its worth.

Now, what is the faith state? It is simply a condition of receptivity. Faith opens the windows of the soul, so that a flood of spiritual life pours in. Usually we keep ourselves shut up so tight there is scarcely a point where divine energy may come in. It is astonishing to note the physical effect of this attitude

of mind. A daily meditation on faith will relax the nerves and muscles and give new life to the whole organism. Faith is a subconscious state, by means of which we can control the conscious.

A few years ago I was sitting in the park one morning opposite the St. Louis Cathedral in New Orleans. I was not well, and, in addition to that, was very tired. Seeing the people going into and coming out of the cathedral, I concluded I would go in there for a while. I had been there before, as a sight-seer, so it was not in a spirit of curiosity that I entered. My attention was soon drawn to the pale and maimed people kneeling before the shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. A few crutches and canes near were silent witnesses of the efficacy of prayer at this altar. Of course I did not believe there was any marvelous power in the figure, or even that the saint herself had healed those who had been restored. Yet I was deeply impressed. I *did* believe the weak had been made strong there in *some* way because I had been assured of numerous instances of marvelous cures by an authority not to be questioned. I analyzed it as some mysterious efficacy in prayer. Being somewhat discouraged over my own condition and ready to "try anything" to get into a better state, I concluded I, too, would pray to Our Lady of Lourdes, but without going up to the altar. I told myself that it was absurd for me to do this, because I did not really believe help would come from the one to whom I prayed. But why not try it. I reasoned again. Say to yourself I do believe in this; throw off all doubt for the moment. Just pray and keep saying, "I *do* believe, I *do* believe."

I did this for about fifteen or twenty minutes. Within half an hour after entering the cathedral I left it feeling better than I had felt in months, and perfectly rested. This condition remained not only through the day, but for several days. The incredulous will say, "You were undoubtedly all right when you went in there. The trouble was all in your mind." Even so, though I do not grant it, this does not touch the basic truth of my argument.

We are told that the Hindus make their god Siva say: "Pray to whatever god you please and I will answer your prayer."



To have faith we must come out of the atmosphere of doubt which envelops us. Faith kills fear, which paralyzes the energies. Faith never says "hold back," but always "press on." Faith and desire give us strength for anything. With these we can reach any goal. Jesus told the people that with faith they could do *anything*. The greatest deeds of earth have been accomplished through this power. Class it as you like, among natural or supernatural laws, it matters not. It is a condition in which man is receptive to the highest—physically, mentally, spiritually. It gives wings whereby we may leave the material plane and soar to the realm of spirit. The lower world fades and we become denizens of a higher sphere—the kingdom of freedom.

Faith is a key that will unlock for us hidden treasures and emancipate the human soul. Why do we not make use of it—the faith that Jesus taught, which we now know is one of the subtle laws of the universe?



When we shall have mounted to the highest peak of unselfishness we will no longer fear pain. We will have no vengeful feelings toward those who injure us. Why should we? "They know not what they do." They are but children learning to play the game of life—to be pitied, rather than punished. We were on that plane once; now we have risen to a higher. We can utilize every injury, every pang of pain, for the unfoldment of Self. He who has achieved this height is master of the world, and finds only good.

Pain is the warning of inharmonious conditions. But the true Self has naught to fear, naught even to avoid. Fear of pain is based on selfishness, and when selfishness has vanished fear will have gone, and we will rejoice with the Unknown Soul.

Logos.

## THE ATOMIC MAN.

HARRIET S. BOGARDUS.

From prehistoric times the ethnography of man in all stages of his development, from savagery to civilization, is an interesting study, and from the great mass of accumulated wisdom, we may learn the causes of many of the social conditions of to-day.

No doubt many will think that the theme of *Genus Homo* has been exhausted, and that there is nothing new or interesting to recite, or to inspire to fresh enthusiasm the waning energies of life.

Yet, after centuries of civilization and progress, the riddle of existence has not been solved. To countless thousands the question comes, "Why this wild rush for the almighty dollar, this bowing down and worshipping of positions and the power inherent in them? Is the life of this present civilization the best the world has to offer?"

On every hand we have heard the civilization of the Nineteenth Century lauded to the skies, and crowned with the victor's laurel; but the ancient Sphinx still guards the tombs in stolid sleep, half sunken in the desert sands: a fitting emblem of the condition of multitudes of humanity, who gaze with hopeless, stony faces at life, and wonder why they are here.

It is with the hope of bringing new life and desire to discouraged souls that this view of atomic man is attempted.

As simply an animal creation, man is well worth studying. Standing, as he does, at the head of all natural orders, he is endowed with attributes that lift him far above his nearest relations in the lower animal kingdom. In his capacity to be, to do, and to achieve, man is ever a surprise unto himself. This ability to achieve his ideals, as has been demonstrated by the master mind along every path of knowledge, teaches conclusively the advantages of civilization and culture.

A genius is popularly supposed to have been born, not made; and it is doubtless true that he was born with a certain well

developed tendency toward the achievement of success along definite lines, whether of music, art or the sciences.

However, if it be true (as we are learning to-day), that we all have access to the Universal Mind, why may we not all attain a very superior development along any chosen line, without these inherited biases of temperament?

The point at issue would then be, as to the best and surest way of gaining access to this fountain of wisdom.

Many have found that knowledge of the atomic nature of their own bodies has helped them to an understanding of the laws of mental healing, as well as to the underlying principles that govern all occult phenomena.

All that the study of physiology reveals to us, with its minute description of the various organs of the body, is the fact that the animal man is a collection of organs. Each organ formed by the building of cells, each cell developing from a central cell or atom (an atom becoming a cell when it is arranged in nature's workshop as part of an organic body). Every separate organ of the body is dependent on all the other organs for help and assistance in performing the functions that must go on to give the physical man life.

The physical life of man is not so very different from the life of the one-celled atom of protoplasm. Even with its simple construction it is capable of motion, breathes, seeks food and assimilates it, reproduces its kind, and in some instances seems to exhibit a feeble state of consciousness through fear. To understand the atomic life of the body, and how, through gland-action the atoms pass and repass from organized to disorganized matter, is most interesting, and assists us to realize that the bodily life is one with all the changing, vibrating life of nature.

It teaches us that we may, as St. Paul says, "die daily," and so lose the old inherited fear of death that comes down to us through the ages. We may become fully conscious that death is only change, wherever we meet it—in the fallen monarch of the forest, or the cast-off tabernacle of a soul. "Change and decay in all around we see," but it need not make us unhappy or discouraged, if, as we change, we are conscious of

climbing up the ladder of life to a more perfect and glorious realization of immortality, and we may find it a pleasure to look through the kaleidoscope of our bodies for a view of the processes of creation.

It is stated by physiologists, that during the conception the cells of the human embryo pass through all the changes of the animal kingdom. From a protoplasmic mass the cells change, becoming like the cells of fishes, birds and beasts, until finally the completed miniature of man emerges. Every collection of cells forming an organ of the human body is supplied with a gland, and each gland is under the control of the nervous system. In every group of cells composing the bodily organs, there is a central cell, or nucleus, from which the other cells originate.

Gland action supplies the force that is continually casting off the ripened, or worn-out cells.

With every motion of our bodies, cells are bursting and being replenished in every organ affected by a change of position.

Beside this power of casting off old cells, each gland casts off minute particles called granules, these are also seeds, and have the power of reproducing a cell, like the central cell of the organ where they originated. The gemmules are then collected by the generative glands, and become a part of the reproductive elements.

Thus through physiological law we may trace the fundamental law of all inherited traits, both good and evil. At this point we may also trace the connection between gland action and thought force.

In the various organs of the body cells are found in all stages of development. Near the center cell, or nucleus, will be found baby cells, then half-grown ones, and, as the cells draw near the ducts, or veins that traverse each organ, they seem to enlarge, or ripen; and, like ripened fruit, they burst, pouring out their gathered protoplasm.

It is this protoplasmic fluid that forms the various secretions of the body. These secretions are then worked over by the lymphatic glands until only waste remains.

Gland action is always responsive to thought, although we are usually quite unconscious of its operation. It is very easy to prove that it is true. We have all noticed how quickly a thought of fear pales the face, causing a change in the circulation as well as in the chemical composition of the blood. Sorrowful thought opens the tear ducts; the thought of food brings the saliva to the mouth to begin the work of digestion.

These phenomena are all produced by the bursting of cells as they are acted upon by thought. As gland action is so instantaneous, thought, as man uses it in his everyday life, has a tremendous influence over the organic life of the body.

There are three degrees of gland action—normal, entonic, and retarded—and these three degrees of force are transmitted to the glands by thought. The Ralstonites teach that nature is impulse, and Professor Stoddard says, "The main-spring of life is desire, and in the ceasing of desire is the signal for death." Man has within his physical body a vital life force that flows from the great reservoir of vital energy, the sun, source of all created life.

This life force is intelligent, and it acts through man as he uses his brain. As he thinks he conducts vital energy along the cables of his nervous system. If his habits of thought are broad, pleasant, cheerful, filled with the higher attributes of righteousness, his gland action is normal and healthful, because it attracts vital energy to the body.

If the thought life of man is sensual, the gland action is entonic, or strained, and the vital forces wasted before they have had time to ripen the cells. In hastening the production and growing of cells, the balance is lost between their growth and their elimination, and in trying to supply the demands of the appetites and passions of the mind, the cells of the bodily organs are cast off before they are fully formed, consequently every organ in the body loses its tension and soon becomes clogged with waste matter, where nature waits to begin the culture of germs, as she never allows a waste place in her domains.

In retarded gland action, the cause will be found in narrow, selfish, contracted habits of thought; such thoughts soon half-

paralyze the gland, and the flow of vital force is obstructed, and gland action torpid.

To watch the habits of thought, day by day, and to train them into channels of usefulness, should be the task that all are willing to assume; for, in this way, we may gain control of our bodies, and be fitted to understand the deeper lessons of life that have been the quest of humanity through all ages.



### "KNOW THYSELF."

This is essentially an age of accurate knowledge. People are beginning to realize, more and more, that in order to be successful in any way it is necessary that a man should understand (deeply, practically, fully) the meaning of the words "Know Thyself."

These two words are indeed the Vade Mecum of all the New Thought of Mental Science, and all other teachings of self-development. By letting the deep significance of the words sink into the soul, a truer and better conception of God, and a fuller realization of the divine nature inherent in every human being, will be the inevitable result.

There are some who may doubt the truth of these words, and to those skeptics I would say, Have you never desired to be a better man or woman than you are? An answer in the affirmative proves conclusively that somewhere your better nature is trying to assert itself, and by your doubts and fears you are retarding the growth of your soul, and doing an injustice to yourself and the God who created you in His own image, and who is watching for the development of the qualities with which He endowed you.

What is the true meaning of the word success? Not the accumulation of wealth, not the applause of the multitude, not the acquisition of social honors. You ask, What, then, is it? The answer is summed up in those two words, "Know Thyself." In that knowledge and in that alone is Success—in the truest and best sense of the word.

BIRDIE T. SEXTON.

## ON THE WAY TO BE KING.

BY SARAH ROGERS MCCONNELL.

We all must recognize that the world is fast becoming materialistic and consequently pessimistic; and all that can save it is a philosophy or religion based upon a new premise. We must find wherein the old theologies or philosophies have failed, for failed they certainly have.

Our greatest poet philosopher has said: "Our age is retrospective. It writes biographies, histories and criticisms. The foregoing generation beheld God and nature face to face; we through their eyes. Why should not we also enjoy an original relation with the universe? Why should not we also have a poetry and philosophy of insight and not of tradition, and a religion of revelation to *us*, and not a history of theirs."

In view of the discoveries in science, and of the revelations to all truth seekers in the so-called New Thought, and among some of the old philosophies, we can but conclude that our salvation, or at least our present need lies in the premise that we are self-creative. This one truth is all that distinguishes the New Thought from the old; and truth it must be, for it is discovered not only in scientific research, but it is an instinctive belief, and has been throughout the history of the human race, in spite of the fact that theology taught that we are created by a personal God.

This premise is all that we need to believe to enable us to reconstruct our religion, and to reconcile science and religion; to establish the truth of the doctrine of free will, and accountability. We must overturn everything that is inconsistent with these, give up every old tradition, every old belief, that is irreconcilable with free will and accountability. It is almost im-

possible to eradicate beliefs that have held the consciousness of our ancestors for generations and ourselves for long years; but this we must do, if we expect to find the truth. How few even of those who class themselves among the New Thought disciples, are prepared to embrace the belief that we are our own creators and to accept all logical conclusions deduced from this premise! To what does it lead but the dethroning of a personal God or any creative force separate and above ourselves? We believed we were created beings, but always lived in the faith that we were free agents, trying vainly to reconcile one belief with the other. Volumes have been written to prove these two beliefs reconcilable, and from thousands of pulpits theologians have discoursed upon the theme, but one is a doctrine of theology, and the other an instinctive belief. The surest way to truth is through instinct or intuition, for intuition is insight into the higher consciousness. Had we not been conscious instinctively of being free agents and therefore responsible creatures, the doctrine of theology would have paralyzed all effort; we should be without a moral code, and without a sense of justice, for accountability and subjection to the will of a creator are utterly irreconcilable.

Spinoza says, "That is not free which is called into existence by something else, and is determined in its operations according to a fixed and definite method." If we are not free neither are we accountable, and therefore neither moral nor immoral. That which is created by a force external to itself, belongs to that force, and cannot be free. It simply is and acts as its creator wills or destines. All thanks be to our seers and poets, for they are interpreters of instinctive belief; they search for truth through insight into the higher consciousness; they base reasoning upon life, upon experience, upon instinctive thought, and not upon the false premise of Hebraic theology. They recognize the true relation of all creation, and hence



discover just values—a perfect justice. They recognize the law of cause and effect, which could have no existence in a universe dependent upon the will or capricious intervention of its creator. Only miracles would be true. It would be a universe of no discoverable law or order, and its creatures weak, helpless dependents. If we are the creation of some force outside of ourselves we cannot be other than fatalists, and if fatalists, without any incentive to effort, for how can we be moved to the attempt to mold circumstances or character, if our being and destiny is the result of a creator's will. We could but recognize our irresponsibility and our powerlessness. Either we are self-creative or we are irresponsible, and if irresponsible where is any justice in the law of cause and effect? Why should we dethrone reason and intellect and all sense of justice (all that distinguishes us from the primitive man) in order that we might continue to hold a belief that is irreconcilable with science or with enlightened mentality, and has failed as a promoter of good? There are many in the New Thought who attempt to harmonize the two beliefs—the one that we do everything for ourselves, and the other that we are given all we need by our creator. To a rational being they are trying to do the impossible, and the inconsistencies into which they fall are painfully evident. A scientific religion is the need of enlightened man, and a religion of insight born out of the higher consciousness of a being of soul and mental culture; a religion of justice which makes man accountable for all he is and does, a strong, self-reliant man. Our need is a religion of faith entrenched in knowledge.

The *raison d'être* of existence seems to be the creating of personality, of the individual; a concentrating of the universal life energy; the focusing of power to a center. Creation is consummated through the Law of Attraction. Thus were formed the planetary systems, the individual planets, individual

men, and all external forms of life. This must be the one law controlling all creation—and man, when he is capable of understanding this law, must, in order to become strengthened as an individual, coöperate with this law.

He must conform to the dictates of his higher consciousness, or insight into the highest needs of his being, always with the recognition that he has the power to coöperate with the eternal, universal law, because of his oneness with it; because the creative force is within himself. He must also recognize that all creative force is love, is absolute good. Being one with infinite good, he can trust his intuition. Intuition is according to our consciousness. The consciousness cannot be forced, and must be expressed naturally, according to the development of the individual soul, or an abnormal striving and straining is the result. Our activities must be in order and without effort, to avoid strife. Nothing is well done that we strive after. What we are fitted to do, that we do easily; and only by following our deepest desire, can we know for what we are fitted. Intuition, therefore, is our best guide.

We as naturally kick against uncongenial environment as the drowning man kicks to save himself from a fatal element—and rightly, for self-preservation is our birthright, our highest privilege, our strongest instinct,—not the physical self alone, but the soul-self. The soul has its affinities as well as the body, and these affinities must be regarded in the attaining the highest soul-culture. In claiming for one's self all that rightfully belongs to one's self, one does not infringe upon the rights of another. What belongs to each individual by right of affinity, is an absolute necessity to the life of the individual.

Emerson says, "Nothing is so deeply punished as a neglect of the affinities." Is not this true, because the law of attraction is the divine law, the creative force in operation? This creative force, this law is being expressed in us, and until we

recognize our unity with this law we fail to coöperate with it, and inharmony reigns supreme. We fail to be ourselves, to express the rhythm in the life of a perfect being; to give outward expression to all that is within; perfect in being ourselves; without distrust, "as a bird wings and sings." If we would but be true to ourselves, how naturally would we "organize ourselves, as do now the rose and the air." We are not true to the divine life within us, unless true to ourselves. We must know that we are created and continue to grow through the agency of the energies within ourselves, and without the intervention of some force outside ourselves. This is the way of all creation and of all growth. It is the way of evolution.

We must become conscious of our absolute oneness with the creative force, and therefore possessed of the power to reform and recreate continually. We must be conscious of ourselves as individuals, created out of the universal consciousness, or vital principle, through the law of attraction. To be self-conscious is to be individualized. To be self-conscious is to live. To be conscious of the creative force within is to be positive, a strong individuality. The more self-conscious the more positive—the more individual. To be conscious is to be. The individual is according to his consciousness. He is an aggregation of his experiences, his thoughts, his ideals. To realize his ideals, he must hold to them consciously, and *persistently*. They will become a part of himself. He will become his ideal outwardly manifested. He must believe in his ideal, and in his power to externalize it. He must *will* to realize his ideals, must live them, give expression to them, else they lose themselves in vague dreaming. We first conceive, then believe, then express.

In the silence our ideal is born. In the silence the will to realize the ideal is fostered. In the silence the power to ex-

press the ideal is developed. All creative force acts silently. Maeterlinck says, "Only in silence can the will acquire its true power; not in passive silence, too much like sleep or death, but in an active silence which calls the sleeping truth forth from the depths of the soul, and spreads abroad the radiance of great thoughts and great duties."

And why is this? Because in the silence the true self is in perfect action, through repose. The human or external self is held in abeyance to the spirit; all frantic effort, all rushing to and fro, all perplexity is subdued; only the true self, resting in the "smiling repose of the Infinite." No seeking of diversion, no dissipation of one's self, but a retiring within one's self, a finding one's self. Thus does one become "open-doored to every breath from heaven;" and Truth, and Justice, and Love and Peace come and dwell therein.

Expression is the *raison d'être* of existence. Harmonious expression the highest ideal, and harmonious expression is the result of a free, spiritual individuality.



## SINGING A SPIRITUAL HELP.

LOUISE CARY DUNCAN.

Did you ever try singing as an aid to a higher spiritual plane? When in the very depths of distress or perplexity, perhaps, when sluggish of thought and heavy of heart, lift up your voice in song. I do not say first throw aside your burden or your care and then sing. But sing—from the very deeps—and the singing itself will dissipate the clouds—will lift you from your despondency and clear your vision. I speak from experience. At first it will not be an easy task—your heart is crushed and your head bowed. But make it a question of will power and each effort will prove easier. For a while you will unconsciously drift back into silence by the weight of your own thoughts. The moment you realize this, begin again,

and gradually you will sing yourself into a certain degree of quietness—of peace and confidence.

Nor is singing recommended for despondency alone. Try it when angry or irritated. Before allowing yourself to brood, to harbor and elaborate unkind feeling, sing something—something cheerful, joyful; and sing it heartily. The effect will be almost instantaneous. Afterward you will see your "enemy," or the annoying circumstance, in a wholly different light. The song will have transformed it.

Not only is singing of great benefit in such special instances, but the habit of song is an uplifting one throughout the whole life. Your work will be lighter if you sing while busy. Your play will have a portent undreamed of before. And you will be a blessing, a benediction, to all about you. Were you ever standing over a monotonous task, tired and discouraged, when, suddenly, music sounded on the air? Immediately you felt new energy had been given you, every muscle and nerve responded to the tonic of the sweetness and rhythm. Now, the effect of this, produced by outward means, will even more readily follow a like effort made by yourself. You can verily sing yourself into new life if you will—into a new world—a world of harmony and happiness. Heaven is rightly pictured as full of music—as a place of eternal song; for these are symbols of joy and freedom from care. Then, why not bring at least so much of heaven into this world? Why not sing ourselves from the depths to the heights and hold ourselves there by this same power of song? Let us not, like Naaman of old, refuse so simple a means to health and fuller life, just because it is so simple. Let any skeptic but try for himself—let him who has never sung lift up his voice in strains as sweet and as rhythmic as he would have the dominant notes of his days. Let him resolutely persevere in this (for no thing of worth comes to us without earnest and repeated effort); let him sing as continually as he has heretofore sighed. The result will be beyond his anticipation. He will find himself "keeping step," mentally as well as physically, with the harmony of his song. And gradually his whole life, and the lives of those about him will echo his joy, and his world will be a foretaste of heaven.

## MEDITATION EN ROUTE. FROM MY JOURNAL.

BY ANITA TRUEMAN.

Southern Fast Mail, en route for Washington. Once more I am speeding through Maryland, to my own beloved Washington. The Maryland hills are gray and gloomy to-day, as torrents of rain sweep over them. Yet I am perfectly happy. I can rest in the arms of the Infinite Mother, amid all the noise and excitement of travel, as well as in some quiet retreat.

This train runs smoothly, and is very comfortable. My heart thrilled with love when it steamed into the station, so stately, and swift, and powerful. It seems so terrible, and yet so tender, so strong, yet so obedient.

You are a type, you trailing monster, of the great forces in the universe. You are my servant now, and yet you are my master. A hundred trains pass through Baltimore daily, but you are the one I have chosen. You are bound for Washington. I wish to be there. I place my body in your care, to be delivered in the Capital City. Very well. But now I must abide your time, and accept your movements; that is, I am bound, for the present, by the laws which govern you.

So, indeed, when I wish to accomplish any purpose, there are forces in the universe fitted to serve me, and ready to do so, if I can understand and conform to their laws. I select the point I wish to reach, and take the power which can attain it for me. Then I submit to that power, and observe its laws. I need make no further effort.

Camerado, I start to-day on a spiritual journey. I long to attain the goal of holiness and completeness. Give me the schedule. Are there any express trains? I prefer always the express trains, and to travel "air line," if possible.

Very well. If you wish to travel express, remember that you will pass swiftly by many way stations, that you might like to visit. Also, you must pay a higher price. And if you travel "air line" you will go through a wilderness.

The accommodation train reaches the same goal in the course of time. It passes through many lovely places. You may stop off and visit them. Perhaps you will enjoy them so well that you will wish to remain. The City of Pleasure and the Metropolis of Fame are en route. They are very beautiful and interesting.

The Place of Completeness is not a city. It is not even a village. There is no station to mark it. There are no regular trains to the place itself. You may go to the nearest town, and then walk. But if you wish to pay a great price, a special train will be sent for you.

It sounds difficult, does it not?

Yes. But you have the price.

Which is—?

That if you go to this country, you will never wish to return, that you will offer your whole being in implicit love and obedience to the Spirit of that Holy Region. This train will deliver you into the Secret Place, which is not found by those who take devious paths, and loiter by the way. But once within those bounds, you must give absolute obedience to the king, or lose all that you have found, and the price also.

Is it to be a slave, then?

No. It is to be master of life, yet to hold your power subservient to the laws of the universe, to be united with God, and to express His powers according to His will.

Good! And this train leaves, when?

When you are ready to deliver the price, the pledge of your obedience.

How shall I know this train? Has it a name?

It is called Consecration.

I will search my spiritual belongings, and see if I can raise the price.

Very well. But remember, only perfect currency will be accepted. No counterfeits. No promissory notes. The price must be paid in full.

The tireless wheels whirl on, and now we are nearing Washington. I am waiting in the station for my body. Often I have wandered these streets, an invisible shade. But now I am here with my body again, to speak face to face with dear comrades, and clasp their hands. I wait eagerly while the giant engine moves steadily up the track. Gladly I lift my body from the car to the platform, and set out with it to greet my dear ones. As we pass the engine, and the engineer looks down at us, my heart swells with love and gratitude for the service it has done me, and the lesson I have learned from it this day.



## WHAT IS FOOD?

MABEL GIFFORD.

Food is life. Material is that which gives form; is used by life to manifest in visible forms. Food—life—is in the air, principally; in a less degree in water, and in a still less degree in earth. In the order of creation, air is for the building of animal life, water for vegetable life, and earth for mineral.

The material, or "dust," which is used in each plane for making forms of life visible, is least in air, more in water, and most in earth. In the original creation neither one of these planes was as densely packed with material as now. There was only enough to give form, not, as now, so much that all forms were clogged and weighted, and subject to space, time and density. At the present day, material has been absorbed to such



a degree that its original use, that of simply making form visible, has, in this plane of vibrations, come to making forms dense and fixed, until now the human beings who have created this condition suppose that this is the order and necessity of "Nature." In the true order, life circulates freely through air, water and earth and continually creates all in beauty and harmony. To-day there is much resistance on account of the great density, which has been brought about by man's living so deeply in earth vibrations that he came to think material was *food* instead of a *covering*, or mode of expression, and that the more he could get of it the better. Now he seeks forms for food, instead of seeking in air or water or earth for the life that circulates within them. He seeks the forms of life that are seen in these, and eats them, thinking that only so can he maintain life within his body.

But the lowest state of this forgetting has passed, as we see by the many theories advanced as to the kinds of food that will give the highest physical development and maintain it the longest. Being dissatisfied at last with the results of our manner of living, we are making a search and many experiments to find a better way. We have come to realize also that it is not the hardest or heaviest physical body we desire, so much as the finest; the kind that will make the best instrument for the soul to expand in. We have learned that a disordered body disorders the brain, and that a disordered brain cannot serve the mind faithfully, but hinders it and distorts the life currents so that health is turned to disease, and delight to pain. We are not seeking to develop giants, pugilists or dray horses, but sound bodies and sound minds of a quality that aids progression. We seek for the body the strength of the spirit rather than the strength of the brute.

We have for so long fed on *things* instead of the life that nourishes things that we have perverted the order of nature, causing all living things below us to practise the same barbarity, and we call it the design of the Creator.

## THE SACREDNESS OF WORK.

TERESA STRICKLAND.

*"Blessed is that man who has found his work."*

By work we do not mean labor, enforced toil that bends the back, seams the brow and maketh the heart to stoop; but honest, ennobling, congenial work.

The work must fit the man, and the man be fitted to the work; they must be as the needle and the pole to each other; as the kernel to the nut, the perfume to the flower.

One cannot go to a misfit parlor to find his work,—something cut out for another,—but the measure of the man must be taken, the fit must be perfect, then will the wearer find joy and comfort in that which was made for him and not another.

In that admirable little book called, "What is Worth While," we read: "It is a wonderful truth that no one of us is put into life without work to do." Emerson says: "Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to another. How true this is! In all the universe of God there are not two souls alike. There are not two with the same work to do."

To each of us God has given a specific work, and hence St. Paul's injunction: "*Neglect not the gift that is in thee.*"

Those who have not been found wanting in the eternal balance of things, are those who have found their work, and given their lives to it.

Only the man himself can determine what this work is to be, another cannot help him.

Corot's father had ambition that his son should follow in his footsteps, as floor-walker in a store. He failed to make him what he desired; but the youth went forth in the early dawn and met Nature face to face; he lifted her veil and looked into her eyes. It was as the lifting of the veil of Isis: The Truth was revealed, and Corot knew his work.

Correggio was the son of a baker in a little Italian village. The boy did not emulate the work of his father, and make rolls and pastries to fill the stomachs of the bambini of his native town; but he took the bambini and painted them into his pictures as cherubs, and so filled the soul of thousands with a joy that will echo down the ages.

So it has been with most of the great souls who have come up out of the commonplace, into the full light of God to claim their work.

Parents have made plans for their children, that they should fill a certain niche in life. They have paid out thousands of dollars in fitting them for the selected work, patting themselves on the back, and believing they were doing God service. The children have wept and prayed and striven and failed. "As the twig is bent is the tree inclined," was the old saw the parents repeated, but the result was ever a twisted, dwarfed tree, that is better hewn down and cast into the fire.

One cannot make a fig tree bear thistles; as long as the world continues to gravitate round the sun, apple trees will bear apple, peach trees will bear peaches, and pear trees will bear pears. No grafting and pruning will make them do otherwise, unless one wishes to produce a freak!

The obscure birth of Beethoven, his narrow environment, even a drunken father did not prevent the illuminating hour from coming to the boy; he found his work, and the world has crowned him the "Sonata King."

Poverty and hunger could not hold back the artist who gave to the world "Christ before Pilate," and "Christ on Calvary." The ragged urchin drew his first childish conceptions on the fences and barns with pieces of charcoal, or with sticks on the wet sand of the sea shore.

Neither imprisonment nor lack of pen and ink prevented Rouget de Lisle from writing with a coal upon the prison walls the inspiring Marseillaise Hymn that fired the hearts of thousands to the frenzy of patriotism.

Lack of canvas did not prevent Raphael from painting on the top of a common keg his exquisite conception of the "Madonna della Sedia," so noted for its perfection of curves,

which would not have been *but for the limited proportions of the round cover*.

We have read the story of the poor artist who wished to requite his princely entertainers, and in secret painted a glorious picture upon a common bed sheet, which was found by the maid in his room after his departure.

And again, the artist who painted alone in his garret a masterpiece in competition with brother artists. Day after day he grew paler, and his eyes grew larger and brighter with purpose divine. He was at last found dead, still sitting before his glowing, living canvas. Then it was discovered that the pigment he had used with his paints was *his own life's blood*. His body died; but his soul had the satisfaction of knowing that it had given its best work to the world.

Nothing in the Universe can hinder a man from accomplishing, sooner or later, his desires if he has found his work.

Wagner's step-father sought to make a portrait painter of the boy; but Music, Heavenly Maid, smiled and beckoned, Richard Wagner understood and followed.

It led him into exile. He was poor and rejected of men, but he held to his faith in his work and in himself. His beautiful "Lohengrin" was returned from publishers time and again. He threw it aside and played his soul into new compositions. Years after, he tells us, "Ill, miserable and despairing, as I sat brooding, my eye fell on the score of my 'Lohengrin,' already quite forgotten by me. I felt suddenly grieved within myself that this music should never sound from off the death-pale paper."

His work cried out to him for recognition, and it would not be put aside!

When "Tannhäuser" was brought out in Paris in 1861, it was hissed from the stage. In the face of misunderstanding, ignorance, heart break and poverty, the passion of poetry cried aloud in Wagner's soul, and he triumphed over the world.

Splitting rails in the back woods did not prevent the raw-boned, uncouth Lincoln from piercing the veil of futurity, and with prophetic vision beholding the Will of God. He found and knew his work. As time recedes, the character of

the back-woodsman assumes gigantic proportions, and North and South alike to-day honor the man and the fruition of his work.

In the dramatic allegory of "Creation," it is written that pain, labor and death was sent upon man because of disobedience.

The Supreme God spoke to the creatures he had formed out of the dust, and in His own likeness, thus wise :

"Cursed is the ground for thy sake; in sorrow shalt thou eat of it all the days of thy life. Thorns also and thistles shall it bring forth to thee; and thou shalt eat the herb of the field; in the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread till thou return unto the ground; from out of it wast thou taken; for dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return."

Yet this "curse" of labor has proven to be God's greatest blessing to mankind; yea, though we must eat our bread with salt tears!

As the air would literally rot were it not for the vitalizing electricity, so the race would disintegrate and decay without work.

Man could not have risen higher than the brute creation except for this "curse of labor" sent upon him.

This "punishment" of work was the anvil upon which was tried the metal of man's soul. It was burned in the furnace, beaten out of the shapened into a thing of usefulness and beauty—by work.

Without this so-called God-sent curse, there would have been no pictures painted, no mighty deeds performed.

Forests have been cut down that cities might spring from the earth. Granite has been quarried, and marble dug from the mountain side to be transformed into stately temples and things of beauty.

Rivers have been turned aside to make the deserts blossom like the rose, and continents have been banded together, and oceans spanned by an electric wire!

Oh! blessed indeed is Work! The orthodox dream of Heaven holds no alluring attractions for living souls. These want, not stagnation and idleness even on streets of gold shut within gates of pearl! They want no limitations; but *Freedom*

in a real world of Nature, with a chance to work, to reach an ideal too high for earthly realization. They want to climb to the heart of God, and drink from the Chalice of His love in token of the "*Well done!*"

God does not hang pearls on trees, one must dive into the dangers of the deep to bring them forth to the light.

*"Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold where they find it. Iron is taken out of the earth and brass is molten out of the stone."*

This earth is one of God's treasure houses; but the riches and jewels are hidden from man; we must dig and delve and work to win our share of the treasure.

"Work is the 'Logic Absolute.'

Work is the subtle alchemist that in a trice  
Life's leaden metal into gold transmute."

The Astronomer Poet of Persia, while stitching his tents amid the roses of the Orient, communed with his soul, and found his work. He wrote verses whose literal meaning is as veiled as the teachings of the Christ; it is left for those who listen for the "Still, small voice" within, to learn the truth.

To Omar, work was the wine of life. Poetry was the rose that bloomed for him. Thought was the "Angel shape" that bore the vessel on his shoulders, filled with the wine of existence, pressed from the grapes of work well done.

"Ah, my Beloved, fill the cup that clears  
To-day of past regrets, and future fears;  
To-morrow!—Why, to-morrow, I may be  
Myself with yesterday's seven thousand years!"

Up from the dust and ashes of buried centuries the voice of Omar cries to us to-day, to look not back with regret, to press not forward with fear, but to live and strive and work in the Eternal Now!

Aye, and should seven thousand years pass over this little sphere, still will work, congenial work, be the subtle alchemist to transmute our griefs, our pains, our tears, our regrets into gold thrice tried in the fire, fit for the Master's use.

*"There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars; for one star differeth from another in glory."* We cannot all be painters of pictures, sculptors, writers, architects. As Emerson, the seer, has said: "If a man can write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better mouse trap than his neighbor, though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door."

Blessed the sower as he goes forth to sow! It is he that tilleth the earth, upturneth the sweet, damp furrows, and planteth the seed that bring forth bread for the hungry mouths. It is he that maketh the young things to grow, and the earth to yield its increase; the fruit trees blossom, and the kindly fruits come forth to make glad the heart of man.

Blessed the hewer of wood who sings the song of the "Broadaxe;" and blessed the man who quarries the stone! Their work is transformed into temples and shrines and mansions.

Blessed is the Architect who gives the "Frozen Music" to the world. *They have found their work!*

Blessed even the cook! On him or her depends good digestion, and good appetite, and hence good health and happiness.

"We may live without friends,  
We may live without books;  
But civilized man cannot  
Live without cooks."

Blessed the woman who can sweep the "house to the glory of God," and by conscientious labor keeps sweet and pure our habitations. She giveth us peace beyond human understanding.

Blessed the washwoman who dwelleth in the "Kingdom of soap-suds, which lieth next to the Kingdom of God."

As our soiled garments go through the process of cleansing—the scrubbing, the battling, the wringing, the furnace of the iron—so are our characters shaped by the hand of Fate, and brought forth clean and pure and white like wool.

Blessed the student and writer who has entered the secret chamber of the Most High, and reveal the truth to lesser men.

Blessed the painter and sculptor, who giveth beauty to the world. "The beautiful is as useful as the useful," says Victor Hugo.

Blessed the musician, who pilots us over the rough waves of reality into the realm of harmony, and sends angels to minister unto us.

Blessed the scientist, who "hitches his wagon to a star," and on the tail of a comet bears us into unexplored realms where new heavens and new earths are discovered.

Blessed the dreamer! He who sends his soul forth into the invisible; who communes with angels and archangels; who listens to the voice of the stars, and, Cassandra-like, sends adrift his flowers of thought and prophecy. 'Tis he who makes the blazed trail through the wilderness of Life. "*Beware when the great God lets a loose a thinker on this planet,*" says the greatest thinker this world has produced since the days of Plato. They have found their work; and it is good—all good!

There are men who are compelled to make bricks without straw, men over whom Fate seems to stand with whip in hand to urge them on to uncongenial labor; but sometime, somewhere, a Moses will appear to lead them out of captivity, and to free their souls from burdens. They will not only view from afar the land of promise, but will enter in and drink of the milk and eat of the honey.

"In this world, who can do a thing will not;  
And who would do it, cannot, I perceive.  
Yet the wills somewhat, somewhat, too, the power;  
And thus we half-men struggle at the end.  
God, I conclude, compensates, punishes."

"If I had his riches, I would do thus and so," says one; and if Fate should suddenly bestow worldly goods upon that man, he would most likely go on in the same little path of self-seeking, gathering the common weeds of desire, as his once condemned brother had done.

One can only walk in one path at one and the same time. He who strays off to the right or left, or loiters along the "primrose path of dalliance," will never reach his goal. Neither does the hustler always get there! But the man who has fixed



his eyes on the goal of his desires, who does not pause to listen to the siren voice of Pleasure; who patiently, earnestly, hopefully pursues the even tenor of his way, he it is who reaches the heights. It was the turtle, and not the rabbit who won the race!

A man may be gifted with more than one talent. It seems that the gods attend the birth of every child, and always leave at least one talent as a precious gift.

Sometimes, as in the case of the Sleeping Beauty of fairy lore, many gifts are bequeathed; then do the many become a curse unless wisely used.

*"One cannot serve two masters."* The work that God gives us to do will call and call in the still watches of the night.

Blessèd is he who answers the voice of the beloved, and opens the door to him!

Says Browning: "None but would forgo his proper dowry. Does he paint? He fain would write a poem. Does he write? He fain would paint a picture."

One must be faithful to his work. One must love and cling unto it as to the dearest mate of his soul, be that work what it may. A man's work is himself; himself is one with God, and "the Lord God is a Jealous God!"

Having found one's work, one dare not pause to listen to the songs of the sirens, even though one must stop his ears with wax, if he would land within his desired haven.

If we look back adown the dim vistas of the past, there are characters that stand up as unchangeable and as everlasting as the pyramids of the Lybian dessert. Men like Pericles, Phidias, Socrates, Plato, Shakespeare, Browning, Whitman,—aye, and myriad others—intellectual giants, who builded stately mansions for their souls, that shall endure as long as the sun shall shine.

No one understood better than the great, rugged Carlyle the importance of work. The lustre and worth of *his* intellectual work will shed a glow adown the coming centuries.

Work is sacred. Work is noble. It is the magic word that is written on the foreheads of those who shall enter into the Kingdom.

*"And lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindred, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes and palms in their hands. . . . These are they who have come up out of great tribulation," who have overcome the world, who have found their work, and performed it to the glory of God.*



## LIKEMINDEDNESS.

REV. D. C. EGGLESTON.

Since mind is the source of the visible universe, it must be co-extensive with all things. The cause must be, not only equal to the known effects, but it must be equal to all possible effects. Mind is recognized as a pervading, organizing, controlling force, having great freedom of operations.

Mind is essentially the same wherever it may appear. The element of kinship, or affinity for its kind, is never absent. Mind (and mind alone) apprehends mind. The nature of mind is the basis for universal likemindedness—universal brotherhood.

The term mind is used in contradiction to matter, and does not indicate a similar quality necessarily any more than the term matter.

We may think of mind as composite. Just as there is a scale of colors in light, so there may be a scale of mentality. The scope and quality of what we term mentality admit of a variety of combinations and harmonies that may some day be reduced to a most interesting and valuable science.

The Supreme mind is recognized as the source of all mind. As heat, light, magnetism, electricity and chemical affinity are dependent upon the sun, so thought, feeling, desire and volition have their source in the Supreme Power, at least primarily. This accounts for universal likemindedness and the possible infinite correspondences.

Self expression seems as necessary to the mind as unfolding and perfume to the rose. Indeed, there is reason to believe that

mind comes to self consciousness and self realization only through active operations.

Mind, in its activities, reveals and registers its nature and character. As we know somewhat of pre-historic man by the creations which are exhumed from the debris of his age, so, we may trace the activity and progress of race mentality. The record of the operations of the mind of God we call truth. Truth exhibits the thoughts, feelings and purposes of mind. It photographs the mind (so to speak) or witnesses to the presence and power of the mind.

Truth is varied according to the operations of the mind recorded. As architecture, sculpture, painting and music express the thoughts and feelings of man, so the truth imprints of the workings of the Supreme mind vary in form.

The truth of mathematics reflects the mathematical aspect of the Creator's mind. Since the principles of mathematics are inherent and essential in all things, physical and spiritual, not excepting music, which is the highest expression of the spiritual, we are assured that the Supreme mind is mathematical.

In the same way the truth of astronomy outlines the scope and grandeur of the creative mind, while the earth's development, as indicated by geology, is a rehearsal of the method and patience of God. In the same way we know that the Divine mind is poetical and ethical, as well as logical and methodical. Revelation is not confined to any one aspect of the mind's operations, but is as varied in its forms as mind in its operations.

This setting of truth in science, law, æsthetics, ethics and affection provides a medium of mind exchange, favorable for universal communion.

We know that the mind of man has likeness to the mind of God because man can read the language of God. Man is able in some degree to decipher the inscriptions of the ages, and to translate the universe into terms of his own language. Things once enigmatical and mysterious, become intelligible as man's mind increases in its likemindedness with the creative mind. There is evidence of likemindedness among men, because all men, of whatever race, or tribe, apprehend the truth, and have some consciousness of the Supreme mind, and

a sense of righteousness and truthfulness. Man is not only likeminded with God in a general way, but in particular aspects and activities. He is able to interpret the truth in its myriad phases. Another evidence of human "likemindedness" is the fact that all men come to agree in the truth as they apprehend it, just as there is unanimity in reference to a mathematical proposition or a scientific truth when it is perfectly understood. Ignorance alone separates people, because it is a lack of likemindedness, but knowledge of the truth is always a bond of union.

Since mind in man begins with but a faint glimmering of likeness to God, but by use tends to increase, there are, as a result, many degrees and differences in individual possessions, individual development. There is, also, a principle of education and growth in likemindedness, and man may thus be measured by his degree of oneness with the Infinite. Kepler was a great man because of his likeness with the mathematical feature of the creative mind. He was, also, a prophet, one of the greatest thinkers of his age, because his mind ran out in union with the mind of God. Plato had a mind co-extensive with the Supreme mind to such an extent that he was conscious of the reality of such a being. Moses entered into likemindedness with God, until that which was in the mind of God concerning the law of right relationships was registered in the mind of the prophet. A sufficient degree of oneness of mind with the Infinite results in a scientist, a mathematician, an inventor, a law-giver, an artist, or a prophet.

Progress in knowledge is the problem of growth in likemindedness. Insight is power of mind,—penetration along the path taken by the Supreme mind. The growth of constitutions, of wise statesmanship, is man's insight into the provisions made for rights and justice, as conceived by the Infinite. All that is enduring in civilization, all that is impressive in architecture, all that is ennobling in painting and inspiring in music is the result of oneness between the human and the divine.

The problem of moral reform rests in ethical likemindedness, and the work of saving humanity is the work of establishing man in the thought, purpose, and will of God.

The hope of the race lies in likemindedness, and the provision thus made for exchanging ideas, or mind products. It may be said that there is almost infinite capacity in mind to know the truth. Given time and development, there is no limit to the ideas a person may receive, or of the truth he may know. Man dares to measure himself against things uni-

We have seen the likemindedness between the human and the Divine, and we are authorized in saying that the mind of man is creative. In reference to material creations we have no doubt. The centuries are marked by the mighty monuments he has reared up, and the art museums are filled with the concrete witnesses to his imaginations and conceptions. The mind of man seems to demand expression according to its capacity, even as the mind of God.

There remains the question of likemindedness in the work of organic life. The Supreme mind is not only necessary to science in general, but it is emphatically essential to life, and its automatic processes. That heritage from the Infinite which constitutes man a rational being, may be the power that continues the processes of vivication. There remains, too, the question of utilizing this power more effectually, and of augmenting it through union with other creative minds. Since mind is so essentially creative, may it not be utilized in repairing the broken down or diseased? Since mind is mediated throughout the universe, and has the quality of easy affinity under conditions of faith, may not likemindedness be secured to such a degree as to increase the creative power, and rebuild the waste places? May not the united forces of the universal, because of the enlarging capacity of his mind? As he increases in the realization of this, man becomes Godlike.

The growth in likemindedness is for all. The divine order is democratic. There can be no monopoly of the truth where there is outward freedom. Because one person is enriched another is not defrauded, or impoverished; but the richer others are, the greater are the available resources for each individual. There is enough of original mind to make a perfect incarnation of every person, if each will but receive it freely. The thought and feeling of the universe and of history are seek-

ing places of hospitality. The truth is unselfish—outgoing. It seeks humanity, as the atmosphere seeks the vacuum. The mind of the Infinite is not copyrighted, and reciprocity is the law of its kingdom.

Finally, mind is seen to be essentially creative. It does not rest from its labors. The universe is full of evidences of this. It is estimated that there are, at the present time, some one hundred thousand starry systems in process of formation. No one can say that there has ever been a time when the creative mind was more active than at the present time.

dividual be concentrated to do a special work in case of an emergency, and may not a friend co-operate in the work, and better still, may not the united human effort be reinforced by the Father of the children, and new marvels of creation be performed?

And what shall we say of spiritual creations? Recognizing the possibility of physical improvement, we are prepared to believe in new heights of spiritual regeneration. The weak mind may become strong, as it is responsive to the strong minded. The apathetic may awaken under the power of vital emotion. The weak in conscience and will may be reinforced by reason of the aggregated conscience and will of the righteous. Does not the law of likemindedness enable us to understand the possibility of receiving a new heart? All of the faith that binds the centuries together is available for those who can respond to it.

Jesus had likemindedness with the Father, and mediated the finer elements of sympathy, charity, forgiveness and love in a degree sufficient to secure the glory of God, and peace and good will among men.

The infinite and immortal life means increasing likemindedness among men, and with God the Father.

The power of the Holy Spirit awaits the practice of likemindedness. The universe, material and moral, is an expression of perfect mind, of holiness; and the Kingdom of Heaven will come as rapidly as the mind of man discovers the order of the kingdom, and enters into full harmony with it.

## THE GOSPEL OF JOY.

BY J. H. ROLLO.

Creedless, the Gospel of Joy embraces the sum and substance of all creeds, namely—aspiration. It needs no special church for its worship, because it is the more or less bright, guiding star of all religious systems. Neither does it have special, set times for its service; all days belong to it. To live this Gospel means to draw near unto the spiritual heroes and monarchs of the world. The pure white light of their spirituality incorporates itself in the soul, and reincarnation becomes a reality. The countless religious systems of the world, so widely separated by time, space and antagonistic dogmas, are all embraced in loving tolerance by the disciple of Joy. He knows that individuals and races, so like in their unlikeness, need, and must have, truth clothed in various symbolisms.

The Unnameable which permeates the universe—variously called God, First Cause, Divine, Eenergy—never had a beginning, nor will have an end, in time.

Life, one manifestation of the Unnameable, began and will end in time.

A portion of the Unnameable embodied itself in the soul of life, and never having had a beginning, will never have an end in time.

The foundations of life rest upon the simple call generated by impulse of the Unnameable, in the infinite past.

All that was, is, and shall be, in the life of man, was contained potentially in this original impulse.

The purpose of life is soul development.

Moral good and evil are merely relative. The eternity of the future will reveal an absolute good for transcending present conceptions.

Moral evil, pain and suffering; the struggle for life among individuals and nations, are the inevitable accompaniments of transitory phases of development. Together with these phases they will vanish, leaving no trace upon the Ultimate. Good only remains.

Raised to the serene mountain heights of spiritual comprehension, the soul of man reaches out toward the infinite, apprehending the immeasurable length of past and future time, as compared to the momentary present. To realize, even dimly, these eternal truths, is to be born again into a gloriously rich existence, crowded with unlimited possibilities. This realization of the destiny of the soul, surrounds man's life with a halo of supremest dignity and honor. The transcended mind projects a conception of the race of man, progressing through vast cycles of time, towards ultimate psychical and physical perfection. Through the process we call death, the individual consciousness is ever being uplifted into other realms of the invisible universe, to become pure spiritual being. Assimilating these truths means a "peace that passeth all understanding." "Life's fitful fever," becomes rather a magnificent opportunity, full of richest possibilities of growth.

That which we call pain and evil, is but an illusion, more or less real according to the degree of strength to which the soul has attained. Those who reach this serenity, know the secret of life; to them the Gospel of Joy is a reality.

The joy of spiritual enlargement and upliftment; the joy of individuality—the upbuilding of an ego distinguished from all others; the joy of sympathy for all those who are passing through various stages of development; the joy of giving to others kind words and loving acts; the joy of penetrating the laws of nature as they manifest themselves in multitudinous forms of animal, plant and crystal; the joy of loving attachment to ideas, persons and objects; the joy of physical vitality. Aspiration is a joy. To aspire is to become inspired, and inspiration quickens the soul into fullest activity.

In spite of the "Gloria," well nigh universally chanted in high places, in praise of the dominant influence of to-day, commercialism, there are many possessed of a half conscious feeling that the best and highest in life cannot be thus expressed. They long for an atmosphere of human sympathy, hospitable to spiritual truth, that they may grasp the true perspective of life, and its manifold experiences.

Mind force uplifts or depresses; rules or is ruled. To use



the personal mind force for benefit to others, is the one supreme test of human worth. No greater service can be performed by those who strive to live this gospel, then by sending out the vibrations of helpfulness to those who, aspiring, have not yet reached a like stage growth.

In quiet garden spots of thought throughout the world live those who act as centres of attraction. By the law of natural affinity, they draw towards them the good in whatever form found, giving forth more abundantly than they receive. The fire of aspiration ever glows in these places.

One such sanctuary lies under the roof of a towering building, far above the crowded streets of a busy city. Here dwells a master of art and life, his wife and daughter. Over the door is an inscription—visible only to certain grateful ones: "All ye who enter here, leave care behind." Within sits the master, old in years, yet young, weaving the spiritual truth and beauty of the ages into brilliant, many hued pictures. From invisibility there comes forth, beneath the strokes of his brush, visible re-creations of the eternal verities; embodiments of great thoughts, supreme ideals, high endeavor, and triumphant achievement. The good wife strives and smiles, clasping always, closely, the New Thought—which is so old—absorbing its truth, that she may give it, transformed into goodness, to those around her. The daughter, under the magic touch of whose fingers, the divine is translated into sweet tones of music—that warm, moist soil in which the electric fire of spirit grows into beauty—shines forth in radiant loveliness of character to all with whom her busy life brings her in close touch.

What a ceaseless stream of noble thought and aspiration flows from this eyrie corner! How many weary ones have come to refresh their souls in this still retreat, wherein the mighty dead live, bodied forth in shining light from canvas, and in spoken and written word! A haven of rest to many; to others, a place in which their best thought was stimulated to utterance; to all a beautiful memory. The sunshine of aspiration, idealism and sympathy often brought to light riches of soul unsuspected by the possessor. Here lived the strength of char-

acter and breadth of outlook, which is the result of a full understanding and experience of life to its outermost limits. The gentle life of simplicity became the forceful, irresistible life, because ideally true.

Who can estimate the far-reaching effects of this never ending stream of goodness, poured out through the long years upon those who received? Who would dare to say that such thoughts as were here struck out from the white heat of the ideal, will not shine and beckon, down the ages a light to generations of the infinite future? Within these walls the Gospel of Joy was not only preached, but lived. The gospel of thinking good; living good; doing good. No one ever tarried a moment in these rich, golden silences, but went away stronger in courage, thinking better of himself and of humanity. Souls bruised in the ceaseless battle of "all against all," here regained health and strength, plunging afresh into the rushing stream of life, with faith, hope and charity renewed.

The greatest excellence being love; those who love the most reach farthest towards the divine. It is not needful to call down blessings from Heaven upon such as these, for they are already richly blessed.

## WOMAN AND THE HOME.

BY HARRIET B. BRADBURY.

Much is said at the present time regarding the unfitness of the modern educated woman for the profession of home-making. The old outcry against educating her has ceased, but still we hear complaints on every hand that education is not doing for her what it should do in fitting her for the competent discharge of the duties most likely to fall to her lot. It is said on the one hand that she is too unwilling to marry, and on the other that she is unprepared to fill the position of wife and mother when she undertakes to do so. Some suggest that her college training should aim to make of her a specialist in scientific housekeeping and child training, and that she should not be ashamed to say that her purpose is to marry.

This recalls to mind a comic picture in one of our daily papers, illustrating the state of things in Tacoma after the Mayor had issued a call to the marriagable women of the country to come to Tacoma and bless its forlorn bachelor population. The bachelors were represented as fleeing in terror, pursued by girls and women of all ages and degrees. Surely our good friends would not have us adopt Edward Bellamy's advanced ideas regarding the propriety of giving to women the initiative in selecting their life partners. For that matter, if it were not contrary to the nature of woman to take such a privilege, she could have it now, for there is no law against it, and public opinion in this country is very lenient in matters of mere propriety.

The fact is that if a woman is to be free to marry a man whom she can respect and love, she must be free to wait until such a man appears, no matter how long the delay may be. To

do this she must of necessity face the possibility of "getting left," and if this prospect is to have no terrors for her she must be provided with some occupation which is to her taste, and in the majority of cases one by which she can earn a living. There is no more reason why a literary or professional woman should not make a good wife than there is why a milliner or a saleswoman should not. The business of home-making does not require a specialist's training at a scientific school, for it cannot be learned out of books. Neither can the knowledge of how to bring up children be thus acquired. How many mothers do we hear say, "When my first baby came I was full of theories regarding the training of children, but by the time the third one arrived I hadn't a theory left." A certain amount of scientific study on all such subjects is good, but the woman who tries to order her housekeeping and her family by any arbitrary rules is a pedant, and will find that she has very, very much to unlearn.

The place for a girl to learn home-making is at home. Beginning long before she is through school she should lay the foundation of a practical knowledge of all that is required in caring for a home and a family. If she goes away to college, or to boarding-school she has still her long vacations when, unless she cares more for golf or tennis or Greek or novel reading, she may "finish" her preparation for married life all under her mother's instruction. If she has a bright and well trained mind she will learn from her mother's mistakes and failures as well as from her instruction. She will have a practical, not a theoretical knowledge of her business, and will be as well prepared as it is possible to be for the duties of a wife and mother.

I have known many college-bred girls, and I have never noticed that they were less ready than other girls to acknowledge that they looked forward to marriage as their probable

destiny. I have never observed that they were less faithful or less fortunate in their marriage than other girls. Rather, I think they are more so, although they do not often marry young and many do not marry at all. The trouble with the modern woman, whether highly educated or not, is not that she is too intellectual for the business of home-making, neither is it any lack of technical or scientific knowledge regarding her profession. It is lack of spiritual poise. This is what men miss in the women of to-day.

Formerly, no matter how agnostic a man became, he could come home at night to a place glorified and made sacred by the religious faith of his wife. The faith of women was a life-buoy to a humanity sinking in a sea of materialism and negation. And no matter how strenuous the life outside nor how disheartening the struggle, a man could find at home a haven where the roughest breakers could not enter, where the darker side of political and of social life must not be mentioned, and where he could be coaxed into forgetfulness by the tender ministrations of gentle hands and the tempting dainties lovingly prepared by wife or daughters who firmly believed that "the way to a man's heart was through his stomach," and who, according to his firm belief, were intellectually incapable of understanding his perplexities or the cares that weighed upon him.

But now all that is changed. Women have become as strenuous as men. The old, tranquil, unquestioning religious faith has gone, never to return. The knowledge of the world which harrows with its problems and its sadness those whom it does not corrupt with its debased ideals, can no longer be kept from them. Woman knows, too, so much about physiology and the awesome science of bacteriology that anxiety and care for the health of her family weigh heavy on her heart and insidiously undermine that very health which she tries so dili-

gently to protect. Our higher institutions of learning tear down all that has been woman's strength and give nothing to take its place. The contagion reaches to all women of intelligence. This is why they turn so readily to Orientalism or Christian Science or any other cult which promises training for the spiritual faculties.

But not all women take these matters so seriously. Many are too light-hearted to be thus weighed down by cares which are not forced upon them. Yet even the most light-hearted woman is by nature religious, and when her religion becomes meaningless or unsatisfying something must be found to fill the empty place. And such women are called worldly, vain and ambitious by the very critics who have first taken from them that which feeds the soul and keeps its gaze fixed above the things of earth.

But is there not a remedy for all this? Surely it is vain to criticize unless one can suggest a remedy. Why, then, should not our colleges provide courses of instruction in some of the systems of spiritual self-culture that are proving at the present crisis a blessing to so many homes? Or, if sectarianism or agnosticism stands in the way of such impartiality, at least more attention might be given to the great idealistic philosophies of the past, as a preparation for the study of modern practical idealism. The Vedanta philosophy would be to many a revelation of undreamed-of heights and mystical reaches of thought as well as of the golden thread of unity that runs through all the great religions of both past and present and the office of philosophy as an interpreter of religious doctrines and a revealer of the esoteric meaning underlying even the most apparently irrational dogmas. Then should follow the study of Plato's idealism and then that of the great moderns. Kant, Fichte, Schilling and Hegel should be sympathetically studied. Even Leibnitz, Spinoza and Berkeley should not be neglected,

for they have all had their influence in forming our modern thought, and neither Christian Science nor the New Thought can be fairly judged without some knowledge of the work of these great idealists. Later, and more readily understood by most people, come our own Emerson, who has been called the "John the Baptist of the New Thought," and Browning, who is really a great philosopher, preaching an idealism that is full of religious inspiration and a truly modern recognition of the office of the intuition as a channel for the revelation of the deep things of God.

Nor is it women alone who have need to turn their thoughts heavenward in order to preserve a true mental poise and develop symmetrical characters. Men also suffer for lack of spiritual food, although they are more shocked at the results of such starvation when seen in women than when they appear in themselves, and they usually appear able to endure the deprivation longer than their more sensitive sisters. And moreover, unless they appreciate and sympathize with the needs of the women of their families, and recognize the yearnings of the human soul after divine help and comfort as being true instincts for whose satisfaction there must be provision in the order of nature, the women themselves will distrust their own intuitions and be unable to appropriate the strength which is within their reach. For men and women can no longer live a separate mental life. In invading the intellectual domain of man, woman has brought about a comradeship a community of mental interest, such that the two must rise or fall together. As man can no longer despise woman's intellectual capacity, so woman can no longer look with indulgent unbelief upon the speculations or the conclusions of science.

As fast as psychological and psycho-physical science storm new citadels of knowledge, that knowledge should be popularized for its wholesome effect upon society, and as fast as

anything reliable can be learned regarding the best methods of spiritual self-culture, both men and women should diligently seek to appropriate that knowledge and make themselves more lovable, more capable, more strong and healthy by exercising themselves in accordance with it. This is the true solution of the chief difficulty in modern home-making. When this is done it will no longer be said of cultured humanity that it is

"Halting between two worlds, one dead,  
The other powerless to be born."



## THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

OLIVE L. LOUIS.

I believe that music is to-day the most powerful factor in the building of character, the most subtle of influences in the training of children, and can be utilized as the stimulus of the whole life. In my experience I have found music more potent than anything else to attract the attention, hold the interest and leave a lasting impression on thought and feeling.

Darwin said: "If I had to live my life over again, I would make it a rule to read some poetry and listen to some music at least once very week; then perhaps the part of my brain now atrophied would have been kept active through use. The loss of these tastes is a loss of very real happiness, and may quite possibly be injurious to the intellect and even to the moral character by enfeebling the emotional part of our nature."

The influence of music on most mentalities is many-sided. "Musical feeling suffuses the mind with pure electrical energy, and loosens up the lower thought grooves, making room for the expansion of the heart forces. As an educative force it cannot be overestimated. *Its real value is in developing and*



*purifying the mental faculties, so that the acquirement of other branches of knowledge becomes easy.* Many a dull nature has been awakened to active perception through the love of and familiarity with music. Whole nations have been stirred up, in the past, to mighty deeds by the force of a single great song."

Mower tells us, "There is but one class of men who condemn music, and those are fanatics, and there is only one order of beings, according to Luther, who hate it, and those are devils."

Professor Gantvoort said, in his address before the National Educational Association: "Any one who has observed the effect of a song on a child who is temporarily governed by one of these egoistic emotions, must have noticed that when the child took part in the song, or even listened to it consciously, those baser feelings were driven out, and at the close he had lost his hatred, his sullenness or whatever egoistic emotion was dominant in him before, and in its place the opposite emotion had taken possession. He had been lifted out of himself, his soul had temporarily lived in an atmosphere whose air and sunshine were the result of nobler, better emotions; and in breathing that air, in being gladdened and warmed by that sunshine, he had been recreated."

Homer writes: "Music was taught to Achilles in order to moderate his passions."

"With school music you are not teaching a part of education; you are dealing with the very breath of it," says a well known authority. "Music is God's best gift to man, the only art of heaven given to earth, the only art of earth we take to heaven."

In a High School, where they were rehearsing for an opera, one of the instructors told me that during the dialogues they had great difficulty in preserving order, but as soon as the music began they went right to work and the matter of deportment was never mentioned. Again, in a public school where the order was poor, both in entering and leaving the building, a piano was placed in the hall and played as the children marched in and out. The deportment on the stairs

became excellent and the influence was noticeable in their behavior throughout recess.

When Mr. Tomlins had his chorus of newsboys, bootblacks and all sorts of boys picked up on the streets of Chicago, the elevator man in the building where they practised had a great deal of trouble with them at first. But after a few weeks he marveled to one of the teachers that he had never seen such a change. One would not know they were the same boys, he said.

I once witnessed the rehearsals for a children's operetta and was impressed with the way a certain passage influenced the participants. It came directly after an intermission, but the children yielded unflinchingly to the message of love each time they gave it expression.

The influence of music upon adults is no less marked. It has been proven that a man's "pulling force," otherwise practically the same from day to day, may be perceptibly strengthened or weakened by music; gay, lively strains increasing, and sad ones decreasing the muscular output. The endurance of soldiers is actually prolonged by their military band. If factory owners realized this, they would have music in their shops. Note how the darky whistles and sings at his work.

I want to quote again from Mr. Tomlins' lecture before the Iowa Teachers' Association: "I have stood at the corner of a busy thoroughfare, when all Chicago and his wife were in the mad whirl of self-seeking. A brass band has been heard approaching blocks away, and in an instant the workaday was transformed into a holiday."

The power of song is even greater. You know it has been said of John B. Gough, that great speaker on temperance of a generation ago, that he began his lectures by telling a variety of stories. He would sweep the whole gamut of the emotions with incidents, pathetic, humorous, heroic, and when he had thus come into touch with his audience at every point—when they were in a plastic, receptive state of mind and emotion, then he would begin his argument, and he would strike twelve! But what Gough would accomplish with a dozen

stories, which it took him three-quarters of an hour to tell, Patti, with her "Home, Sweet Home;" Nilsson, with a line of "Suwanee River," or any good singer with a simple ballad, could bring about in a few moments in the voicing of half a dozen notes.

Here is a man in the audience who has come in tired, worn with business anxieties, nerves almost at the snapping point; a line of the song, and he is relaxed; he drifts unconsciously into a peace that a score of sermons could not give him. On the other side is a woman, pale with watching by a bedside night after night, in such a state of lassitude that she can hardly fix her attention. A single stanza of song and she is revived, refreshed, renewed.

Yesterday afternoon I walked several miles through the city, then hurried to an organ recital where at first I almost went to sleep, I was so tired. But at the close of the recital I walked home and was sufficiently rested to go out in the evening. And this, too, was after teaching all the morning.

Ruskin says that "music will not lend itself to the unwholesome; a maiden may mourn the loss of her lover, but a miser may not mourn the loss of his gold in song; music will not lend itself to the expression of a miserly passion."

A powerful, sympathetic voice, lent to high harmonies and noble themes, will flame through whole audiences fine moods of fellowship and brotherhood and love. For the moment, it is soul and sister soul—each is himself, artificialities are forgotten, each responds to the harmony that envelops him. Auerbach says: "Music washes away from the soul all the dust of the everyday life."

As we grow in clearness of perception, as our souls open more freely to the touch of the Divine, as we become ourselves attuned to the subtle harmonies of the universe, music will become as natural a means of individual expression and of intercourse as is now the harsher and far more circumscribed medium of speech.

## INTROSPECTION.

HARRY T. FEE.

Knowledge within is what brings us to knowledge without. The external world is filled with wonders which many never see. It is by the inner light that they are revealed, and brought into a true perspective. Often our eyes are fixed upon the earth, but the blue sky is awaiting us overhead, nevertheless. The beauties and the wonders of the world around us need but introspection to bring unfoldment. The external world is doing its part to place all things in a true relation. The balance rests with us.

We do not see deeply, nor know wisely the higher things, because we neglect them. Material tendencies have built a wall of adamant around the true study of life. But in every individual heart lies the power to penetrate its density, and reach the realms of light beyond. Introspection is the power that strikes down the barriers of materialism, unfolds the mystery of the universe, and lets in the light of Truth.

All things have their true place in life. Even anger and fear may be the objects of contemplation, a contemplation, too, that may yield kindness and courage. To see truly, is to perceive everywhere the underlying principles of Truth. Temptations are but the stepping stones to higher things; the crucibles in which the fires of Time burn out the dross, and leave our lives pure gold.

Temptations are but stages in the Spirit's awakening. To conquer them is to progress, and to yield our souls to their insidious influence is to retrograde. We ourselves build the milestones on the road of our ultimate unfoldment. All the baser forces, working towards ill in us, are ruled and conquered by introspection—by fearless insight into our own natures—the error as well as the aspiration. Ever ready to surprise us, to spring on us unawares, evil forces can only be held in subjection if we are there, gazing within, standing guard over our soul's welfare, and bidding no subtle influence mar its serenity.

Introspection is the light of a higher understanding. It will unfold glories to our eyes to which otherwise we would be blind, and open vistas down which shines the knowledge of God's infinitude, and man's kinship therewith. All the parables are not set down in the Bible. The teachings of Jesus are illumined by the light of his day, and shining beneath his stars. Written everywhere on the face of nature, in letters of lambent light, is the Word of God.

Introspection is the interpreter. Through it we read God's book, spread out over hill and vale, in bush and tree, in sun and sky, telling its story in the breeze, holding a message in the grass, teaching its lesson in the dew and rain, and bearing on every page the beauty of his eternal truth.

Men are digging in thousands of mines of the world to-day for gold. But in thousands of human souls are undug mines of untold wealth that have never seen the light of day. The inmost recesses of the earth are opened in the quest of a transient glitter, while the gold of Truth, bearing in its mass the light of ages, whose worth is life and knowledge and eternity, lies buried in the gloom of the depths of the soul unsought and unknown.

There are many whose days are spent among life's superficialities, whose thoughts are full of the things outside of themselves, whose motives of life are ulterior, who know not the possibilities that lie within, who have sold their birthright for a mess of pottage. They have missed the goal, failing to look within for truth. The attainment of the ideal is only reached through introspection, and the ultimate evolution of the being rests in the deep places of the spirit.

Beauty exists, not alone in ulterior things but in the spirit. The charm of life is its idealism. The lights and shadows are made by our hands. The rapture of any scene is not in the scene itself, but in the soul that beholds it, and the exquisite colorings of its parts are radiant with the light of an inner vision. Introspection reveals this inner power. Through it we become familiar with its subtle workings. And not one scene, or one view, or one day, but all scenes and all view and all life are thus made beautiful.

Within each individual lies the key to his own life's greatest happiness and beauty. To turn the gaze inward is to realize these, and to realize these is to know the true relations of the inner and outer world. Through this knowledge spring conditions of harmony and happiness, and from it flows the spirit of Truth; for, in the depths of our inmost being are truth and power and wisdom in all their fulness.

To live truly is to know oneself truly. Polonius, old with years and gray with wisdom, says:

"This above all: To thine own self be true, and it must follow as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man."

To know the infinite possibilities of oneself is to adjudge the angles of life in their true proportion. Perspective depends upon position, and beauty is the result of idealistic contemplation. To accept conditions as they are, and dwell among them in apathy, is unworthy of a human soul; but to realize their highest good, and bring out their latent possibilities, is an achievement deserving of our earnest effort. This is to look beyond the superficialities that everywhere surround us, and from the depths of life cull truth and wisdom. Introspection, in short, is the power that enables us to fathom these depths, and to draw inexhaustably from the springs of everlasting Truth.

## GOOD FRIDAY.

"I came that ye might have life," said he,  
"And have it more abundantly."

So, not in darkened church, apart,  
With eyes on crape-hung cross, and heart  
All sorrow-torn, and nerves and brain  
Tortured and racked by fruitless pain,  
Will I for three hours gaze on Thee,  
Dying, in dreadful agony.

These hours three, when e'en the sun  
Refused to look Thy pain upon,  
Thou didst not say, "Keep thou with Me,"  
And bind upon humanity  
Heartrending memories to grieve  
Thy children who on Thee believe.

Instead, 'neath sunny April skies,  
As blue as some sweet infant's eyes,  
I'll contemplate the rousing Earth,  
In all its beauty of re-birth.  
Thy words, Thy life, Thy ministry,  
These, and not Thy death I'll see.

I'll look on lilac's tender green,  
A blooming peach-tree's cheerful sheen;  
Inhale sweet odors, hear sweet sounds,  
With which the year at spring abounds.  
I'll love and work as in Thy sight,  
And in my Living Christ delight.

—*Elizabeth Fry Page.*

# EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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## CHANGE.

Change is the great law of growth. Everything in man's outer life is subject to it; everything in the great outer world responds to this law of change. Nothing is permanent—the mountains grow old and pass away, the valleys are filled up. Change is as necessary in the mind of man as it is expressed in the outer world. Mental development only takes place and is evidenced through change. Man's ideals must make way for the incoming of greater ideals. What people are pleased to term consistency is often but a superficial barrier erected to obstruct the light of truth. The mind to be courageous should be unencumbered by authority or traditions of the past, and should not place any limitations upon its own growth. The thing which may prove of incalculable assistance to-day, may on the morrow, if still held to, prove a millstone. Life is a constant process of adjustment to environment, and the helpful thing of one day may become the fatal thing of the next. In order to live one must grow, and every stage of growth has its change, and each change is fitting to its place. Let the one who longs for permanency know that the thing desired is unattainable, that a height attained is followed by still greater heights, that life is upward and onward.

What the world needs most to-day is change to fit the demands of the age, a readjustment from old dead things of the past to a vitality of the living present. Many are living in the graves of the dead thoughts of bygone ages. These thoughts may have met the requirements of the past, but no longer fill the needs of the present. The inevitable results are that we have numerous organizations apparently for the sole purpose of charitable and religious effort, which are dead bodies, bodies without soul or spirit, sepulchres filled with the



phantoms of a dead past ~~and~~ modern convention. If change is needed anywhere, surely it ~~is~~ needed now amongst those who think they are in the van of human progress, but who in reality are living in the dark ages, a thousand years behind the times.

### STABILITY.

Stability in life is as necessary as change. This may seem contradictory, for stability has to do with the soul while change concerns thoughts, words and outer forms. Love is as eternal as Life; the world may change and pass away, but Hope abides. The sun may grow cold and lose its light, but Faith lives eternally. While at the inmost recesses of life all is steadfast, on the surface all is change. God never changes, life never changes, truth never changes, but our mental conception concerning all three changes.

As the mind of man comes in closer touch with the divine in man, it attains to the wider, grander vision, as one who stands on the mountain top is able to view the whole horizon. The mind which has access to God becomes fixed in the eternal principles underlying all life, and there comes to it a greater stability of thought and purpose, changing the outer expression to a thing symmetrically beautiful, increasing with each reoccurring change, until the very outer takes on something of the stability and permanency of the inner. Let the mind be founded and grounded in the eternal verities of life.

The mind should become so centered in principles which change not that only the highest should find expression, and mental darkness shall pass away before the coming of the morning of a new day.

### SENSITIVENESS.

The question sometimes presents itself, whether sensitiveness is an aid or a hindrance to development.

On any plane it should be regarded an indication of growth, and yet there is much which passes under this head which, if rightly classified, would be found to be selfishness. Self-

consciousness is as much a form of selfishness as the desire for other people's possessions. When people are aggrieved over the unkind remark of another, it is not sensitiveness but selfishness; because if the mind were not centered on the importance of self it would not permit trivialities to disturb the serenity.

True sensitiveness is that condition of mind which is quick to apprehend the truth, thus making it possible to attain a true adjustment of life. The one who is truly sensitive will so understand his neighbor that justice and equity become his normal impulse. He will perceive the reasonable demands that others make on his time and service, his sensitiveness, too, will determine when such demands are unreasonable, and the poised mind will refuse to comply with them. Sensitiveness, if heeded, warns us against dangers, and countless disagreeables may be obviated. It is true that the sensitive-minded person when not adjusted to environment suffers far more than does the non-sensitive; that the same capacity for suffering shows that when rightly adjusted there is the greater capacity for joy and happiness.

Let us learn to use this quality in the highest sense and it will be revealed to us that our greatest good will accrue through its use. CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.



### THE GIFT AND ITS BLESSING.

The man awakened, and stole from his sleep with the refreshment of the morning upon him. Consciousness was sweet, for he saw such beautiful things that he seemed always to have known, and yet it was newness of love to see them. He accepted the sense of life as a gift, and he felt it was marvellously enriched with blessing. As he grew to know, it was as lovely as springtide tree in blossom, and the world to him was at the spring and irradiated with hope.

At times it was strange to think of the past, ere he was,

yea, before the earth was. There was fascination in the mystery of the darkness out of which he had escaped. At first it was a blank—then love began to form pictures of what might have been—for the Power was, and the Life was, and it must have been beautiful with the wonder that cannot cease. The man had much to contemplate, and much buried in the treasure house of memory that he desired to bring to light.

Time was, and it seemed like a garden, and the flowers grew, and the summer came, and his life was enlarged, for this was one of the blessings of the gift. He discerned more and had a passionate enjoyment of the All of things. Something beyond worlds was communicated to him in the very atmosphere, in the sweep of the landscape, and the shining of the sun. Life had relish, it vibrated like a harp with the blowing of God's wind over the meadows of time. He had seen things with the eyes of hope, of anticipation; he saw them now with the eyes of love, of realization—and they were beautiful, very beautiful, and he was brave to do according to his strength and the leading of the Spirit. He took up the tasks of the days as pleasant. He was inspired to work for his fellows and to bring his gift and its blessing for the common good. Children he loved and gave to them out of his own experience of what is helpful and joyous—and, as a man, the years passed gladly.

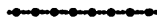
It was wonderful to have the days all light and gladness, to have such variety of employment and of interest, and the gift showing more and more its value. Life indeed was very dear. The disappointments even were sweet, as he learned to interpret them. He found behind loss always a promise of greater good. The thing gone, was only the emptied hand to reach for something new and desirable. And many days and many years he spent with the gift in its blessing, like this.

Then on a time, he looked out on all beneath the sky with the eyes of age, and they were dim in their seeing of things anear, but there was found another vision, and the heart began to see and to dream, and what it dreamed was more wonderful than all that had been. And it was sure with the certainty of

faith in the reality of love. It could not doubt this promise of the gift, for all the years the thing had been revealing itself, and fastening itself in his soul. He had come near the Love in the wisdom of the days, and the Goodness was beyond question, and therefore he had confidence in the great word whispered to him. Peace came, and it was very sweet, like the silence of the night when all the stars are abloom and the flowers nestle in their fragrance close to the earth.

The man knew the Power, he knew he was of the Life, and he stood with the gift of the years in its blessing of the wealth of days—and that to him was the promise of the Eternal, and he spoke to God, and said, "Father, it is good to live!"

WILLIAM BRUNTON.



#### PART OF A LETTER.

\* \* \* "You 'want above all things to be well and strong'? You are well and strong—the real you—the spirit. Yes, I do not doubt that your body, that mere covering of the spirit, has aches and pains, because for over thirty years you have maintained that it was a very inferior article, and that it was *you*. In other words, you thought yourself a body with a spirit. *Now you know that you are spirit*. You have a body, yes; and that body was perfect when it was given you, but for years you have watched and waited for evil symptoms in it. You have literally made it weak by thinking it was weak. You know the proverb, 'Give a dog a bad name and then hang him.' When you slept and ceased to be fearful, your heart beat restfully, pumping the red blood through your veins. Let each organ do its work as restfully while you are awake. Expect the best and you will have it. Say, 'I am well, I am fearless;' say it believingly. There, do you not feel the glow of health? Look at yourself in the mirror. Your eyes are bright, your cheeks pink and your body lightly poised. You say, you 'cannot keep it up; the glow lasts a few minutes, but the "blue feeling" comes again, bluer

than ever'? Yes, it may, to-day; do not fight it, however; do not give it the importance of being an enemy. Fill yourself so full and so continually with the glow that there will be very little room for the blues. To-morrow it will be easier, and next week easier still. Talk to yourself of your heritage, for are you not God's child? Made in His image? Spirit, because He is spirit? Love, because He is love? Are you not a 'joint heir with Christ'? 'I and my Father are one.' 'It is the Father who worketh in me.'

"Let the past go. Do not regret it. If it had not been for those sorrows and mistakes, you might not be so far on the road as you are to-day, *realizing* your heritage. 'As the starry worlds swing free in space, so am I poised in divine love.'

"You want success? Very well, work for it. Do not say, 'I shall never succeed, no matter how hard I work.' Say, 'I am sure of success.' And what happiness it is just to do the work we love, knowing that *reward surely crowns our efforts!* Work, but do not wrong. Stop occasionally, take a deep breath and say, realizingly, 'Peace. I am a child of God, and God is Love.'

"Mon sort n'est pas à plaindre,  
It est à désirer;  
Je n'ai rien à craindre  
Car Dieu est mon berger."

WYANDER VAN ASCH.

## BOOK REVIEWS.

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THE EDINBURGH LECTURES ON MENTAL SCIENCE. By T. Troward (Late Divisional Judge, Punjab). Published by Stead, Danby & Co., 10 Cheniston Gardens, London, W.

This series of thirteen lectures, gathered into a small volume of convenient size and clear type, bears the mark of a masterfully logical mind and an artist in expression. In the sequence of clear and conclusive reasoning there is no point slurred, no argument given prominence beyond its value to the whole. The writer has not approached his subject half-heartedly—it possesses him—his beliefs, convictions, are vital to him and he gives the reader in like measure as he has received. To the philosophical mind—the mind wearied of threadbare phraseology, hackneyed truisms and vague speculations, this volume will prove invaluable. And yet under all the clear reasoning, the logically laid premises, the irrefutable arguments, there is to be discerned the deep current of a quick inspiration, the fire of *feeling* that must vitalize the soundest thought if it is to prove of life-giving power to those it reached. Mr. Troward is the seer as well as the logician. He neither lets his deep intuitional vision blind him to the weight and import of exterior facts, nor does he allow his ability to “justly weigh and balance” deprive him of that “perception which is without limit.” It is a temptation to quote from every lecture. “The error of the extreme idealist is in endeavoring to realize the absolute without the relative, and the error of the extreme materialist is in his effort to realize the relative without the absolute—an inside without an outside and vice versa. Both are necessary to the formation of a substantial entity.” “In proportion as intelligence advances the individual ceases to be subject to a mere law of averages and has a continually increasing power of controlling the conditions of his own survival. The factor which differentiates the individual intelligence from the cosmic

is the presence of *individual volition*. At this stage of the great process of evolution the all-creating life principle reproduces itself in a form capable of recognizing the working of this evolutionary law, and the unity and continuity of purpose running through the whole indicates beyond a doubt that the place of such a being in the universal scheme must be to introduce the operation of that factor which up to this point has been conspicuous by its absence—namely, that of intelligent, individual volition.”

“By our recognition of this underlying unity we can concentrate *all* spirit at any desired point, at any moment and thereby include any individualization of it that we may wish to deal with, and by reason of its inherent intelligence and susceptibility we can impress upon it any recognition of personality that we will.” “There is nothing unsound in the theory of medicine; it is the strictly logical correspondence with the measure of knowledge which those who rely on it are as yet able to assimilate and it acts accurately in accordance with their belief. The errors to be combatted is not the belief that, in its own way, medicine is capable of doing good, but the belief that there is no higher or better way.”

“Our thought of anything forms a spiritual prototype of it, thus constituting a nucleus or center of attraction for all conditions necessary to the eventual externalization, by a law of growth inherent in the prototype itself.” We can not hasten this law of growth by any exertion of our own from without—by hurry or anxiety—nor on the other hand must we ‘give up hope’ and so deny the germinating power of the seed we have planted.” “We have no longer to consider two forces—but only one, as being the cause of all things; the difference between good and evil resulting simply from the direction in which this force is made to flow. It is a universal law that if we reverse the action of a cause we at the same time reverse the effect.” “The whole train of causation is started by some emotion which gives rise to a desire; next the judgment determines whether we shall externalize this desire; then, the desire having been approved by the judgment, the will comes forward and directs the imagination to

form the necessary spiritual prototype. The imagination thus centered on a particular object creates a spiritual nucleus, that in its turn acts as a center round which the forces of attraction begin to work and continue to operate until by the law of growth the concrete result becomes perceptible to our external senses." "Whatever most appeals to us at any particular time or place is the mode of the universal living spirit with which at that moment we are most in touch, and realizing this we will draw from it streams of vital energy which will make the very sensation of livingness a joy, and will radiate from us as a sphere of vibration that can deflect all injurious suggestion on whatever plane." Such quotations give, of necessity, scarcely a hint of the scope of the book—it must be read to be appreciated. The chapters on "Healing" and "The Will" are particularly valuable. It should have a wide circulation on both sides of the water among those who would know the truth that makes us free.

#### SATISFYING LOVE, OR WHAT LOVE REALLY IS.

By Louie Stacey, M.R.B.N.A. Willenhall: Cortwright Bros., Market Place.

Standing on the rock that "Love is the fulfilling of the law," the author goes on to show that only love in every detail of life can work the adjustment of that detail, that love is the sole authority—is law—is God. Some of the chapter headings are "What Love Is;" "How to Get It;" "Love and Success;" "Love your Bodies;" "Love and Beauty;" "Self Treatment."

There are many helpful and illuminating thoughts throughout the pages of this little book.

#### HEALING BY VARIOUS METHODS AND THE CURE.

By Louie Stacey, M.R.B.N.A. Published by Stead, Danby & Co., at the Sign of the Sibyl, 4 Kensington High St., London, W.

This little pamphlet is in the form of a dialogue between teacher and student. The latter represents the average seeker after health who gradually comes to the realization that truth



—health of mind—is the initial step in such search. The student says: “My body has spoilt my life. I have been seeking for health in many ways and places, and I have rather at times been in hell with pain and fear of worse to follow.” “Thou art like the man who sought the Holy Grail,” replies the teacher, “looking for it in many countries and far away, when all the time it was at his door. Men find afar only what they take there. Health is everywhere for him who carries it in himself and nowhere for him who has not a healthy soul. There is no running away from ill health.”

“Then tell me what I must do?” the student beseeches.

“If thou desirest a soul which is every whit whole, thou must give much thought to love, life, power, peace. Thou must aspire and so keep thy mind open to the influx of these things. Thou art free to make thy soul what thou pleasest. Hatred sent out to others comes back to the sender. . . . Thy great desire for health—thy feeling that there *is* health for thee somewhere, is in itself a prophecy. There are no failures, for thou art dealing with God thy Father, and health is thy divine birthright. . . . There is no ‘*next* life’—there is only *this*. Life is perpetual, and when thou hast found this kingdom within thee, and art free by the truth of thy being, thou art already in heaven, here.”

This cannot fail to be helpful to all who understand the state of mind of the student here represented.

SPIRITUAL HEALING: ITS PHILOSOPHY, SCIENCE, RELIGION AND PRACTICE. By Charles N. Spencer. Stead, Danby & Co., At the Sign of the Sibyl, 4 Kensington High St., London, W.

The keynote of this little volume is sounded in the sentence: “The message of truth which has been announced from time immemorial—the message we echo in this book—is that there can be but one truth, or that which *is*; and beside the truth, or that which *is*, there is and can be nothing.” “We have within us an absolute standard and authority for truth.” The Kingdom of Heaven is within you. “Faith is simply the ability to believe in the nothingness of every appearance that con-

tradicts what, from this inner voice of consciousness and reason, one knows to be true." The author takes high ground and consistently maintains his position. The atmosphere of the book—if one may be allowed the expression—is lofty and pure. It will be helpful to many—to all who read it in a simple mood of receptivity to truth. "There is no absolute truth," the author reminds us, "in any of our facts gleaned from observation alone. Such facts are perhaps true enough in relation to other facts of the same sort, but these others may have just as little real substance or existence. For instance, we often confidently state it as a law that water never runs uphill, and yet we have Sir William Crookes telling us what foolishness a law of this kind would appear to an animalcula living in a drop of water on the under side of a cabbage leaf." The viewpoint is everything. Only living at the Centre can we see truly, justly—can we ever see things as they *are*.

ADVICE TO TWENTIETH CENTURY BUSINESS JUNIORS. Horace Marshall & Son, London.

Is a unique little volume (by Phi. Rho. Chi.), pocket size, securely and pleasingly bound, containing a word of sound, adequate sentiment or experience on nearly every subject under the sun—certainly every topic that comes within the range of the average business life. The sub-title, "Counsels commercial, physiological, social, ethical, for the upbuilding and renewal of true and spiritual manhood and womanhood and contributive to the making of men and women of affairs," gives a fair idea of its scope. The author is a business man and he assures the reader that almost every paragraph in the book—"whether it be the denunciation of a fault or vice or the inculcation of a virtue—is based upon a character portrait of some one, at least, *real live* man or woman, met with in actual life—including, sometimes, myself." "What we want to aim at, both in word and deed," he goes on to say, "is a *robust* goodness of heart and life—consistent and *natural*." The italics are the author's. "Sincerity of purpose, of aim and of action, contributes to the clearness of the *eye* of the

SOUL and of freedom from mental and moral shortsightedness, astigmatism, and cataract. 'The pure in heart shall *see*'—not only 'God,' but everything worth seeing, at its right angle and often *through* it and through people too, as with empyrean X-rays." "Have faith in the ultimate certainty of moral issues—the fruiting of every seed 'after its kind' is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun." The author's philosophy he has learned by experience, he assures us, in the every-day details of a large business. The trumpet gives forth no uncertain sound in his hands, and it is indeed refreshing to hear such a clarion call from the business world—the world too often supposed to be productive of only greed, and unregard for others and the deeper realities. It reminds us of the coming of the day when "our men of affairs and of the market place shall be our preachers," and one shall not say unto his brother, "Know the Lord"—for all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest.

HOW TO ATTAIN SUCCESS THROUGH THE STRENGTH OF VIBRATION. By Mrs. L. Dow Balliett, Atlantic City, N.J.

"Ever since the middle of the sixth century, B.C., when Pythagoras gave to the ancient Greeks his system of numbers, each succeeding generation has been attracted more or less to his theory, principally through his grand conception of the Music of the Spheres. All the way down the ages each generation has regarded this idea as interesting but fanciful, the imaginative ones hoping it may be true. As we understand the teaching of the old master, all things are in a vibratory condition; the higher the rate of vibration the more spirit force is contained in a thing and the more positive its nature; the slower the rate of vibration the less force it contains and the more negative it is in its action. Everything, from a grain of sand to a man, is vibrating at its own rate and round its own center which is its keynote. As each thing seeks its own, so everything, both great and small, has found its place in the great chorus of Nature—God's choir."

This extract from the opening chapter gives a fair idea of

the intent of the volume. "No one is out of place," the author goes on to prove. "Our highest part *chose* the path in life by which we entered the world. The individualized spirit called the Soul of Man knew what experiences it needed when it took upon itself the mystical substance called body in order to perfect in itself the Christ life, and chose the vibration which would draw to itself the experiences needful for its highest spiritual growth."

The titles of some of the chapters are "What your name means and what you can attain to;" "Choosing a wife or husband;" "Business;" "Some flowers that know you;" "The composers whose music has a message for you," etc. Merely as a study, the book cannot fail to interest the seeker after every clue to the underlying truth of all things, and as we come to understand more fully and interiorly the symbols of the world all about us, it is easily conceivable that so seemingly insignificant a thing as the number and position of the vowels in one's name may prove of vital import throughout one's whole life. It does not do to discard or ridicule a thing before we quite understand it. In so doing we are apt to circumscribe and retard our own growth.

The aversion of some people to certain names, their fondness for certain numbers, might have a significance invaluable to us, if we but knew the law governing these impulses. Our likes and dislikes are not always morbid; they are often to be heeded with gratitude. And the law of vibration is the key to them. "A pet name given you by a certain person shows what you stand for to that person. At certain times in life we use one name or initial, afterward another. We are always to the world exactly what the name or initials we are using, vibrate to." The author gives in detail the significance of each letter in the alphabet and each digit, and the value of their combinations. "The length of time required to make the cycle of an entire name, depends upon the individual. A weak vibration can be passed quickly or entirely avoided by holding to the ideal of the stronger name. When you pass into a new vibration it will be known by a birth, baptism, marriage, death, change of residence or some marked

event. Unlooked for gifts or losses may occur at this time, or a symbol be received whose message can be read by its vibrations." To follow out this system by means of numerals and letters in regard to the names of persons one knows, is certainly interesting, and the book will probably give a wider horizon and deeper import to the vision of many.

**BREATHINGS OF THE ANGEL'S LOVE; STORIES OF ANGEL LIFE AND A VISION.** Compiled by James Macbeth. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trüber & Co., Ltd., Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road, London.)

Is the word of a mystic, as was the author's previous volume, "The Song of the Cross." Mr. Macbeth is a spiritual poet of no mean order. He is, too, in large measure, a prophet, and his clearness and farness of vision are that of the seers of time. The author of "The Breathings of the Angel's Love," is a Scotsman in which the higher racial qualities of the Celt seem to have become quintessential, and his books are a blend of rhapsodies and many spiritual moods. One is by turns reminded of Blake, Walt Whitman, Emerson and Swedenborg. In all his utterances, clear or cryptic, Mr. Macbeth breathes a directness, a "force of unborrowed conviction," a childlikeness of attitude of soul that are uplifting—inspiring. In his Prefatory Note he says: "A day of great loss it was for the children of Christ on earth when the most precious doctrine of the ministration of Angels became either a dead dogma, an obsolete word of antiquity or the source of the practice of the worshiping of the saints. For every soul who is truly enlightened in the deep things of the spirit knows that it is no dead dogma, but as truly an actual reality in the every-day life as is our intercourse with one another on the natural plane. That every incarnate soul hath attached to it by the Will of God, a guardian Spirit or a ministering Angel, is a doctrine not only familiar but highly acceptable to all who live in the Spirit. Since I have come into possession of this most blessed truth, I have lost no chance of instilling it into the minds of those who I perceived were able to receive it, and not in one case has it been received other-

wise than with joy and thankfulness. This is no new doctrine, but ancient as the redemption by love." Then follow a series of spiritual outpourings reminding one at times of some of the finest portions of the Psalms. These occupy perhaps a third of the volume. The nearness of the spiritual world and its denizens are a very real truth to the writer—a truth inwoven in the fibre of his life and the law of his being. His earnestness makes it real to his readers.

The remainder of the book is given to "A Vision," and stories of spiritual experiences—very beautiful in imagery, fine and inspiring in symbolism and breathing a tone throughout all of other worldliness that is good for us sojourners in the realm of materiality to become more familiar with. There is nothing narrow nor dogmatic in this book. "For wherever pure love dwells in a human soul, there is the Christ of men, and that Soul, whether it calls itself Agnostic or Calvinist, Buddhist or Baptist, Methodist or Mohammedan, belongs to the Holy Catholic Church whose members are of all peoples under the sun, and of all communities in the innumerable heavens of the Lord of life."

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The Dawn of Perennial Youth . . . . .	Axel Emil Gibson
The New Thought . . . . .	General John Charles Thompson
May . . . . .	Henrietta Edith Gray
In the Astral Light . . . . .	Penelope Palmer
The Soul Lives On . . . . .	T. Shelley Sutton
Notes from My Mental Observatory . . . . .	Hester Annie Bernard
Good Morning! Good Night! . . . . .	Frances Hawks Cameron
Universal Motherhood . . . . .	Hester M. Poole
The Wisdom of India . . . . .	M. H. Phelps
To Help the World . . . . .	M. G. T. Stempel
Soul and Body Structure . . . . .	Prof. Aylmer Harding
The Wisdom Religion . . . . .	Marcus Julian
Centers of Force . . . . .	F. Landon

### Editorial:

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*"There is one mind common to all individual men. Every man is an inlet to the same and to all of the same. Let a man then know his worth."*  
—EMERSON.



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## THE RELIGIONS OF THE EAST.

SARAT C. RUDRA, E.M., M.A.I.M.E., ASSOC. I. M. M.

The derivative meaning of the word Religion remains obscure, but the accepted meaning now includes all kinds of creed, faith, belief and systems of philosophy whereby mankind seeks to elevate the spiritual over the temporal part of man. In this broad sense I will attempt to put before the public the fundamental principles and their practical applications as employed in these religions.

All the religions of the civilized world at the present day have had their origin in Asia or the East. The Hinduism and Buddhism had their birth in India; the Confucianism and Taoism in China; the Christianity in Palestine; and Moham-medanism in Arabia. The followers of Hinduism and Buddhism will not fall far short of 900 to 1000 millions, in India, Thibet, Tartary Mongolia, China, Korea, Japan, Indo-China, Siam, Burmah and the East India Islands, etc.

The followers of Confucius are numerous in China, Korea and Japan, but the doctrines of Confucius being distinctly a social and moral code, a Confucianist may be a Buddhist or a Taoist.

Christianity has a very large following in Europe, America, Australia and Africa. To ordinary Christians the fact often fails to impress when they speak of the religions of the Orient, that they are following one of them, although in course of two thousand years the first expounded Christianity has undergone great changes.

Mohammedanism has large followings in Arabia, Turkey, North Coast of Africa, Persia, Central Asia and India. In number its adherents are third in the list.

*Hinduism and Buddhism.*—The reason why I have placed the two religions together is to draw the attention of the readers to the fact that essentially the two religions are one and the same, although a great difference is being observed in their practical application. Later on I will have occasion to explain in detail. Now, a few words are necessary to familiarize the reader with the name “Hinduism.”

The word “Hindu” is not of Sanskrit origin. It was a name given by the Persians, and is a corruption of the word “Sindhu” in Sanskrit. The river “Sindhu” or “Indus” forms the boundary line of India, and hence the people across the river Sindhu came to be known as Hindu. In Sanskrit literature India is known as Bharat or Bharatvarsa. But in later literature of the dialects the word *Sthan* (meaning land) has been added to Hindu (people), making ‘Hindusthan’ appear as of Indian origin.

*Hinduism* includes systems of philosophy and systems of worship.

The Aryans or the early Hindu settlers in Punjab have left records to posterity that they in their infant society were great thinkers and speculators of this cosmic universe. Their four Vedas, with later commentaries, Brahmanas and Upanishads, are monumental works of poetic art, science and speculative philosophy.

The present systems of Hindu religion can be traced distinctly as the outcome of four distinct psychological periods:

- (1) The first period is the Vedic.
- (2) The second period is the Epic.
- (3) The third period is the Puranic.



## (4) The fourth period is the Buddhic.

*The Vedas.*—The derivative meaning of Veda (*vid* to know) will show at once why the ancient Aryans and their present descendants held and still hold the four vedas and the commentaries in highest respect, or sacred. The idea was not to create an outward show of reverence, but to keep the people in touch with the knowledge embodied in them. To an Aryan Hindu mind nothing is higher in the universe than to familiarize and know the object of his own existence. The vedas teach and lead to such thoughts. Besides catering to the speculative spiritual man, the man of society has a world of knowledge to acquire from them. For instance, Syam-veda is essentially a musical instructor. Yajur-veda teaches how man can develop his power by repetition of symbolic (mantrums) sound. The Atharia-veda is the treasure store of medical knowledge, chemistry and medicine, etc. The first settled Aryans in India had no systems of caste among them; all men and women had equal rights and privileges for the cultivation of knowledge. They were intense observers of nature, therefore, fire, air, water, sun and moon were their favorite subjects of study. The Hymns embodied in Rig-veda show how simple were the minds of the hardy settlers, yet in their simplicity they did not forget to question, inquire and investigate their mission in life and of self.

Therefore, it is no matter of wonder that the present Hindus still hold the old vedas in a worshipful reverence. It is for the knowledge to be gained by reading the vedas that the jealous Brahmans of old prohibited their reading by the Sudra caste.

During the Epic period the Hinduism of the Aryans had undergone changes. In place of simple nature worship, most elaborate transcendental philosophy, with the doctrine of evolution and recarnation of man, had been established. While poetry was encouraged, and the grand Epic histories of Ramayana and Mahavarata were produced, the art of living was not neglected, cities were built, good government based on love and justice was established and modes of conveyance were multiplied. It is gathered from the books that during this

period they had some perfect system of air-vehicle, now lost to us. In their industrial work of civilization, they were not unmindful to acquire the highest knowledge of life and soul.

During the Epic period, the first time in the history of living nations, principles of creation and its manifestations were first speculated.

The Hindu trinity, not unlike the Christian trinity, consists of Brahma the creative force, Vishnu the preservative or manifesting force, and Maheswara or Shiva the liberating force.

Although the doctrine of trinity originated on such abstract principles, in time a representative God for each principle found popularity in the ordinary mind. To the initiated in the mysteries of nature there is a unity in the trinity, and in man God has bestowed all the powers, to be developed, as the germ in a seed.

As long as the desire to create and the desire to manifest remains unchanged in man, so long he creates, evolves and remains manifested in harmony with the first and second principles in the trinity. But when finally a man no longer desires manifestations, and wants to revert to the un-condition, he is under the influence of the third principle, liberation.

*Hindu Trinity.*—The first in the trinity, the creative force, personified by Brahma, is the will or desire to be, to manifest. The Hindus, while as a mass, put the responsibility of creation to this personified deity Brahma, yet they withhold from him the power of almightiness. Brahma himself is a creature born of the will of Para-Brahma or Supreme deity, an executive functionary; so are the other two dignitaries Vishnu and Shiva. Para-Brahma is not within the limits of conception of ordinary man, nor has it been an easy task for the first evolved, the Brahma. Having evolved out of the will of the Unknown, it is said in the Hindu Shastras, that he—the Brahma—had to spend thousands of years in meditation and contemplation before he could realize who he was, what he was, and what was the mission of his life—manifestation. To Brahma is therefore given all the qualifications and credit of procreation and creation. Brahma having acquired all comprehensive knowledge found within himself the germs and potentiality of manifesta-

tion, set the creative law in motion. Leaving aside the mythical and ideal Brahma for a moment, let us go deeper into the subject of this Law.

The Law may be summed up in two appropriate words—Purusha and Prakriti (energy and nature, or cause and action). The visible universe is an evidence of this dual force—it can be traced in everything, every object of the visible and invisible world. Let us take man for example, his appearance in this world is not a matter of accident. Science will declare the same. The parents are the immediate visible cause, but behind that remains the fact that the living germ of humanity was waiting opportunity to make its appearance. Millions are the germs in different parts of the human body living, prospering and dying. They are all awaiting the fulfilment of certain cause and action. The location of these germs is, therefore, no matter of accident. A man claims his body entirely his own, but is it not a fallacy to allow himself to be led to such mistaken premises, when he knows the fact to be contrariwise? A body is dependent on the amount of care bestowed upon it. Poisonous and foul air would make one unhealthy, so he requires fresh, pure air. If there is too much heat or chilliness in the air, he has to protect himself against it. If the little microbes multiply too fast or too slow the ordinary condition of health soon gets affected. Therefore, it can be safely said that to be in the manifestation means within the law, but to know the law leads to the effective means of getting out of it.

Brahma, of the Hindu trinity, is recognized as the first in chronological and cosmic sense. There are many who are worshipers of Brahma, whose emblem is fire or energy. But his worshipers are not so numerous as that of Vishnu, the second in the trinity.

*Vishnu*.—The energy displayed by the personified Vishnu is in the maintenance of order. It is one thing to will and to produce, it is another to keep it intact. It is to Vishnu, men and women offer up their prayers that their house may be kept in order. To him supplications are made for health, wealth and worldly aggrandizement. He is represented to be full of love

and compassion. Whoever with concentrated mind wishes a boon of him, he is not known ever to refuse. Such and many more are the personalities of the mythical deity Vishnu.

The underlying principle of the second in the trinity is as much a necessity for the maintenance or full play of the evolution as the procreative force of Brahma. This world of Maya (illusion) is a great study place and the creatures of this planetary world necessarily require to be in it, so that when fully satiated may revert to its unconditioned state.

In the history of the Hindu trinity, it is Vishnu and he alone over and over incarnated in this world. This fact bears out the principle that preservation or maintenance of law and life is indispensably necessary to bring man, the highest of rational creatures, to the completion of his mission.

In the process of evolution, we notice two fundamental points—viz., (1) manifestation (Brahma); (2) continuity of manifestation (Vishnu).

Man in continuity is very persistent, and the desire to continue under different favorable conditions is so strong, that individual entities are willing to live even under most trying situations. But when the time arrives and the world tempts no more, the illusion is seen through, man wants to involve. For this the third principle in the trinity, *Shiva*, is invoked.

*Shiva*.—The literal meaning of Shiva is peace; the mystic significance of Shiva is, therefore, most appropriate. In course of evolution and manifestation the physical cravings of man are gradually fulfilled. The mind has always two cravings: physical and spiritual desires. The physical desires are as a rule easier to be procured, though not easily satisfied. The spiritual desires appear and reappear off and on, but never to stay long. However, on close analysis it will be found that both these desires are so intimately connected that it seems impossible to gratify the one without the other.

Out of will, man evolved and manifested. Now through manifestation must come the requisite knowledge, satiety, etc., to arrive at the original state. Shiva, the liberator principle, sets free the ego which was long kept imprisoned in mortal coils.



*The Hindu Trinity* has played a very important part in the building-up of the later systems of philosophy. The doctrine of trinity naturally follows the Vedic or period of Nature Worship. Of course, no hard and fast lines can be drawn, for the thoughts which were more pronounced in the Epic period, regarding the desire and the design of the Supreme God (Ishwara) manifested in the evolution of mind and matter, were in every respect present in the minds of the great sages embodied in the vedas. During the Epic period great changes took place in India, morally, socially, politically and spiritually.

During the first settlement of Aryans in Punjab, the invaders did not have a quiet time, always warring against the dark inhabitants of the soil; but as the Aryans increased in number and extended their dominions, the occupation became varied. Some had to adopt soldiery as a profession, others merchants, traders, barbers, washers, cultivators of the soil, etc.; again some with their natural bent of inclination confined themselves in the realms of science and philosophy. The children of these men invariably followed the culture and profession of their fathers. This system was carried on so rigorously and guardedly that society was confronted with a new order of events. The sacrificial observances of the early Aryans attended by individual heads of families could no longer be carried on. For instance, the soldiers had no time nor were they allowed to do anything but the following of arms, owing to extended territories. Similar causes were observable with men and women in other professions. This was the beginning of the origin of the caste system, which is so intimately connected with the mythological Brahma. On this subject I will deal later.

What I want to impress on the readers' mind is that the idea of trinity is sublime in its esoteric sense, is as old as the evolution of man, that its mythical presiding deities were pure inventions of imaginative brain, but well suited to teach and train the infant and uneducated mind. When the social and economic convulsions were taking place in India, when the whole community of Aryans were threatened with promiscuous intermarriages with the original non-Aryan tribes of India, clever and competent savants, ministers of church and state

combined in their efforts to put a sure check against then and future disintegration of the social and moral fabric of the country.

*Trinity and Caste System.*—It is in the nature of individual man to listen in reverence and belief, if a commandment is enjoined in the name of a being much superior to himself. Now, Ishwara, or Supreme deity, is not an entity; no sensual or abstract quality will bring home ideas respecting *Ishwara*. Ordinary man can not make a clear conception of any object or subject of which he is not familiar. Therefore, it became necessary that popular conceptions of creation and orders of society should be formulated, through sacred revelations coming from the Most High, God. Thus taking advantage of the social and moral conditions of life then prevalent in India, the plausible origin of man and of caste was promulgated.

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“It is a significant feature of love to behold always a beauty in its object. It brings its inherent beauty to bear on what it sees. Whether the thing loved be really beautiful or not, love itself is so beautiful that it transfuses its own glory everywhere. It discovers unsuspected possibilities, it brings into relief latent advantages, it explains apparent difficulties, it creates a new world, and peoples it with ideal excellences. Those who love are not discouraged by what they see in prospect of what they know will some day come to be.”—*Mozoomdar*.

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“The spiritual world, we must remember, is not situated at some immeasurable distance from us in space. It is here. It is around us. We are in it now, as to our spirits. All our ability to know and love, to think and act, is from that world, and through the medium of those who dwell in it. The homes of the angels with whom our sanctified children dwell may be around our firesides. We are living in the midst of spiritual beings all the time, and if our spiritual sight was opened we should see them.”—*Giles*.

## THE DAWN OF PERENNIAL YOUTH.

BY AXEL EMIL GIBSON.

"The times change," says an old Latin adage, "and we change with them." Perhaps at no other era of historic time has so sudden and so startling a transformation taken place as the one witnessed at present in man's mental attitude toward the traditional "span of mortal years."

In the first quarter of the last century a person was considered a mature man at thirty, and at fifty already an old man! Now a man is still youthful at forty, and often claims the designation of "young man," even after having passed fifty, while not until he reaches some seven or eight years beyond the number set by the psalmist as the utmost limit of our sojourn on earth does he recognize the propriety of the appellation "old."

A century or so ago the culmination of individual growth and achievement was reached at a very early age. The great men of that time—Bonaparte, Pitt, Wellington, Marceau, Murat, Mirabeau, for instance—had reached their high-water mark of fame and power before thirty. These men—to use an expression applied by Napoleon to himself and his captains of spoil—had never had time to be young. With a single bound they leaped from childhood to old age. In the days of Austerlitz and Jena, a man, after having reached his fortieth year, had all reasons, when comparing his age with those of the emperor and the field-m Marshals, to consider himself quite an old man. It may seem strange to us, though the fact nevertheless remains, that the veterans of the Grand Army of Napoleon, weighed down by age and glory, were men of which few

had passed their thirty-fifth year! It was a time of fast and short living, with an early old age and no overtures of real youth—a time when we find Thackeray ridiculing de Florac for holding claims on being still a young man at the age of thirty-five.

But the leaf turned. The irony of fate decreed that the end of the very century the beginning of which had witnessed the triumphs of premature age should see the laurels of achievement turned over to the compeers of the “grand old man.” Indeed, it would seem as if the leadership of the world had all of a sudden been turned over to an aristocracy of gray-beards, and that the first and indispensable condition for the attainment of recognition and power consisted in having passed the age of eighty. Gladstone, Bismarck, Moltke, MacMahon, Victoria, William I and Pope Leo XIII constituted the most remarkable constellation of power, fame and destiny ever witnessed in the firmament of political and civic life.

This phenomenal change of front in our present time, as regards age, is apparent everywhere. It was shown most strikingly not long ago, when the English press raised a unanimous protest against the imprudence of Lord Salisbury, who, in reconstructing his last cabinet, confided his portfolios to “young men, hardly out of their youth.” And yet none of the cabinet members were below forty, while Wyndham and Lord Selborn had both passed that age.

In our time an officer in the army has reason to consider himself “fortune’s favored soldier” if appointed captain or colonel at an age when his predecessors during the Napoleonic wars functioned as generals and field-m Marshals.

This unmistakable tendency of our time to rejuvenate life, and prolong, or rather vanquish, age, is placing its stamp on every event of individual existence. The average man of to-day carries the spirit and power of youth into an age which

a century or so ago was regarded as bordering on the shady side of existence. At twenty-five he is still full of an abandon and recklessness which formerly it did not seem proper to exhibit beyond the completion of his first dozen of years. The buoyancy and vigor characteristic of our present middle-aged man make it, in most cases, extremely difficult to approach any fair degree of accuracy in determining the age of a person passing along the ascension-scale between the fortieth and fifty-fifth years.

And what is said of man refers of course in equal, if not in an even greater, degree to woman. The number of beautiful age-and-change-defying women that crowd our streets is constantly increasing. They move with a litheness, gracefulness and sweet dignity which testify to the approach of a true balance in their physical and spiritual unfoldment.

One of the causes of this remarkable change lies undoubtedly in the increasing freedom and unconventionality of our time, the healthy outdoor sports, with their natural care-free and worry-free abandon. The frequent relaxation of the mind from the "strenuous life"; the ability for even a short time, to force business and routine interests to the wall and give one's self up without scruple or restraint to the spirit of the sport, all undoubtedly tend to liberate forces of original pristine strength. Once in a while even the most sedate among us nowadays grant to our old, dear Mother Nature the privilege of claiming us as her own, when, like an affectionate parent, permitted only at given (and sometimes perhaps far-between) intervals to see her beloved children, she welcomes us to her bosom and from the pulsating currents of her heart pours into us streams of love, energy and endurance.

"And thus our life, exempt from public haunt,  
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,  
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

Protest against the infirmities of old age does not mean protest against death. We could not wish to banish death, only a too early or painful decease. There is no reason why man may not pass the great divide without being escorted by the infirmity, discrepancy and helplessness of old age. Death should appeal to us as a harbinger of sweet rest after a long day's labor, laying his hand

" Upon our heart gently, not smiting it,  
But as a harper lays his open palm  
Upon his harp to deaden its vibrations."

To successfully combat "old age" we must ally ourselves closely with nature. She has it in her power to confer on us almost incredible physical and even spiritual renewal. We receive her blessings whenever we sincerely and simply commune with the world of beauty and buoyant life in which we pass our earthly days. There is nothing more refreshing and rejuvenating than to open up one's heart to the touch, and the caresses of Mother Nature; to throw one's entire self with the ecstasy of trust and confidence into her loving embrace. She will accomplish wonders with us if we unhesitatingly and confidently surrender ourselves to her healing and life-giving powers. It is Nature who has endowed us with whatever strength and beauty we possess, and it must be through her we shall regain the lost powers of youth—if lost; or retain them in uninjured condition—if still in our possession.

Nature has all the elements of perennial youth in her bosom. Cosmetics and tonics are not restoratives of faded health and beauty. They are at best but transient deceptions. The world's famous beauties never quaffed the vital elixir of their unfading loveliness and health from the apothecary's bottle. The secret of their beauty is not contained in the enigmatical characters of a learned prescription but in the blazing formula

of sun and sky, of hill and meadow, of air and water. They nestle close to Nature's heart, become her obedient children, and listen attentively to her advices. They indulge in outdoor exercise and healthy sport, and consult their physical condition and real needs rather than the insane statements of an elaborate bill of fare for the selection of their food. They study their own natures, ascertain their necessities, and obey scrupulously their own better judgment. They seem, one and all, to subordinate their appetites to the mandates of their judgment, and let every action contribute to the preservation of their marvelous gift of beauty.

It is wonderful to what extent mere rational living can strengthen and rejuvenate every tissue and fiber of man's physical structure. Rational living consists in a close observation of the life-processes which have brought existence to its present level of beauty and power. The possibility of development, attainable through a rational system of living, is practically limitless. The strength of Hercules, the beauty of Apollo, the wisdom of Athene, and the virility and majesty of Zeus could never have been conceived and pictured except as foreshadowings of man's own attainments.

I see no basis in the physical constitution of man for the supposition that because we have passed the savage in mental and moral strength we need to fall below him as to physical achievement. Nature is never weakened by true culture. It is the abnormal and false in mental achievement or moral aspiration that undermine the physical. This objective test is an infallible one. Whatever thwarts Nature is contrary to the preservation of youth and beauty, is unquestionably inharmonious with the "law of God"—which is the law of the human soul and the foundational principle of the universe.

Men have frequently made the mistake of supposing that the eternal fitness of things required the majesty of genius to

have its throne in a log house. Said Thomas Carlyle "When God made the prophet He did not unmake the man." It was this conjecture that stunted the physical growth of man during the past centuries and shortened his life to one-half, or even less than one-half of its legitimate length. And just to the extent that the man of the present century adheres to the same views and methods will he reap similar results. The desire of the individual to indulge in the purely ornamental and superficial processes of existence naturally results in a corresponding neglect of the structural and fundamental. In his anxiety to get the edifice ready for decoration and ornamentation he forgets or omits the more essential work of laying the proper foundation. And so it may happen, and often does happen, that there is already sign of decay in the basement before the upper part of the structure is finished.

The advance souls of our present generation seem on the verge of catching the secret of a long, healthy and beautiful existence. The cause of this great, vital departure from the routine of the past is perhaps to be found in the dawning realization that we belong to, and form a part of, Nature; that we are as much the children of old Pan as is the savage, and that genius and high mental attainment do not free us from the necessity of complying with the iron rules governing the processes of growth and health. We begin to find out that singular intelligence and common sense go very well together, and that simplicity is the redeeming and preserving factor of life. Not "back to Nature," with its crudeness and uncultured strength, but *up* to Nature, by giving expression to ever higher aims and sympathies along the line of mental, moral and physical evolution. It was the failure of Jean Jacques Rousseau to recognize the difference between the higher and lower aspects of Nature that caused the down-break of his ethics. And to live this higher Nature means to understand, to realize the



meaning of life, which again is possible only through its practical application to the issues of our every-day life. Growth towards health and strength means a striving onward and upward urged by the soul's ideal, not backward under the unreasoning leadership of vain regrets, morbid longings and aimless griefs.

It is not only the Kingdom of Heaven which is to be "taken by violence"—the Kingdom of Nature must be reconquered by similar methods. We must be ever vigilant in our walks of life, neglecting nothing, underrating nothing—"Generous in design, immovable in execution, and moderate in success." Enjoy unstintingly, though with moderation, the legitimate pleasures of life. Admire the beautiful, love the virtuous and the true in all their vestures; help the needy and suffering; comfort the sad; encourage the downhearted; and gently caution the overbearing. Always surround the mind with images of high moral purity,—avoid falsehood, superficiality and vanity. Move forward broad-gauged, open-browed, free-minded and generous-hearted through the world, ever facing heaven, yet never losing sight of earth.

If to these old, yet ever new precepts, we add an acquaintance with the last word in hygiene and an untiring interest in everything that tends to health, strength and beauty—in a word, a study of ourselves in our relation to Nature, rather than to the drugs and fashions, conventions and artificialities, we shall certainly continue to raise the high-water of longevity.

Mere length of days is not in itself an indisputable blessing. And if it could be proven that the trend of Nature is toward an ever shorter period of existence on this planet it would be foolish as well as futile to try to stem the tide. But experience (and there is no other proof) shows beyond cavil that length of life and prolongation of youth follows adherence to the laws of human being. The great desideratum, however, is fidelity

to these laws. Perpetual youth is but one of the results ensuing. In this day of haste and disregard of the deeper things of life a great hunger has voiced itself in the human heart—a hunger that is like home-sickness, an unquenchable longing for the things of its one-time beauty and simplicity—the things of *its* youth. The protest against the inroads of age is but one phase of this, the thirst for the “simple life” another. All mark a returning to the “straight” path—though it is no “narrow” one—a healthfulness and virility of tone and perception, an impatience of subterfuges and artificiality. “Age,” as commonly expressed and experienced, is denial and separation. Youth stands for quickness and community of feeling, vividness of impression, strength and endurance. Fidelity to Nature’s laws—which are the laws of our human souls and bodies—will preserve these characteristics throughout the span of life, and these in turn will so impress the physical being that the “bloom of youth” and the “blossom of life” will be for us identical.

But this faithfulness to the great mother must be observed throughout the whole individuality. There must be “truth in the inward parts,” and a willingness to let the “ways of her wisdom make us worthy”—a continual receptivity, even abandon—to the great impulses of life and growth that forever surge through and seek to find expression in the creatures of earth.

A characteristic of youth is achievement, expression, attainment of ideals—faith and hopefulness. Some one says that “a man begins to die when he quits his desires.” To the credulity of youth *nothing* is “too good to be true.” Optimism is a great rejuvenator. Perpetual youth means perpetual effort—an inexhaustible fund of faith, of hope and of love. The humble and sincere follower of truth shall never see death—shall never know the infirmities of age.

## THE NEW THOUGHT.

BY GENERAL JOHN CHARLES THOMPSON.

The civilized world is vibrant with consciousness of the fact that we are in the midst of one of those great transitional epochs in the life of mankind which is history-making and civilization-building, in the highest sense of these terms. God is pouring in upon humanity His spirit in unprecedented measure, fulfilling, as it were, the prophetic declaration as to the "latter days."

The intellectual life of each era, if not decadent, has been invariably fertilized by some fresh movement of spiritual thought. This is history, simply the footprints of the race in its arduous life ascent.

The significant fact obtrudes itself upon the student that every great Renaissance has been a religious one, *per se*, or has developed into a great religious uplift. Buddhism aroused Asia from stupefaction—the rebirth of Europe has twice occurred through the leavening forces of Christianity—and digging deeper for more concrete causes we find that art and philosophy, themselves spiritual forces, with the Greeks were the underlying causes of that splendid, if only meteoric, culture which has dazzled for centuries the aspiring genius of every other race. The Italian Renaissance, which bridges the gulf between the ancient and modern world, also found its guiding light in the developing sense of beauty and harmony objectified in marble, on canvas and in that "concord of sweet sounds" which raises the soul into heavenly visions. Struggles for national existence, or the establishment of political and social freedom, also potential factors in the progress of civilization, have frequently had their strongest inspirations in the instinct of the human soul for the right to worship God according to the dictates of conscience. Our own particular era, the 19th and the dawn of the 20th century, classified, *par excellence*, as the one of cosmopolitan science, after exploiting with marvelous success the facts and relations of so-called physical life, both organic and

inorganic, is now recognized as being carried over by a grand impulse into the scientific investigation of the psychical life of the individual and the race, which, as far as it has proceeded, is seen to be converging upon the truth of being, or man's relation to God, as set forth nearly two thousand years ago in the grand hypothesis of Jesus.

That transcendent passage in Macaulay's essay, "Mitford's History of Greece," in which he portrays the immortality and beneficence of the literature of Athens, might with equal pertinency have been predicated of all truth, which at any time, anywhere, has entered into the equation of man's institutional or individual existence. Truth has proven the one imperishable possession of the race. It alone has survived the ruins of time. The achievements of all the master builders of civilization, of a material character, have either perished or linger yet only as melancholy memorials of departed greatness. But the truth which any of them possessed is yet fresh with eternal youth. Milton's apostrophe to truth was literal in its verity. "Truth crushed to the ground will rise again—triumphant; the eternal years of God are hers."

History's pages disclose its divine power in that wherever a conquering race has overthrown a weaker nation in possession of great truths, religions notably—the conqueror has eventually been subjugated by the silent forces of the truth brought in by the victim. The object lesson of imperial Rome—overthrowing both Greece and Israel—and in turn dominated by the literature of the one and the religion of a feeble sect of the other—is enough "to point the moral."

In every walk of human life truth is the *sine qua non*. In religious investigation, equally with science, it is the only dry ground upon which the ark of man's salvation can rest. Its most perfect and luminous definition, viz., "*That which is*," in contradistinction to "*that which seems*," emphasizes logically and potentially its prime importance. With all the great seers and scientists of the past its achievement has been paramount. To none more so than to the great Nazarene, who stands as the triumphant paradigm of the race.

The final message of Jesus was a constructive protest against any abridgment of the truth—a positive, if not direct, denial of its all inclusiveness in any past revelation or in the one even that he had made—linked with the distinct and unqualified promise that in leaving the world, personally, he would send the Comforter, the very Spirit of Truth, who would guide the world into *all* truth. More, he made the promised future revelation of the truth *by the spirit* the expressed reason for the withdrawal of his personal presence, doubtless realizing the proneness of mankind to worship the material expression instead of the manifesting spirit, to exalt the personality of the Son of Man, whose words they had heard, whose deeds they had witnessed, the beneficent influence of whose short life had been shed abroad among them, rather than emulate the spiritual perfection of his character, proceeding from the divine principle which He had told them was possible to all the children of the Heavenly Father as well as Himself.

If necessary to be urged, this *pronunciamento* of Jesus would seem logically to overthrow the once militant dogma of institutional Christianity—that the Bible was the only complete and plenarily inspired revelation of God—as well as establish on a legitimate and solid foundation the working hypothesis of “New Thought,” *viz.*, that the spirit of God is continually revealing to the world the truth concerning its laws and the principles underlying man’s relation to the universe.

Indeed, no other procedure for the revelation of truth is compatible with that universal and unbroken principle of evolution, or orderly progress, which holds the universe in harmony.

The measure of truth in the world is, so far as man is concerned, limited to his consciousness—his perception of it—hence, a continual revelation is necessary, a revelation keeping step with the mental and spiritual development of the race.

In this respect, at least, the gospel dispensation of Jesus stands paramount. Its message is that the Logos—the word of God—is “the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world.” James Freeman Clark perfectly expressed its *modus operandi*, “Christianity has received into itself the philosophy and arts of Greece, the laws of Rome, the mysticisms of

India, the monotheism of the Jews, the triad of Egypt, the war between good and evil of Zoroaster, the reverence for ancestors and the conservatism of China, the Scandinavian faith in liberty and progress. All the prophets since the world began and all the civilizations of the past have, like the wise men of the East, brought their gifts to the infant Messiah. There is in this wonderful religion the power of assimilating to itself all that is good and true everywhere."

Progress, it is seen, by that final and supreme deliverance of its founder, was made the law of Christianity. The Spirit of Truth was enthroned as its future evangel to the world. He left no written creed, no fixed ecclesiastical system or hierarchy, no cast-iron forms; everything, even truth itself, was to be unfolded by the spirit of the new time.

What is generically termed "New Thought" has no claim to novelty. The very reverse is true of nearly every phase of its dealings with religion or moral and spiritual philosophy.

It is simply "old wine in new bottles." This is preeminently true of cults or sects such as Christian Science, Divine Science, etc., which interblend with healing processes the moral principles and spiritual concepts of the ancient Oriental religions, notably of *that Christianity which Jesus taught*, in contradistinction to its later theological corruptions by the churches which bear that name.

So-called scientific hypotheses, like the two minds of Hudson's "Law of Psychic Phenomena," which are sometimes classified as "New Thought," may lay better claim to modern discovery in that they derive their *raison d'être* from facts established and conclusions drawn from experiments in connection with modern hypnotism and other cognate mental phenomena.

"New Thought," in the popular acceptance of the term, may better and more accurately be described as a *19th Century Renaissance of ancient idealism*,—that spiritual view of God and the universe—life and its material expressions, which denies potency to matter and lodges it in mind or spirit. As an example of the novelty fallacy—nothing can be more absurd to any one conversant with the progress of religious ideas throughout the ages than Mrs. Eddy's pronouncement in the first para-

graph of her justly celebrated work, "Science and Health," that she discovered Christian Science at a certain time. It is acutely absurd in view of the fully accepted connection of Jesus with metaphysical healing and the demonstration of the utility of His method by His followers sporadically in different parts of the world throughout the intervening two centuries. It should be said parenthetically that this observation upon an absurd claim is in no wise intended as a slur on the sincerity or just claim to greatness of that wonderful woman, Mrs. Eddy, or to detract from the credit due her for the great work done by the Christian Science Church in the regeneration of true religion and the spiritual uplift and blessing of humanity. It is simply dictated by loyalty to the truth of history. Mrs. Eddy's title to appreciation is determined. Her claim to world-wide recognition is founded on the fact that by inspiration or genius she seized upon scientific, metaphysical phenomena, declared the law at the foundation of them and demonstrated their fundamental identity with the principles and healing processes of Jesus, the Great Master.

All the variations of mental healing, at present extant in America, in Europe and the Antipodes, not only are grounded in the once vital and vivid psychic theories of Egypt, Asia and Greece, which had breathed into them "a living soul" of healing by Jesus—the Christ—but they are permeated with the much later idealistic philosophy of Berkeley, Fichte, Schilling and Hegel, and deeply tinged by the weird and wonderful spiritual philosophy of that great Swedish seer, Emanuel Swedenborg. Originality can, in no sense, be predicated of so-called "New Thought." If so, it would be its weakness rather than its strength. Its glory and power is in that it is the resurrection and resuscitation of one of the giants of the earth who was not dead but only slept, and not the birth of an untried fledgling.

The foregoing is not intended to convey the idea that religion, in the common sense of the term (*viz.*, the method by which man, spirit organized in the flesh, is rebound to God the primal creator and cause of all things), is not subject to "New Thought" correction or development. Such a contention would do pal-

pable violence to the ascertained principles of cosmic evolution as well as to the positive utterances of Jesus.

While it is a fact that the current of inspiration—revelation to the soul of man by “The Spirit or Truth”—was never more open, deep and strong than now, it is also an apparent fact that it is flowing through other channels and for different ends than in ancient days. Then it was devoted in great measure, through the minds of the seers and saviors of the race, *to revealing to man the abstract truths of his spiritual identification with, and relation to, God*. More recently, through channels of so-called science and secular literature, it has been revealing to him *his primacy in creation and his supremacy over spirit manifestation through matter* other than that of his own organization. The fountains of inspiration have not and never will be sealed any more than the creation of God, touching the universe or an atom, is a finished work. Infinity, eternity and progress apply to all the dealings of “The Great Spirit”—the “Spirit of Truth.”

Under the misguidance of materialistic theology in the past Christian civilization practically accepted *the false belief* that “*The Spirit of Truth*” had confined its revelations and guidance to a priestly hierarchy of one religion only, thereby embracing and perpetuating a Jewish dogma, destitute of all foundation in fact, at any era of the world’s history. It is the more remarkable, in view of the express declaration of Jesus in regard to his sending this “Spirit of Truth” after his departure, and the recorded miraculous rending of the veil of The Temple from top to bottom, coincident with his crucifixion, the meaning of this miracle being not less transparent than his promise of “the Spirit of Truth” to all mankind, *viz.*, that thereafter no esoteric mysteries were to veil the presence of God from His children and that there was in the future to be no priestly intermediary. Henceforth, it was decreed that *in man’s soul was to be found the only shekina*, wherefrom is derived the sublime teaching of the Master, that every human body was made to be a living temple of God. In Matthew xii, 6, He says, speaking of Himself, “Here is one greater than the temple,” which, taken in connection with his repeated identifications with himself of all men—notably in the prayer recorded in John xvii, 21-23,



makes plain his teaching as to the meaning and purpose of God in the creation of man.

The fact is that about the middle of the last century a most remarkable reaction set in against the dominant materialism of the 18th century and the first half of the 19th century, which had its storm center in the United States, since which time, with a constantly increasing momentum, there has been a return to that more spiritual view of things, known to Metaphysics as "Idealism," which, save during the Dark Ages in Europe, had never been without its exalted advocates and exponents since the dawn of literature, as written even in hieroglyphics upon stone in that cradle of humanity—the classic Orient. Conspicuous among these idealists were Confucius in China, Zoroaster in Persia, the Magi of Egypt, Moses among the Jews, Krishna in India—that school among the Greeks of which Plato was the brightest luminary—and Jesus in Palestine, its greatest prophet, philosopher and exemplar. They all, like stars landed amidst storm clouds, kept its light beaconing for the guidance of benighted humanity. Wherever and in whatever age *self-consciousness* has been sufficiently vital to throw off that worst of demoniacal possessions, *viz., that the body, the flesh, is the real man*, have, to a certain extent, been blessed with the fruits of the "spirit" which make for righteousness, happiness and the "peace which passeth all understanding." Latterly, so pregnant with self-evident truth has become this spiritual hypothesis, accounting for the origin, harmonizing the progressive existence of all forms of life and foreshadowing a beatific destiny, that leading scientists are beginning to accept it as the most rational explanation of the varied phenomena of Nature. The fundamental postulate of *idealism* is that "*to think and to exist are one and the same*," its leading axiom—"as a man thinketh in his heart so is he." And these, together with that sovereign concept of Jesus, "thy faith (a mental attitude) hath made thee whole"—long regarded as occult mysticism,—have now come to be recognized as literal truths, capable of practical application in the healing of bodily diseases and the regeneration of lives "dead in trespasses and sins."

This spiritual Renaissance (which has since virtually revolu-

tionized Christianity and practically exterminated atheism and honest skepticism born of the absolutely unbelievable dogmas of orthodoxy) now known as "New Thought" is, in reality, only a sweet Easter morning resurrection of the love and light and truth which have sounded in the higher notes of the sphere-music of all the great religions of the past, whose divine symphonies were made discordant by jarring institutionalism and its constant and evil genius,—priestly commercialism.

The claims of "New Thought" exponents may be summarized as follows:

They believe with Herbert Spencer not only "that we are in the presence of an infinite energy from which all things proceed," but that this great force is intelligent spirit whose nature is all good, or "Love," as declared by John. They hold to the substantial unity of all things, or that the life of all creatures and things is one with that infinite energy, being simply expressions or manifestations of it. The life in each, from the atom to the archangel, is the same in kind, differing only in degree. They believe that the climax of physical evolution on this planet is reached in man—in whom a spiritual evolution is initiated, by means of which the immortal soul is somewhere, at some time, to be conformed to the objective ideal which was in the Divine Mind from the beginning. They hold that this consummation is "that far off divine event toward which the whole creation moves" and that man, in whom alone of all animate life creative power can be predicated (he only being able to consciously vary and improve upon material things), becomes in a limited sense a co-worker with God in the shaping of his destiny. They hold that God, working through eternal and invariable laws, is the author only of good—and that evil, to use a generic term for the opposite of good, has only a negative existence—arising absolutely and directly from man's violation of the laws of God, the organic laws of his being, with which he is fully acquainted and with reference to which he has the free will and power to determine his status. They hold that the real man—the rational ego—the life principle and dynamic force of the physical organism is "spirit" or "God manifest in the flesh," as Jesus declared, from which follows the claim—in opposition to that of institu-

tional Christianity—that man is a soul, possessing and using a body, and not a body having, as a conditional attachment, a soul. They hold that thought is the summit of man's being, the point where his individual existence flows out, so to speak, from God, and that since "to think and to exist are one and the same," therefore man in whatever condition he is—whether of health or disease, in happiness or misery—is only the external translation of his thoughts or ideas. This is the basic hypothesis of the healing processes of all phases of "New Thought." The body is to me and for me what I think it to be. Thought is made, therefore, the creator of health and disease.

It holds that to think a change in our bodily condition, *and not merely to think about it*, will determine all the living forces toward the desired result as certainly as water issuing from a fountain will flow in another direction if its channel be changed. The prescription for disease, of any sort, is, therefore, a revolution in the thought. To think health, happiness, peace, etc., it is claimed, purifies the fountain of life, and however perturbed it may be the stream will soon run clear. Literally, "as a man thinketh in his heart (or emotionally) so is he," is the keystone of the "New Thought" arch. This is manifestly in consonance with the highest authorities on the science of being in the past. The very etymology of the term man (from the Zend word *manthra*) means the being who thinks and speaks. The sovereign concept of Jesus—his simple "plan of salvation" from sin, sickness and death, was faith—*purely a mental attitude*. "Thy faith (a thought vitalized by will, desire) hath made thee whole" compassed his whole system of therapeutics. In the same direction and in explanation of it he said also, "It is the spirit which maketh alive, the flesh profiting nothing." Jesus distinctly and unreservedly taught this principle when he said "Be it unto thee according to thy faith," and again in that more discrete and comprehensive utterance, "What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, *believe* ye receive, and ye shall have them."

Faith, or an active thought attitude, is alike the Christ Jesus, and so-called "New Thought" method of cure—and its correctness and complete efficacy has been thoroughly demonstrated by the healing phenomena of its practitioners in all

ages. It is the antithesis of *fear*, which in its varying *forms of doubt, anxiety, worry and melancholy* are recognized as the mental or spiritual roots of disease.

The acceptance of the supreme truth, drawn by "New Thought" from the direct declarations of Jesus, is, beyond cavil, the correct philosophy of human nature or the relation of the soul to the body. The great working hypothesis of "New Thought," as well as the fundamental idea of Christianity as taught by Jesus and that which distinguishes it from all other religions, is *the incarnation of God in man*—the indwelling of the deity in the human soul and man's consciousness of it. Jesus declared often—"The words I speak unto you I speak not of Myself, but of the Father that dwelleth in Me, He doeth the works"—and in that sweetest and deepest prayer which ever ascended from the lips of man, Jesus as the Christ said of His disciples of every age, "I in them and Thou in Me that they may be made perfect in one." Paul, recognizing this, exclaims, "It is no more I that live, but Christ liveth in me." He affirms also that "What may be known of God is manifest in man." Again, he speaks of the sublime mystery which had been hidden for ages and generations, as that of "Christ in you, the hope of Glory."

"New Thought," then, makes the great *carmen necessarium* to find God in the soul as the Christ, whether in us or in Jesus, personifying the principle of spiritual life and intelligence.

"New Thought" utterly repudiates the dogma of "the plenary inspiration of the Bible," holding at the same time the loftiest reverence for it, as the arcana of great truths. It casts into outer darkness all declarations in it which violate the character of the deific nature as love and "all good." It accepts the gospel of Jesus Christ as the most perfect given to man, recognizing for it but one source of revelation, namely, that given by Jesus Himself: "*even the spirit of Truth, even the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in My name; He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you*"—John xiv, 26. It admits and adopts the truth found in all systems of religion, but circumscribes itself with no creed or dogma. It bridges the supposed gulf between

religion and science, showing that all truth proceeds from the Spirit, and that whatever is truth is in the supremest sense the soul alike of religion and of science.

Its old gospel, proclaimed and practiced anew, is not that faith is to lift us eventually into some future world of beatitudes, but is to unseal the eyes of mankind to the infinite meaning, purpose and possibilities for usefulness, goodness and happiness of the world in which we now live. It is teaching, as was never before taught, that the heights and depths of the universe are within man's own soul. It re-echoes the word

"I sent my soul through the invisible,  
Some letter of that after-life to spell;  
And by and by my soul returned to me,  
And answered, I myself am Heaven and Hell."

It is making of life itself the religion of the day. Man is realizing that the great Over Soul in whom "He lives and moves and has his being" is one with the love, courage, faith, mercy beauty and desire of his soul. He is divining that, at heart, the symphonies of all the religions, which have taken deepest root with humanity is the infinite and eternal meaning of human life, which is "the life of God in the soul of man." Man is no longer groping in the dark for his Heavenly Father, but under the guidance and inspiration of that religious Renaissance known as "New Thought" is feeling that He "is not far from every one of us."

In fine, the grand anthem of "New Thought," as well as of true Christianity, is the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of man, and that immortality is here and now to every self-conscious soul.

The Church having abdicated its throne and surrendered its Christ-delegated power to overcome sin and sickness and death with the weapons of faith and love—having descended to the spiritual level of Gehazi, the faithless servant of Elijah, who essayed to heal and bless by laying on the staff of the prophet instead of trusting to the indwelling and measureless power of the Spirit of all the prophets and saviors—has practically left the field of healing the mind and body, of dispensing salvation

from sin and establishing the Kingdom of God in the human heart here and now, to "New Thought."

It has accepted the commission of the spirit which sent the prophet of old "To preach good tidings unto the meek, to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound, to proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord, to comfort all that mourn, to give them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

It has seized upon the commands of Jesus as "eternal verities" and by literal obedience to them is "healing the nations" and transfiguring the individual, "in the sunshine of the world's new spring, walking triumphant like some holy thing." But more than all else, it proclaims the absolute freedom of the individual soul from the dominance of any other soul or any creed or criticism, and its individual supremacy in the universe. Freedom is its watchword and its talisman—freedom and hospitality to any new phase of truth that may be vouchsafed the world. No fear pours within its horizon—all is good and works together for good. "New Thought" is New Life—when "old things are passed away and *all* things are become new."

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### MAY.

BY HENRIETTA EDITH GRAY.

The high noon sun plays through the leafy bowers  
Of old oak trees, casting elusive shade  
Upon the grassy carpet where I lie,  
Gazing with half-closed eyes up through the green  
At snatches of the blue disclosed between.  
If I could always live so near to God,  
And God's great Nature in her sweet spring mood,  
I could forget the weariness of life,  
And feel assured that all is ordered good,  
In this our world, and comprehend and share  
The glorious rhythm of the universe  
Vibrant through soul and tree, in love and hate,  
Knowledge, forgetting, and the waste of silence.

## IN THE ASTRAL LIGHT.

"And all is writ upon the light astral, and he who has the seeing eyes can read his many lives—lived before."—*Indian Book*.

BY PENELOPE PALMER.

"Come to Scotland for Christmas, that will be a way out of your difficulties."

I looked up quickly—"Do you mean it?"

"Of course I do, I think you will have to flee the country, or else incur the scorn of the Duchess—the wrath of your Maestro, or the pained silence of the vicar's wife. In England young girls accept but one invitation at a time, whatever they may do in America, but apparently you have accepted not less than three for Christmas dinner!"

I had to admit that such was either my greed or my imbecility.

"The only thing to do," continued Mrs. Philips, "is to cut and run."

"I'm afraid if I run, I'll *be* cut."

"Not if you run far enough; of course, if you are in Scotland you can't dine with any one in Hanover Square, not even with a duchess, unless you go in your astral body."

"Do you know about such things?" I asked with quick interest, "if you do I'll come with you."

"Then I do," said Mrs. Philips decidedly—"All about it—or—*them*, whatever they are called—I'm a—Ma-hat-ma!—But why are you so keen on the subject?"

"Because," I answered with some hesitation—"because I—I—sometimes—Oh, I can't explain—but it *is* queer!"

"Gracious it's time you come to Scotland—time you get out in the open—away from musty, old London and your studies—better arrange to stay a fortnight."

We left London in a yellow fog—the city, like a capricious woman, had veiled her face—her stolid British features were softened and beautified, suggesting some weird and elusive personality. Indeed, the very spirit of the place seemed abroad—a spirit heretofore hidden, behind the darkened stone,—imprisoned in the forbidding walls and formidable buildings.

I was quite fascinated by this new aspect, I wanted to linger; but no, we were off for bonny Scotland, and nothing must detain me.

Scotland! my ain countree, was I to see it at last? I felt that some long exile was at an end—that now I was going home!

I kept my face pressed to the window of the railway carriage and noted the changing scene hungrily.

At last, we were “over the border.” What a swing there was in those words—they tossed happily in my mind as I recognized the features of a country so strangely dear and familiar to me.

It was almost dark when we reached our destination, but, nevertheless, I discerned an old friend in the river which ran near the roadside, crossing it every now and again, like a wayward child. A dark tower loomed threateningly, and when Mrs. Philips said “Castle Gordon” I felt a pang of grief, and unthinkingly I exclaimed: “Oh, what a wreck of a noble house!”

“How do *you* know,” she said laughing, “you never saw it before.”

“But I *do* know, all the same,” I answered.

“Well, here we are,” she said, “I hope you will have the same optimistic sentiments about my diggings, they are not a wreck yet, but I nearly am, of all——” and the rest of her sentence was smothered in the Bruin-like embrace of her lord and master. We entered the warm, brightly-lighted hall and I came back to myself, although I was burning with excitement, and, notwithstanding Mrs. Philips’s chaffing, I could have run out again in the snow, just to sniff the air and nod at the friendly, wise, old moon. But I was hurried off to my chamber instead, where the fire burned joyously and I went to sleep that night, singing in my dreams:



"Bonny Charlie's gone awa"—"Will he nae come home again?"  
or was it—

"An he *hae* come home again?"

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The next afternoon, Mrs. Philips and I went out in the dog cart. She wanted to take some flowers to a friend for whom she foresaw a dreary Christmas.

"Lady Macrae is very delicate," she explained—"has an extremely nervous temperament. In fact, she's a trifle hipped on the subject of the Stuarts; there is some family tradition about their connection with them. The Macraes, it seems, fought their battles—and hanged for them too, I believe. I never encourage her when she gets on that subject. The doctor has warned her not to let her mind dwell on it. However, it's a lovely old place (though there's no money to keep it up)—and everything is just as it has been for two hundred years—more or less. I think you will like her. Some people say she's a little erratic, but I have always found her above the average in intelligence. And here we are."

The lodge was unoccupied, and one side seemed to have fallen in. It was of gray stone and the arms were carved ponderously under the pointed roof. Mrs. Philips pointed with her whip to the motto, "*Loyal à mort.*" "They kept it," she said laconically. We drove slowly up the avenue, where the tall trees stood like sentinels on either side. On the terrace we met Lady Macrae. She was walking with her little son, a frail child—a pathetic figure to be the last scion of a race of soldiers. She welcomed us with old-fashioned graciousness, and when Mrs. Philips explained that I was an American—I felt a quick thrill run through her hand to mine. She looked at me piercingly, and seemed to catch her breath.

"How very like, how very like"—she murmured.

"You notice it too," Mrs. Philips asked jubilantly, "you know my husband and I both see a strong resemblance to ——" she stopped abruptly, as though she were about to utter a forbidden name, and turned quickly towards the house. A sudden, indescribable look flashed across Lady Macrae's face. It was

gone before I caught its meaning, and she walked away with Mrs. Philips, leaving the little boy and me to follow. We entered a large square hall—very stately, and very cold, and passed into the drawing-room. A fire was burning there, and we were glad to draw quite close to it, as the air was chilly beyond words five feet away. Lady Macrae attracted me most unaccountably, not only by her beauty, which was of the ethereal type, but also by the brilliancy of her conversation. She was like a magnet to my every sense and emotion.

I was enthralled by her, and after the old servant had shuffled away with the tea I still lingered. The room was filled with delightful old things, all piping of the past. Outside a storm threatened, and I looked questioningly at the sky. I hated to leave a house which stirred me so strongly and appealed to me in such a peculiar way. I was ready to muster any sort of an excuse to prolong our stay, and so when Mrs. Philips asked if I thought it would hurt my voice if we got a "ducking," I immediately looked very dubious. Lady Macrae urged us to stop for the night, and I accepted with alacrity. Mrs. Philips was obliged to return, as she expected guests on the late train. I thought she looked displeased when I agreed to stay, but I was too happy to be worried by a vague expression, and turned to my new friend with enthusiasm. We talked and talked; the hours flew by. The old servant announced dinner. We ate little, indeed, I believe there was little to eat. But we were too absorbed in our conversation to know or care. Two or three times I fancied the servant threw me a warning look as though we were touching dangerous subjects, and before I knew it we were galloping on forbidden ground like two runaway horses. Question and answer flew from one to the other. I was eager for information of those thrilling times. A mad thirst to know more and more seemed to be upon me, and yet often I anticipated what she would say.

Regardless of the black scowls of the old domestic I rattled on—telling anecdote after anecdote of Prince Charles and his adherents with a power of portrayal I never knew before that I possessed.

Finally, Lady Macrae leaned forward and looked at me in-

tently. Her eyes sparkled like jewels in her pale face and she asked me slowly—a single question—I rapped back the answer before the words had left her trembling lips. She breathed heavily and leaned in her chair as though faint, then she drew herself up regally; and gave this astonishing order to the domestic: “Now,” she said, turning to the domestic and her voice sounded like a trumpet—“Now, bring the king’s wine!”

“The last bottle was drunk after the battle of Falkirk”—she said; “after Culloden, this was put away until the prince should come to his ain again.” She looked at me and smiled.

After some time the old woman returned with an ancient-looking bottle, covered with cobwebs and dust, which she handled as though it contained the sacred fire. The glasses filled, Lady Macrae raised hers, and said with great solemnity, “Votre Santé.” I drank—and the sunshine on the purple heather seemed turned to liquid. All the glory of the past was in that enchanted bottle. I heard the thrilling sounds of the pibroch—saw the wild valleys of the North peopled with brave and devoted spirits as ever wielded the Claymore—the scarlet wave of the plaid as they swung nearer and nearer,—at their head—Whom? Was that debonnair figure *I*? No—it was Bonny Prince Charley, of course.

We returned to the drawing-room and I sat down at the piano, and sang:

“Speed bonny boat  
Like a bird on the wing—  
Onward the sailors cry—  
Carry the lad who’s born to be King  
Over the sea to Skye!”

Lady Macrae leaped to her feet—“Again,” she cried excitedly—“Again.” Her slender body swayed to the motion, like one rowing. Her eyes were strained and looked into space as though she were peering through the night and the storm and saw the waves high dashing, the boat falling into the hollow, and then riding the curling crest like a bird, and the men—oh—the men! But what was I thinking, what did I see—what did she see? What picture in the past was vouchsafed her pure vision? What was it *I* saw and recognized through her medium-

ship? In what way were we, two strangers but a few hours before, associated; through what experiences of faith and blood were we drawn together? What was it that supplied the link and made me tremble on the verge of discovery, of remembrance, when near her? I did not know, but I saw she was under great excitement, and that her mind trembled like a flame before the wind. I stopped singing, suddenly conscience-smitten. I drew her to the fire. "Look," I said, "how jolly it is, come and let's talk about the boy's Christmas." She sat down listlessly, seeming suddenly to have become very tired and inattentive, and so I suggested we retire. Up the wide staircase and through the dark corridors we wended our way with only the light of our candles, and when we reached the door of my room I said, "Good night—you must go to bed. If you come in we'll talk"—"Good night"—did I hear her whisper under her breath "Mon Prince"? I closed my door. What a night it was! The storm was now full upon us. My windows were on the weather side and the wind rattled the old casements and shrieked around the towers like a maniac. The rain came driving against the glass and at each blast the rotten casings shook noisily. Out in the park the great trees tossed their bare branches wildly, one moment bowing to the earth as though in prayer for deliverance, the next lashing the air as if battling with the elements. I went to sleep humming:

"How the waves leap—  
Soft shall ye sleep  
Ocean's a royal bed—  
Rocked in the deep  
Flora will keep  
Watch o'er your weary head."

I do not know how long I slept, but I awoke with a start and saw standing before me a white figure, one bare arm raised high brandishing a sword. A ray of light fell upon the murderous-looking blade, and made it glitter cruelly—I was rigid with horror. By degrees, I recognized the pale face, the gleaming eyes of Lady Macrae! She stood still, looking down at me—then she said huskily.

"Come and pray for the soul of King Charles." I could not move, I tried to speak, but my tongue was dry and would not utter a sound.

"Come and pray for the soul of King Charles," she chanted. She drew nearer, leaning over the bed, and peering down into my face. And then I saw that she was stark, staring mad! She seized my arm—"Come and pray for the soul of King Charles," she shrieked.

My wits returned at her touch—"Yes, of course," I said, "it's high time." I hopped out of bed and stood shivering before her. Without another word, she turned and like one in a trance, I followed. We made our way down the dimly lighted hall, down the haunted staircase, and into the chapel. Before the altar the sacred lights were burning—Lady Macrae fell upon her knees and crossed herself. I did the same. In a strained voice, she began the mass for the dead:

"Requiem eternam dona eis—

"Requiem sempiternam—sempiternam—sempiternam."

My teeth were chattering together with cold and fright, but I managed to articulate a few words.

We knelt on the first steps of the altar, and the curve of the chancel was almost lost in gloom. Suddenly across the velvety darkness a picture flashed before my eyes.

I saw a lonely hill. On it a slender girl paced to and fro. Two shepherd dogs frolicked behind her. The wind blew her cape about her, and tossed soft tendrils of her hair from under her cap. Her back was turned to me. A little village lay like a brown bird's nest in the valley. The girl suddenly stopped and lifted her arms to the mountains—beseechingly. It was then I saw her face, such a sweet, plaintive Puritan face! I had seen its like somewhere. "And the mountains shall bring peace, and the little hills holiness unto the people," I heard her say, and yet I did not hear the words, as one hears in the real world,—I merely knew that was what she said. Suddenly a young man appeared. He caught her in his arms and held her close. He stroked her hair, and held her face in his long, slender fingers, looking into it lovingly; then he kissed her. She drew back with a startled cry and turned as if to fly, but he caught her to

him again, and then followed such passionate pleading as would melt a determination of adamant. The girl fluttered in his arms like a little, white bird, but her denial was positive. She drew herself away, and stood pale and trembling, the wind buffeting her rudely. At last she lifted a face so plaintive in its devotion, so heart-breaking in its sorrow that my own heart ached at the sight. As the man turned angrily from her, I saw him face to face and fell instantly under the spell of the compelling personality of Prince Charles Stuart, the Young Pretender. He left her, a disconsolate figure, sitting with her head buried on her arms. The dogs came and licked her hands, but she heeded them not. Suddenly she lifted her head—listening, a radiant smile shone through her tears—he was coming back! He came towards her swiftly, the gladness of new-born hope illumining his features. “Will it do if I tell the priest who I am?” he asked, “and then, if he consents, you will marry me? You trust him, you have known him always—and though I cannot tell you—my sweetheart, I can tell him, and under the seal of the confessional my secret is safe. Will it do? Answer darling, my wee bonny bairn, you will not refuse?”

“If you tell our minister, and he says he will unite us in holy matrimony, though you are unknown to me, save as John Douglas, which name I know is not your own, I will—wed you—so great is my love.” She clasped her two little hands over her breast as she made this confession, as though what she felt there of joy and sorrow, were paining her past endurance. He caught her to him, “My ain bonny—my white rose, my bit of white heather. Ken ye that if ye sleep with your head on a bit of white heather the fairies will carry ye to a new land? Ken ye this? *Wha* knows? Aye, who can tell my luve, my queen?” He murmured, dropping into Highland dialect caressingly, and the little Puritan maid was helpless to renounce him—powerless against the magnetism that swayed soldiers—that even compelled destiny itself.

“I, John Douglas, adventurer,” he looked teasingly in her face, “do take thee”—

“Diedema Bradley, spinster,” she answered—

“To be my ain—true—wife,” he added solemnly, “ye will

be true? In spite of all—In spite of whatever may happen?"

She raised her sweet eyes to his face and what he read there of faith and purity was to his sins what the coal from the altar was to Isaiah's lips.

The picture vanished—Diedema Bradley—Diedema Bradley—I repeated confusedly—Diedema Bradley was my great, great grandmother's name!

"Requiem in pacem," chanted Lady Macrae; the light from the swinging lamp above fell upon her pallid face and her staring eyes. I dared not speak to her; I prayed fervently, while in the shadow of the chancel, figures seemed to form—a man and a woman. They exchanged a few words, then knelt before us,—a blue, opalescent light glowing like a halo about the woman, but the man was in shadow. An old priest rose from his knees and came towards them. He seemed feeble, and as though he were laboring under great excitement. I recognized the marriage service as he opened the book in his hand. After the benediction he sank down on his knees again, without addressing either of them. They rose and came towards me. How happy they looked! There was an expression in her star-like eyes as though she had knelt at the gate of heaven. She smiled as she looked up at him, trustingly. Verily she had given her soul into his keeping. He smiled also as his eyes met hers, and a weight seemed lifted from his mind. My spirit, which blended with theirs, and knew their every emotion, felt an exaltation, a freedom from anxiety, a sense of peace as though a new life were opening for him. I rose gladly to meet them—they were gone!

I felt bewildered, they had seemed so real, but the strained voice of Lady Macrae chanting "Requiem in pacem" brought me back to painful reality. Before I had time to consider, however, the same lovely hill rose before me. The same two people paced to and fro. The mountains opposite rolled like a great, blue wave of the sea, which was soon to carry one of them away and separate them forever. Threatening clouds were gathering like portents of evil, over the tops of the mountains, where the sun was sinking rapidly, as though unwilling to witness the tragedy in the two lives, it had so often glorified. The sky

was red, where its last rays fell—red as the blood of those slain in the cause, over seas. In the valley the soft emerald farm-lands lay, and here and there a light glimmered. The beloved hearth fire would burn no more for him—born to a kingdom—he must wander the world over and never be at home. Life was changed for these two, and as the clouds slowly covered the sky and darkened the blue, the woman turned with a half-stifled cry. The man held her close. He was shaken by grief, a grief so poignant that it uprooted all the tender and beautiful qualities of his nature. I who seemed a part of them felt an anguish that nothing could assuage, a sorrow more bitter than death.

As he put her firmly from him I knew that his soul stayed with her. Henceforth, he would walk, not a man among men, but a shadow among shadows. A star-like light hung over her as she lay where she had fallen. The darkness gathered—drew nearer and nearer, and soon I lost the outline of the grief-stricken figure. But the little blue light shone on.

“Oh God! oh God!” my heart echoed her cry; agony unspeakable seemed to rend my breast, to overwhelm me. When I came to, I saw the old servant bending over the prostrate figure of Lady Macrae. A shaft of morning light came through the high windows and fell upon her face, pitifully drawn and white. Her eyes were closed, but after working over her some time she opened the blue-veined lids, and I saw with rapture the old, clear, intelligent look. She soon dropped into a natural sleep, and I slipped away to my room. Thither the servant followed me. She reproached herself bitterly for her carelessness. She said she had feared an attack of the old malady was pending, when she saw how excited her mistress had become at dinner, but it had been such a long time since the last, that she really had concluded they were over forever. The whole truth was that she had finished the bottle of port herself (her bones were so cold, and it was so warming), and in consequence she had slept soundly through it all.

Mrs. Philips came for me in the morning, but I would not return. I told her that Lady Macrae was ill, and that I should stay and care for her. She consented at last, and later returned, laden with delicacies to tempt and nourish an invalid. Lady



Macrae regained her strength slowly. Sometimes she followed me with a questioning look in her eyes, but I discouraged all attempts to talk. Again, she looked puzzled, as though trying vainly to recall something. Then I would introduce some trivial subject and distract her attention. In every way I tried to repair the injury I had done that delicate mind through my selfishness and thoughtlessness. Of what happened that night, I never allowed myself even to think, lest my thoughts should in some way influence her and renew a subject which I now saw it was absolutely impossible for her to dwell upon.

As the days went by, she grew strong again, and with her physical strength came a buoyancy of spirit, that the servant said had not been hers for many years, but best of all she had forgotten the very name of *Stuart*! The whole sad history of that fated family had passed completely out of her mind.

The time came for me to return to London, and as she bade me good-bye she said, "I want to give you a little present to remember me by. It's an old prayer-book, and has been in our family for generations. It has always been valued very highly for some reason or other. I know my father kept it under lock and key. It belonged to some royalty I believe. I took a fancy to use it, and have done so ever since it came into my possession, but now I want you to have it. I feel it belongs to you," she looked at me puzzledly, "at least I want it to belong to you." She continued, "I can't remember whose it was originally; what does that matter anyway—after all, the most valuable part of a prayer-book is its contents, isn't it?"

I caught my breath when I saw the book she held in her hands, for on the thick old cover blazed in jewels the arms of the Stuarts! My excitement I concealed as best I could. I did not dare to let her see that there was anything unusual about the book, lest it again set on fire that train of ideas, which had once so nearly consumed her delicately poised organism.

Back again in London I took the book in my hands and held it lovingly. What a treasure it was to me! I reviewed passionately in my mind the three pictures I had seen in the dark chapel that night. What did they mean? What could Prince

Charley have to do with me or mine? Like an echo his words came back to me. "I, John Douglas take thee"—John Douglas!! I jumped from my chair as the name spoken aloud rang familiarly in my ears—my great, great grandfather was John Douglas! The precious relic dropped unheeded to the floor, as this startling remembrance came to me; but how could he have been Prince Charley—how could Prince Charley have been—surely it was all a troubled dream, due to the excitement of that eventful evening. I stooped to pick up the book dazedly. It had been sadly damaged by its fall, and the cover came apart in my hands. Between the outside and the brocade lining a yellow slip of paper attracted my attention. I drew it out curiously, and was amazed to find that it was a leaf of a diary, evidently torn out in a hurry. The word "Massachusetts" caught my eye, and a date —1750. A memorandum of a church service was barely visible, but on the other side of the leaf, I read plainly:

"To-day I joined in holy matrimony the young Pretender, Charles Edward Stuart, *alias* John Douglas and DiedemaBradley. God's will be done."

With shaking fingers I restored this astounding evidence to its old hiding-place. I felt bewildered. "Then who are you?" came singing in my ears like a voice.

In great agitation, I threw open my bookcase and took down a volume of history. The pages opened readily enough to a certain well-read portion of the book, and skimming over the chapters, I came to the following extract:

"On February 28, 1749, Charles rode out of Avignon, and for many years was lost to the eyes of his father and of Europe. If we could trace all his travels for the next five years we should open a chapter of romance as remarkable as his Highland adventures. In many a strange disguise he visited many an unlooked-for place—always in peril of arrest, imprisonment, or even assassination. However, through a close examination of some private Stuart MSS. we have reason to think that the greater part of that time he spent in America."

## THE SOUL LIVES ON.

BY T. SHELLEY SUTTON.

The soul lives on. That which we know as Death  
Is but the soul's achievement of its own:  
The Law of Life o'ersteps the bounds of breath,  
And holds dominion when the breath has flown.  
So dwells the soul—one with its Maker, God—  
In that vast kingdom of Eternal Life—  
*One* with all things, e'en as the carnal clod  
Is one with earth, when death suspends its strife.

The soul lives on. Man, and his Maker—Mind—  
Share equal lives—one soul, one self, and one  
Identity. The midnight star doth find  
Its golden luster in the hidden sun:  
Day comes, and ends; but in the dome of night  
A million mirrors still reflect the source  
Of that great pow'r, which doth make Heaven bright,  
E'en tho' the day has vanished in its course!

So lives the soul. All life, all living things,  
Must needs be made eternal. God would not  
Create, design, give Hope these volant wings—  
And yet consign, with fickle, changing thought,  
To death and darkness, doom, and that grim fate  
Which lurks in Lethe's purview. So to do  
Would prove the Maker's madness. Man's estate  
Is ever ruled by Reason. *God is YOU.*  
*Garvanza, California.*

## NOTES FROM MY MENTAL OBSERVATORY.

BY HESTER ANNIE BERNARD.

Man's judgment is cut on the bias of an individual view point, and bears the marks of such limitation, no matter how just his intention or how broad his generalization. As relative truth it is necessarily subject to constant revision and amendment, and it is by test only that we may determine its real worth in the solution of practical affairs.

Time may or may not be a determining factor of superior excellence. For instance, the perfect blossom of a century plant is no higher an expression of its type than the perfect blossom of a day lily; for all the difference in time of maturity. "Time is as nothing to spirit." There is nothing to be said against short cuts if the traveler has studied his chart carefully, has clearly defined plans and the courage to carry them forward. A short pole will get the persimmons if you are a good climber.

Justice is often sacrificed on the altar of patience. Monuments have been built to patience which have resulted only in monumental wrecks of household harmony. The long-suffering patience of one member of a family reacts in overbearing selfishness in another. This is true in a community sense as well as an individual. A surplus in one direction usually calls for a deficit in another. Let justice have her perfect work.

The whole world responds to genuineness. Be yourself, all wool, yard wide, first-class material if you can—no aping of other people or cringing before another's greatness, be he priest or prince or next door neighbor. Even if but a ragweed by the dusty road-side hold your place with cheerful insistence and act your whole part with justification and joy in the doing. The springing impulse of life that brought you into expression is responsible for you and guarantees you room and opportunity to make the very best of yourself. You are one of the component parts of the whole and as every atom is just as necessary as every other atom of the whole *your* loss would be irrepa-

rable to a perfect universe. So, ragweed or atom though you be, your vibrations are doubtless needed to help hold some star in its course without which a solar system might perish. Then let the white light of an earnest purpose radiate your life until you become the converging point of your high and holy aspirations.

Courage is a great attribute and involuntarily exacts a generous forbearance, whether met with on the crowded plane of human, animal or vegetable life. I was at work in my little garden plot the other day after an absence of two months from home. Five years before, when I bought the place, this special plot had been an Eden for a certain native vine, against which I had waged a relentless war of extermination, and had from season to season indulged in a too sanguine hope that I was well rid of it, only to find the plucky little shoots springing to the surface again and again. However, just before I left home this time I had had every part of the ground not occupied thoroughly sifted and, as I thought, the last white fiber uprooted, so you may imagine my surprise when stepping close to the water's edge there was a thick net of the vines on the ground while others had crept to neighboring shrubs and were well on their way from the earth. I lifted my hoe determined to strike a deep and a death-dealing blow if possible, but one of its bright blossoms caught my eye as it waved on a branch of the tree; I noticed the aspirations of its tendrils that seemed to be reaching out for a sustaining branch higher yet and more exposed to the sun. I dropped my hoe. This sturdy refusal to accept death as the inevitable called for recognition in the human plant who was also trying to demonstrate over the darkness of past beliefs. I said, "I will train you so as to keep this exuberance in bounds, but my hand will never be lifted against your life again."

The people are demanding something more than idle words. They are tired of flaring head-lines on motionless guide-posts, and are saying to the doctors, teachers and preachers everywhere, "Use your prescriptions on yourself. Take your own advice. What is good enough to give should be good enough to take. Prove your faith by your works. What have you

*done*”? And in answer to this growing urge the doctors, teachers and preachers are descending from their high places as spokesmen to lead others in the way they have merely pointed—out of the night of sickness and poverty—if their theories are tenable—into the light of a day of peace and plenty. And the “New Thought” leaders who write and teach “Universal Opulence” and yet hoard their earnings in iron-clad vaults while grinding service down to the lowest living salaries, should be in as bad repute as the old-time minister who wore his religion as a Sunday garb, but one day in the week.

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## GOOD MORNING! GOOD NIGHT!

BY FRANCES HAWKS CAMERON.

Good-night, good-night!  
The pale moon shining dim and white  
Is dying, dying, out of sight,  
    Good-night!

Good-night, good-night!  
My life so little worth, so light,  
Is fading, fading, into the night,  
    Good-night!

Good-night, good-night!  
    Ah no—the night is o’er,  
The day is dawning,  
The world is dark, the cross is bright,  
    In Heaven ’tis  
    Good-morning!

## UNIVERSAL MOTHERHOOD.

BY HESTER M. POOLE.

It is probable that upon reading that remarkable chapter in Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, "The Evolution of a Mother," many persons, for the first time, gained a glimpse of the real significance and beauty of motherhood.

Graphically portraying the slow, unwearied process of the ages whereby life perpetuates itself upon this planet, the author proceeds to depict the first forms of maternity which culminate in the flowering tree. Then follow the homeless, motherless beginnings of animal life, where each tiny form is born into isolation and apathy. Physical maternity there was, but the world knew nothing of true motherhood. The egg once deposited in an environment suited to secure safety and support, the female neither knew nor cared for her posterity.

In fact, affection or remembrance would be useless among such forms as one of the Rotifera, where, in twelve days the parent produces no less than 12,000,000 offsprings.

The date in which maternity reached a point when fewer young were produced at one birth and these such as demanded care, marked an important era in evolution. As they first drew life from the bosom of their progenitor the young elicited the primal emotion of sympathy. Thence was established the first personal tie in a nascent world. We may imagine how great the growth within its borders when that feeling, like an infinitesimal ciliary, extended its tenuous feelers into the frigid air and a sympathetic throb pulsed from zone to zone. Maternity was yielding to the larger, sweeter, finer function of motherhood. Domestic life was foreshadowed. Home became a possibility.

Slowly it grew, but surely—the dawning of that social state when the trinity, father, mother and child, made a little world of sheltered warmth and content and joy. All-embracing wisdom had triumphantly wrought through eons of ages, and

to this end tens of millions of times was matter vitalized in order to fit it for a higher embodiment of the divine idea, a more complex and stable organism, fashioned after a loftier pattern.

"Some power unknown,  
Guides each blind force till life be overblown."

Imagination loses itself in reviewing the vast period intervening between the first egg and the mammal. When the mother began to "warm her loneliness at her infant's love," when she awoke to

"Infinite passion and the pain of finite hearts that yearn,"

the sun arose upon a twilight world, yet all the mighty geologic seismic and climatic changes through which our earth had passed were necessary to refine its materials in order to support more complex organisms and produce deeper convolutions of the brain. But not yet was man fit to recognize the wonder of motherhood. From the serpent crawling along the ground the animal has gradually raised himself to an acuter angle with the earth. Each uplift affected the barometer marking the development of his intellect. Symbolic of the mental and spiritual position is the physical. Finally, when man walked erect, beams from the spiritual sun entered the higher faculties of the brain, hitherto dormant. Man grew to be a responsible being. He knew the joys of sympathy—of love.

Still, the feminine, the centripetal, the conserving partner of the rude home found herself valued only for the care of that home and for her function of child-bearing and rearing—copies of their father, not of her. Man, continuing to be the centrifugal, exploring, destructive partner, later tamed himself from his comet-like career and outgrew the savage. On the animal plane a natural polygamist, knowing nothing of the perils and pains of womanhood, the long perpetuation and safety of the race, depended on those robust and virile qualities which, under due self-control, are still his pride and joy. Nature gave him a long leash ere she undertook the formidable task of changing the barbarian into the man; and to bring him into order, to teach him to respect the orbit in which he should revolve, she



merely puts within his strong grasp the artless clinging fingers of his infant,

“And a little child shall lead them.”

At that the rock melts, his heart is touched, warmth glows through his strong frame. He turns to the mother of the little one, she on whom its existence depends, and conjugal love cements the three in a holy union. Out of the dual, the positive masculine and the negative feminine, comes the trinity. In a large way Association, Progression and Development must express the order of evolution.

The hearthstone thus established, is it any wonder that in early ages the executive, the protecting, the masterful head of the family venerates the names of his ancestor and keeps burning the sacred fire to propitiate their shades?

Yet the isolated family relation, beautiful though it is, is still selfish. “Me and my wife and my daughter and my son—us four and no more,” is the limit of his gospel. The old fight for life, the old competition, though lessening in some phases, still continues. Only those born into the higher life, those whose inner unfoldment has registered itself upon the external consciousness, realize the ineffable sacredness of these words—The Brotherhood of Man. No matter what may be his intellectual attainment or his creed, not until he feels the current of loving helpfulness course through his veins can he be called truly civilized. Not until then can he begin to understand the unspeakable grandeur of the experience and the destiny of each human spirit which is born into this world-consciousness, a child made in the image of our Father who is in Heaven.

That the Science of Humanity is the last to be developed is only natural. Until material forces were refined the atmosphere was too crude for the sustenance of highly developed organisms. Man gains immeasurable dignity from his long, slow climb through the ages. He has only lately realized that through lower organizations the all-informing spirit gradually wrought upward through finer and finer bodies, triturating the material in every incarnation. Vibrations grew swifter as the atoms grew finer. With awe he discovers himself to be the

instrument of, and co-worker with, the Divine Father and Mother.

Now he begins to value motherhood from a different standpoint. The original nature shall hear the redeemers of the world. Woman receives honor as the earthly creator of individual consciousness. The beauty proceeding from affectional qualities and the marvelous powers of feminine intuition are made visible. It is also discovered that love and helpfulness confined to the family relation are consummate selfishness.

Within the family relation, as in all other, there is a core, an inner, subjective meaning. Much is now uttered concerning motherhood, much that is good and uplifting. How many see the larger, later development when woman grows into the universal mother?

During twenty years or less woman is primarily occupied in rearing children—a noble work, none higher on this round globe.

The time comes when these children leave her sheltering home. Her arms are empty. She sees sons and daughters become, in time, the parents of other little ones.

To her, then, what remains? Is her rich overflowing nature to waste itself in the details of a narrowed existence? Must she be content to starve her soul into the chimney-corner in knitting and sewing, in shallow social relations, "church work" or in petting her grandchildren?

No: now is the time for the fruitage of her powers. George Eliot said: "What I look forward to is a time when the impulse to help our fellows shall be as immediate and irresistible as that which I feel to grasp something firm when I am falling." Was not her great sweet nature more certainly the mother of George Lewes' children than that of her who was their physical progenitor, yet who deserted them in their childhood?

There are few thoughtful persons but who must have observed the truth that many an earthly parent is such only on the animal plane. If there be affection it is like that of the tiger, fierce, passionate, by turns overindulgent, and, cruel or thoughtless in its gratification, there mingles little of the rational and none of the spiritual parenthood. This unhappy condition, the cause

of much depravity, is seen in the families of the rich and the cultured—so-styled—as well as among the poor and the ignorant. It is not the real, permanent good of the child so much as the self-gratification of the parent that is the mainspring of the care bestowed upon the nursery. “The little faithful copy of its sire in form and features” is unstudied as an imperishable being endowed with qualities fraught with inestimable results.

Yet, in a measure, is this thoughtlessness overcome by the profound love first awakened in the hungry, empty heart of the mother. That the natural woman invariably desires that relation is as true as that the selfish and artificial, declining to assume its duties and cares, contributes to effeminacy and degeneracy. But that is another topic, not now to be considered.

What concerns us now is that the child’s small hand unlocks a sealed fountain in woman’s heart, a fountain from which issues the healing waters of spiritual love and aspiration, a fountain which shall flow forever for the healing of the nations. The tiny stream thence issuing to water first the flowers that adorn one hearthstone, ripples forth and broadens to those arid and loveless wastes in which wander so many of the starved natures that scarce know of what they stand in need.

She who has never experienced the agony and the bliss of physical maternity, may, in spite, or perhaps in consequence, of that apparent misfortune, become the mother of many. In her loving arms may be cradled a host of those unfortunates. In such a book, filled with humor and pathos as Maria Louise Pool’s “Dally,” we find a notable illustration of this truth. The tranquilly dormant nature of the widow Jacobs, when roused to activity by the audacious yet magnetic child-savage from Carolina, first realizes her possession of unsounded depths of tenderness and self-sacrifice.

In the essentially feminine nature the instinct of motherliness is early manifest. To her doll the tiny girl epitomizes the care and affection prophetic of the later relation. To one of vivid imagination it is a creature of flesh and blood. As she grows older, the kitten, the dog or the pony receive her protective affection, and, in so far as man reaches a high spiritual unfoldment, will he realize parenthood, even though no little ones

call him father. The deductive or feminine side of man is that which conduces to his spirituality, and that can co-exist with all that is noble and courageous.

For concrete instances of universal motherhood we have not far to go. Not the first was Florence Nightingale, of whom Longfellow wrote,

"And slow as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls."

Nor are many of our Red Cross volunteers, with Clara Barton at their head, the last. Scarce a hamlet can be found but some warm-hearted spinster auntie is the confidant, the adviser, the unfailing friend of many in whose veins runs no blood kindred to her own.

To such an exalted character sympathy with the inferior and the erring of her own sex is only natural. To face popular prejudice and clamor she has true fortitude, and this without one wit lowering her own standard. There are failures in her protégés—this she expects, for are not all human? In the midst of every reverse and discouragement she continues reverent to the ideal.

Therefore, is the woman of this century restless, distended by growing pains and erratically feeling her way from outworn conditions into fuller activities? Some field of work she must choose, some homeless and motherless little ones instruct and feed, either physically or spiritually. To the moral Mont Blanc of the next century is she bound to rise. As she attains harmony and repose with age she can sing with the poet of Manhattan,

"O the ripened joy of womanhood,  
O perfect happiness at last,  
I am more than eighty years of age,—my hair is pure white,—I am the  
most venerable mother;  
How clear is my mind! how all people draw nigh to me!  
What attractions are these, beyond any before? What bloom more than  
the bloom of youth?  
What beauty is this that descends upon and rises out of me?"

In that era when wise matrons shall be consulted in all important affairs, even in the highest councils of the nation, when the inductive and deductive, the scientific and spiritual, clasp hands never to be disjoined, shall be the high noon of Universal Motherhood.

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"The doctrine of the Holy Spirit is the doctrine of the divine immanence. The spirit of truth, the spirit of holiness, the spirit of love, are the best and highest expressions of God. Such qualities are well characterized as spirit. There is a spirit in man and the Almighty giveth him understanding. Belief in the indwelling spirit signifies the deepest and the final truth that the life of man is in, and from, the life of God. In his light we see light. Although an unreal and vague mysticism has rested on this belief, yet the belief has always saved men from formalism and externalism. An evolution which finds God in nature and humanity may welcome the truth that God who was in Christ dwells in our minds and hearts by his Spirit which he has given us."—*George Harris*.

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"If we look at our own natures, we shall see that all delight flows from activity in some form, and the more ardent the affections the greater the activity. The idea, therefore, that everyone is to be initiated into some use is in accordance with all we know of man's nature. It is the Divine method of making human beings happy."—*Giles*.

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"The struggle of the spiritual man is to make the world around him like unto what his soul is, ever in peace with God, peace amidst endless activity, peace amidst endless war. In what struggle he lives he labors and dies."—*Mozoomdar*.

## THE WISDOM OF INDIA.

BY M. H. PHELPS.

The following pages are excerpts from my note-book kept during 1903 and 1904 in India. They are reports of conversations with—or rather monologues of—one of the Sages of India—one of those most remarkable men who have clothed that land with the mysterious majesty of spiritual wisdom.

This great teacher is about to visit this country, and those who will may hear his wise and eloquent discourses at Greenacre, Maine, this coming summer. Under the *nom de plume* of Sri Paránanda he has published exhaustive commentaries on the Gospels of St. Matthew and St. John,\* which are no doubt familiar to many readers of MIND, and which show in a most luminous way how the teachings of Christ Jesus and his Apostles are perfectly in accord with those of the Scriptures and wise men of India. The author is better known in the East as Sri Ramanáthan of Sukhastan.

### PATIENCE, FORBEARANCE.

The principal virtue is patience. When you are irritated take time for calm consideration, and in consideration make full allowance for all the circumstances surrounding the person who has produced impatience in you. What you should realize is this:

“What would I have done in this case had I had his training and had I been in the midst of the circumstances which led him to this conduct?”

The obvious answer to this question is: “The same thing.”

Then do not judge him about the past. Teach him about the future. His karma and your karma brought about this event to-day; it is fact—accomplished; it can't be altered. Make no new *vasanas* (mental images or impressions, which remain in the mind as germs from which thoughts spring). You have enough to fight already.

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\* These books are published in London; they may be obtained of H. W. Percival, 244 Lenox Ave., New York City.

*You must cultivate long-suffering as an art.* It is of the quality of sattva (the light-phase of nature). Men of the world are in *rajas* (the desire-phase of nature). They have force, activity, executive power—they have not patience, long-suffering. Without it there can be no progress in spirituality. To give you an illustration, I have long had as a friend a certain man who is highly esteemed by all who know him, who is honest, benevolent, upright. He knows all these things which we have been discussing; he knows the Shastras (a class of Indian Scriptures). Time and again he has come into contact with Masters (Sages—men who have reached spiritual illumination). But beyond the formation of a sound character he does not progress. This is because he lacks patience. Thus, one day when I met him I found him considerably excited. He was about to give away one of his estates. An elder son had been tormenting him about it, claiming it, and to get rid of the annoyance he proposed to deed it to him. I reminded him that the property which he controlled was not his, but the Lord's—that he was only trustee for the Lord to take care of it for those who were entitled to receive it from him,—that he had no right to abrogate the trust by giving it away.

"Yes," he said, "that is so. I had not thought of it in that light." He recognized the doctrine of the Shastras as soon as it was pointed out to him, and for the time it controlled him. But he is very likely to lose sight of it at any time and act in violation of it.

On another occasion he remarked to me that he wanted to do some ploughing, but did not have available the necessary bulls, or an elephant, which would do as well. "But," said I, "—— will gladly furnish you an elephant."

"No," he replied; "I will not have it. He will not let me pay for it. I have done with that sort of thing."

This showed a retrogression in his character, the predominance of pride in it. Pride grows from the same root as lack of patience, that is, from the habit of regarding the things and powers which we seem to control as our own, instead of belonging immediately and wholly, as they actually do, to the Lord. One who realizes this fact cannot but be both humble

and patient under all that happens to him, since he perceives these happenings to be the acts of the Lord.

To become *established* in the way of love by the practise of forbearance, patience and long-suffering is of the greatest importance. To teach my family this lesson I kept them in this house during the long siege of building with which we are going through. They find, and admit, what was anticipated would be a great trial is not so.

When a servant, in a temper with some member of the family, announces that he is about to leave, I frequently say to him—"My child, you will find these troubles everywhere. Put up with them. If you act on this principle you will not only go forth from here but from your next place for a like cause—from fifty places in five years; you will win no love, your old age will find you buffeted about the streets, without friends. Here you can always come to the master—whatever of the others—and explain your grievance to him, and be fairly dealt with. Learn patience, merit the love of one family; this is best for your bodily comfort and for your spiritual welfare."

The effect of constant change is very disastrous to the character. There is no opportunity for the finer and higher qualities to take root—to become established. Therefore when I have a poor servant or an overpaid servant, rather than drive him out upon the street by discharge, or by reducing his wages, which he would probably resent by leaving, unless the case is a very extreme one I put up with him.

*Establishment in the way of love* is the object of all training, of all experience, of all life. This is the ultimate purpose of all law, whether religious or secular. When the Psalmist in the ninth verse of the seventh Psalm beseeches the Lord to *establish the just*, he means to ask that those who are law-abiding may be kept firm in the way of love. The observance of law in proper spirit and not according to its letter, in the widest sense of the term, including customs, the rules made by the legislature and religious law; means that the spirit abides in the law and is not given to vagaries of thought. In consequence of this respect for law the law-abiding soul is blessed with a fear of wrong-doing and a constant desire to be just,



which are great spiritual possessions. The Psalmist says, "Let these just ones be established in love for Thee," for the plan of salvation is that the just shall live by love, which is rendered inappropriately, both in the authorized and the revised versions of the Bible, as the just shall live by *faith*.\* This means that those who have attained steadfastness of spirit through justice and self-denial will be rewarded with the higher blessing of love of God, which in its turn will bring the highest of all blessings, *viz.*, Eternal Life, or full Knowledge of God, which St. John says are the same thing.

#### SORROW AND PAIN ARE MODES OF THOUGHT.

What causes sorrow and pain?

Consider the difference between the existence of a tree and a man; in what does it consist? You will say that one is vegetative, unfeeling, while the other experiences joy and sorrow, pleasure and pain.

How do these moods and sensations arise?

They owe their origin to the mind, which man alone possesses. Joy and the rest are mental conditions, and they are chiefly due to the reflections of the mind on the past, present and future. Joyful emotion arises from those reflections which are in harmony with the desires—sorrowful, from those which are opposed to them.

We continually groan under our burdens—we ever lament—we are discontented and unhappy.

What are our burdens? Thoughts. Put away thoughts and our burdens all disappear. It is not in reality misfortune or illness that afflicts us, but our thoughts. We make burdens of them, and pile them one upon another as we might pile packs upon our backs or loads upon our heads, and then groan under them.

It is another always who is responsible for our unhappiness—our faults we never recognize. "This fellow is a devil," we say; "He is ruining me"; or, "my misfortunes are caused by

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\* This mistranslation is fully treated in the speaker's "Eastern Exposition of St. John," pp. 125-130.

John or James; except for him I would be very happy." Thus are we blinded by the glamour of worldliness.

Every one "puts on" something. Nobody is genuine. The snobby Englishman puts on "side"—pride—and it brings him trouble and pain. . . . This man, you think, is natural in his manner—he affects nothing; but win his confidence, and he will tell you how some one or other to whom, for various reasons, he cannot speak directly on the subject, is imposing upon him and causing him a burden of trouble.

Our thoughts are indeed our real burden. No one has any reason to blame another. You are yourself responsible for your thoughts, and the proper thing is to blame yourself.

Therefore, Jesus said, "*judge not*," and "Take first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

In illustration of the proposition that pain is a mode of thinking, this story is told:

There was a man to whom the sufferings of a widow woman burdened with a large family, and struggling with poverty, strongly appealed. He assisted them, and finally found that he had unconsciously been drawn into heavy expense. Earning 75 rupees monthly, he was spending 50 of these in the support of this family. At length he became weary of his generosity, and although he did not withdraw it, he began to bemoan his unhappy lot, that he should be forced to spend such a proportion of his hard-earned salary upon others. This reflection occasioned him much unhappiness. . . . One day he discovered that this woman was the wife of his son, who had long since disappeared, and that the children were his own grandchildren!

This entirely altered the complexion of the matter, and he began to bewail his parsimony in not having given his relatives the other 25 rupees also!

Now this change of heart was due to the common error that this *body* is me—that what is related to *it* is related to *me*. If this man had perceived that the only true relation between men is a spiritual one, that this relation is neither increased nor diminished by physical or hereditary links, he would not have

experienced unhappiness in the one case or elation in the other; *i. e.*, this unhappiness was a *mode of thought*.

In the same way unhappiness flows from the ideas of "I"-ness and "my"-ness. I grieve over the loss of whatever has added to my reputation, my dignity or my wealth. But these ideas are wholly false—nothing belongs to me—everything belongs to the Lord; if I get rid of them, unhappiness vanishes.

Perception of the true or spiritual relations of things is the only solution of the problem of human misery.

Even physical pain is, in the last analysis, a mode of thought. By proper discipline the spirit can learn how to stand aside and regard the sufferings of the body as the sufferings of another. A case in point is that of the Gaul who attempted to assassinate one of the Roman emperors, while passing over the Alps. He found and entered the emperor's tent and attacked a richly dressed personage, who proved, however, to be not the emperor but his chief minister.

He was brought before the emperor and threatened with torture if he did not reveal his co-conspirators. "What," said he, "you think you can conquer me with pain?" and thereupon he thrust his arm into a bed of coals and held it there with a smiling countenance until it actually dropped away.

Now the spirit of this man did not feel pain, and the narrative shows that there were those about him who perceived that he did not.

This story may or may not be true; but there is no doubt about the fact which it illustrates, that it is possible to withdraw the spirit from the body and mind, so that it shall not feel suffering when the body is destroyed. There are men who can do this, and by doing it they demonstrate that physical pain is a *mode of thinking*.

Of the pain-causing disharmonies of oppositions which arise in the mind, the wise man will lay aside those whose origin is the past and the future. The past he knows to be unchangeable, beyond his reach; he regards it only so far as the experience which it has yielded suggests lessons for his guidance. The events of the future cause him no anxiety, since they are beyond his control. He devotes himself to performing fully

the duties of the present, without regret and without apprehension.

He is like a man afloat on the great ocean. Since he cannot control the events which will happen to him, he is content to guide himself to the best of his ability in their midst.

#### DUTY VERSUS LOVE.

"Duty" is a disorganizing conception. It is based on the relation of debtor and creditor, suggesting the thought that I will do this which I owe, and then I will stop. This fragmentary conception is substituted for the real and actual human relation of love. Love instead of duty should be the binding force between parent and child—master and servant—ruler and subject, indeed, in all the relations of life.

There is no word in our language (Tamil) for "duty." The word is early modern English, from due, Latin *debitus*. The conception involves an invocation of the *Law* in place of *Love*—a descent from Love, the genuine relation to Law, which in the Divine plan is merely the instrument to lead us to Love.

Observe that "duty" is not the real governing power of the family. If there is a limited amount of food the father does not divide it into fractions and portion it out—this to you—this to you. It is more likely that the parents will give all to the children.

Love has been, and sometimes still is, the force which impels the actions of the citizen or subject with regard to the state or king. The time has been in India when rulers had a dignity and worth of character which inspired their people with boundless devotion. This is the ideal civic relation. "Duty" in this connection has a hollow sound, and means little more in common parlance than fear of the law. The basis of real patriotism, of real good citizenship, wherever these exist, if not love for the heads of the state, is love for the state itself, founded and cherished by our fathers whom we love.

Servants should be taught to render service for love. Frequently I find it necessary to speak to my servants thus:

"Whose work are you doing?"

"Master's."

"If the Master had no money to pay servants, who would do his work?"

"Master would do it."

"If I did my work myself, would my right hand say to my left hand—I will do this and no more?"

"No, Master."

"No, my hands and my feet would do what was to be done, working all together. My work is one. It cannot be divided. The servants in my house must not divide it. If one servant does not do that which has been assigned to him, the others will see that it is done if they love the Master. This you will do if you love him; and he cannot continue to love you unless you show that you also love him. And without love there will be nothing good."

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## TO HELP THE WORLD.

BY M. G. T. STEMPEL.

The way for you to help the world is this:  
Live every day as if it were a life  
Within itself complete.  
Each morning when you waken, gladly greet  
The shade or shine, and see what you've to do,  
What mission of sweet service waits for you.

Welcome each debtor, welcome every grief,  
From yesterdays bring nought of bitterness,  
To-day's are not those things,  
To-day's is life, each enough sorrow brings;  
And every day gives you enough to do,  
Your strength is for the service nearest you.

Forget the slights of yesterdays, and love  
Each soul for what it is to you to-day.  
If from you Autumn's sere  
Has taken that which was to you most dear,  
Gather what is, and fold it close to you;  
It is with this day's things that you've to do.

Watch every thought and chase away all gloom,  
Help other souls find brightness, joy and peace;  
Make glad your atmosphere,  
Cheer your own heart if others you would cheer;  
Smiles beckon smiles. A glorious work to you  
Is just to make those glad in touch with you.

Waste not a moment seeking for the sin  
In other souls, 'tis not for you to judge.  
If you will hold mankind  
For one short day as good, you'll surely find  
It better when to-morrows come to you,  
More ready for the work you have to do.

Let others strive to reconstruct the laws  
That man has made and man alone can change;  
There is no great, no small  
In this wide field of life, God needeth all.  
And every little loving thing you do  
Makes, at last, heart happiness for you.



"I know that it is generally supposed that a good man leaves all his imperfections behind with the material body. But there is no ground for the belief. The body does not sin. It is just as powerless to do that before death as afterwards. Goodness and truth, evil and falsity, are mental and spiritual qualities not material."—*Giles*.

## SOUL AND BODY STRUCTURE.

BY PROF. AYLMER HARDING.

It is in the eternal order of human progress that reaction should follow action, and that after material manifestation has approached a high degree of perfection some attention should be bestowed upon matters metaphysical.

In the onward march of higher investigation to-day the esoteric functions of soul are not more interesting than the hidden functions of body-building, and in the world of research among advanced western minds two fields are open, *viz.*, What constitutes the soul and what is the vital relation between soul life and conserved and transmuted sex energy?

The solution of these important questions involves other than the highest reasoning faculty, and thus is beyond the reach of the mere curiosity-monger and pseudo-scientist. It requires actual physiological study backed by metaphysical research, and, what is vastly more important, the experience of those who have led the esoteric life and who have mastered the insidious approaches of the serpent's enticements.

There are numbers of advanced students who use the terms "soul" and "spirit" interchangeably. This should be first corrected, and it will be no waste of time to ponder over the distinction. God is Universal Spirit, omnipresent, omnipotent, omniscient, and man is made in God's image and likeness. Spirit is permanent, real, changeless, eternal. The great purpose of creation is to evoke and evolve this implanted Divine substance in man. When we recognize man as possessing a physical structure through which manifests the Spirit of the Most High, we call him a "soul," and refer to the objective manifestation of this same Spirit as the action of "Mind." Soul and mind are one. It is also actually true to affirm that "All is good and all is Spirit," for mind and matter are only Spirit manifesting upon planes of greater density. Each soul is Spirit individualized and, so to speak, colored by the character-

istics of habit, tendency, and temperament; to continually and consciously keep one's identity with Spirit and to make the body and mind subservient is to manifest the pure essence of *love* at all times in the daily relations with the world.

Swedenborg regards the soul as being the receptacle for Divine Life, considering it as well as the mind and the body as an organism, touched into life and sustained alone by God. This teaching suggests that in contradistinction to living souls there are also dead souls. There are dead souls only so far as the individual recognition of Divine latency has not been awakened, and to live in the consciousness of intellectual and animal life solely is to be in Hell or separated from God so far as consciousness of His Being is concerned. There is a law in physics which sheds peculiar light upon many abstruse matters: *That which is least dense interpenetrates that which is most dense*, provided chemical affinity exists between them. For instance, light travels through glass, damp through a brick wall, sound through the wood partition, thought through space, and the justly calculated spoken word from the Universal Mind vibrates to all eternity through the Universe.

The soul from its nature functions upon two planes, that within man's physical organism and that without, composed of infinitely rarified etheric substance; under the control of will it becomes wonderfully interblended with man's physical organism and his magnetic emanations and auras. Now here is the next and less known proposition. *The soul life is dependent upon conserved vital energy*. When sex energy is wasted ignorantly or selfishly the maintenance of the soul life becomes literally endangered thereby.

The functions of the spleen are still largely unknown to the Western physician, and, as this organ has much to do with the subject, let us see what the Eastern mystic and medical man says regarding it. "The fact is that the blood which has passed through the splenic pulp is impoverished of hematic elements and rich in lymphatics; the red corpuscles have suffered in the spleen a special operation which has transformed them into leucocytes or white corpuscles." The spleen is the occult center of relation between the plastic etheric outer aura and



the physical body, and its work consists in taking from the red corpuscle its vitality, and it is this vitality which as fluidic ether nourishes and sustains the plastic mediator or etheric double of man. In all occult experiments the spleen is kept in exceeding activity, for it has to supply fluid and life to the astral double and plastic mediator, both of which vibrate with extreme mobility.

Now there are seven distinct auras, which we may, for the sake of clearer explanation, regard as varying qualities of magnetic and vital emanations. *All these are interpenetrated by the soul life*, and their colors, quality of density, are dependent wholly upon this soul life. The soul life is the great determining factor, and consequently of supreme importance to maintain. We have thus briefly dealt with it as extraneous to the body.

Physiologically speaking, the sympathetic nervous system, or brain in extension, is perhaps the most wonderful structure in the human body. The network of telegraph lines which convey silent messages from thousands of points operated by the workings of the cerebrum, cerebellum, solar plexus and nine other great centers as yet unknown to modern science—these things furnish us food for thought.

Situated midway between the north and south poles is the solar plexus. The north pole is the head with its complex contents, and the south the reproductive organs with their marvelous creative functions. In all these the soul works, guiding, controlling, suggesting, helping, preserving, maintaining. We saw how the spleen did its work, converting the red corpuscle into the white corpuscle and disposing of and absorbing the vitality to supply the astral double. Similarly, the mechanism of the reproductive organs takes from the red corpuscle the vital essence and, incorporating it with a fluid secreted, generate the sex fluid which, under normal conditions meeting with its mate, propagates the race and manifests in the perfectly reproduced form of the evolved child. Heaven is dependent upon earth, and earth is a breeding-ground for angels. Could we but realize it, we are all angels "in the rough; savages in training for angels."

Now this vital fluid, in common with the nerves and other parts, is infused by the active principle of soul life, and it is because the organism and secretions are capable of being interpenetrated by more rarified etheric substance that heredity becomes possible and psychic influence during the prenatal period is of such supreme importance.

The conservation of the vital fluid means the retention of the vehicle in which the soul-life dwells. It is a well-known fact that the sexual pervert experiences the consciousness of separation from God, and thus yields to melancholia and extreme morbidity. This "separation from God" is the direct outcome of wasted vital energy.

To live for others, to allow the Law of Love to hold continual sway, to consecrate the whole powers of mind and body to the guidance of the Spirit of God is to conserve and control the expenditure of the vital fluid and thus maintain vigorous health, enabling the spleen and other organs to adequately fulfil their appointed tasks, and thus constitute the center for healthful, life-giving emanations, which, charged with vitality of a high potency, shall verily "heal, help and save to the uttermost," imparting, literally, "knowledge, faith, love, and the abiding presence of the Spirit of God."

We are "fearfully and wonderfully made" and a more intimate relation exists between soul and body than has been dreamed of by the Western mind.

The "New Thought" is doing a much-needed pioneer work along these lines. Before sowing seed it is necessary to pull up the stumps and plough the soil. Such pulling up and ploughing is the work of this comparatively recent movement. It cannot be too constantly impressed upon the average mentality that the so-called physical being is the medium by means of which the spiritual functions on this plane. Imperfect circulation and breathing apparatus, wasted and misused vital energies, are no fit vehicles for the expression of a being "made in the image of God." And this is another instance in which it is futile to put "new wine into old bottles." It is as a "living sacrifice, holy" (whole) that we are to appear before Our Maker. More good is accomplished in this world, more lasting

service to the cause of moral progress by our healthful, perfectly functioning, spirit-infused life than by dozens of fallow-skinned, short-breathed lecturers and teachers. Simply to *be* is more than any preachment. In fact, many thinkers of insight believe that the time is not far distant when we shall "cease from words" in the sense of teaching and "the foolishness of preaching,"—a man's life shall be his contribution to the advancement of the world, his creed need not be questioned, and he shall not say to his brother, "know the Lord, for all shall know him from the least even unto the greatest."

Health is infinitely more "contagious" than disease. A perfectly functioning organism radiates health. A happy, radiantly healthy man or woman coming into a company of the stooping-shouldered, ill-nourished men and women we meet daily on every side—men and women who have not fulfilled half their natural functions and have wasted or perverted the other half—is like a being from another world, a magnet of continual and irresistible attraction. It is not the *personality* that people are drawn to, in love with, almost worship, but the expression of their own starved and stunted ideal; it is the call of their true selves they hear, and often, in spite of themselves, heed. Health is healing, life is life-giving. "It is the spirit that quickeneth, the letter profiteth nothing."

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"A man is said to be confirmed in spiritual knowledge when he forsaketh every desire which entereth his heart, and of himself is happy and content in the Self through the Self. His mind is undisturbed in adversity; he is happy and contented in prosperity, and he is a stranger to anxiety, fear and anger. Such a man is called a Muni. When in every condition he receives each event, whether favorable or unfavorable, with an equal mind which neither likes nor dislikes, his wisdom is established, and, having met good or evil, neither rejoiceth at the one nor is cast down by the other."—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

## THE WISDOM RELIGION.

BY MARCUS JULIAN.

From time to time are raised anew, by the uninitiated, the same threadbare objections and long-mooted questions anent the cardinal points of the "wisdom religion." Few have the patience or even the time to give the matter the study it requires or deserves. Perhaps a short survey of the debatable ground may interest more than the merely curious. The most common protest raised is that "reincarnation is contrary to all the religious teaching with which the western world is familiar." Again, "it is visionary"; "its study takes more time than the average man has to give it." The questions "Does Nirvana mean annihilation"? "In order to become a theosophist is it necessary to lead a celibate life"? "Does theosophy require vegetarianism"? Or "What is the distinctive difference between the teachings of theosophy and other eastern religions and philosophies and what is the argument in favor of its tenets"? are constantly being asked. Let us see if we can come to some adequate and not too lengthy conclusion in the matter.

To begin with: Reincarnation is not contrary to *all* the religious teachings with which the western world is familiar, but only to the modern materialistic form which those teachings finally assumed. For confirmation of this statement read the literature connected with the early Christian church—the various so-called "heresies"—the writings of the Neo-Platonists and the Gnostics;\* read Origen, the great expounder of the mystic traditions of the church; Clemens Alexandrinus; Tertullian; Shepherd of Hermas; Justin Martyr; see gospels of Mary, Peter and James, and last and most convincing proof of all that Jesus taught an esoteric doctrine to his pledged disciples, "those who were within"; read the Gnostic Gospel, *Pistis Sophia*, said by Greek and Coptic scholars to have been compiled by the

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\* See King's "Gnostics and Their Remains."

great Gnostic writer, Valentinus, about 150 A.D. *It antedates the "Four Gospels" and is just as "authentic."* It was translated from Greek into Coptic by Valentinus; from Coptic into Latin by Schwartz; the German scholar, Amélineau translated it into French; and G. R. S. Mead, one of the editors of the *Theosophical Review*, has given it to the English reading world. This manuscript is of intense interest to theosophical scholars, as it affords one of the strongest proofs that Jesus taught to an inner circle of chosen disciples what is now called *Theosophy*! This proves that Jesus spoke, as have all other great religious teachers, *to two classes of hearers*. "Those without," viz., the uninitiated to whom the moral and ethical instructions were given; and "those within," viz., the pledged disciples to whom was taught the science of the soul; and we find Jesus confirming this: "And the disciples came and said unto him, Why speakest thou unto them in parables? He answered and said unto them, *Because it is given unto you to know the mysteries of the Kingdom of heaven, but to them it is not given*" (Matt. xiii, 10-11). The doctrine of the resurrection of the dead originally referred to reincarnation. When the great schools of Gnostics and Neo-Platonists were finally crushed out by the overwhelming numbers of *ignorant Christians* the teachings of the great Origen were finally condemned as "heresy" and the death-blow was given to the doctrine of the pre-existence of the soul by the Roman Emperor, Justinian, at the Council of Constantinople in the year 538, when the following edict was issued: "*Whoever shall support the mythical presentation of the pre-existence of the soul and the consequently wonderful opinion of its return, let him be Anathema.*"

The little esoteric knowledge left in the church was finally engulfed in the great tidal wave of ignorance which afterwards swept over Europe. No one who is not familiar with the literature and traditions of the early Christian church is competent to pass an opinion upon what "Christian" doctrine really is, or to pose as a teacher and exponent of Christianity.

Instead of the theory of pre-existence being visionary it is the "one-life theory" which is visionary. It gives us nothing to build on—makes us victims of chance, slaves of a capricious

deity and destroys our sense of responsibility. It is as unscientific as it is unphilosophic. Hume says the theory of pre-existence is the "only system of immortality that philosophy can hearken to." Huxley says: "None but very hasty thinkers will reject it on the ground of inherent absurdity. Like the doctrine of evolution itself, that of transmigration has its roots in the world of reality, and it may claim such support as the great argument from analogy is capable of supplying."\* Max Müller declares "'the greatest minds that humanity has produced have believed in reincarnation.' Western psychology, while rejecting the theory of 'special creation' as a biological absurdity, finds itself face to face with the horns of 'dilemma.' Either the mind or soul is a 'special creation' or it is the by-product of living organism. Science has pronounced the theory of 'special creation' untenable—worthless in its intrinsic incoherence, worthless as not supplying a moral want, worthless as not satisfying an intellectual need; we must, therefore, consider it as counting for nothing in opposition to any other theory respecting the origin of organic beings."† "If we regard the soul or mind as the by-product of living-organism (the French school of psychologists has demonstrated scientifically that *consciousness may work apart from physical organism*, and Alfred Binet declares that Wundt's famous paradox, 'The mind is a thing that reasons,' to be a scientific fact) then it can have no individual existence after the death of the body, and all the energy put forth towards self-development and the evolution of organism can have no fruit unless transmitted to another organism through procreation. But even here there is the difficulty of *quantities*. If the aggregate powers of each of the two lines of heredity along which this transmission was made are held to be represented by the quantities  $4x$  and  $6x$ , then the production of an organism which is capable of expressing an aggregate of powers equal to more than  $5x$  is an anomaly which must be accounted for by the materialistic hypothesis. In connection with this objection of *quantities* the following are the chief facts not included in the physical theory of soul-origin:

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\* "Evolution and Ethics," p. 61.

† "Prin. Biology," Vol. I, p. 345, H. Spencer.

(a) The appearance of *new* characteristics in a hereditary line; (b) the birth of idiots in families of education and mental training; (c) the birth of men of genius from parents of obscure origin and little or no originality of mind. In regard to the latter anomaly an appeal is generally made to the theory of *cumulative* heredity, but it has yet to be shown that in cases where genius thus spontaneously appears in any family there was any *such inherent quality to accumulate*, and even then the causes which affected its suppression until the point is reached where it suddenly manifested as genius would not be accounted for. If the materialistic hypothesis is consistent, however, *mental* characteristics can only be developed by *physical* function and particular characteristics by special function so that the argument for *cumulative* heredity cannot account for the *sudden* appearance of *special* ability in any particular family."<sup>1</sup> Now that the fact of *physical* evolution is recognized, even by theology, it is easy to predict that the recognition of *psychical* evolution cannot be long delayed.

And then as to the protest that "It takes too long!" The only reply that can be made to such a childish objection is *study the laws of evolution*, try to develop mentally so as to be able to grasp, even faintly, the tremendous time-periods involved in all of nature's processes. We simply delude ourselves when we imagine that we can *jump to ultimates*. Impatience is always a sign of immaturity; the present popular idea among certain sects and cults that this *jumping to ultimates* may be accomplished simply by denying or ignoring the impermanent is the result of intellectual myopia. They fail properly to *gauge the distance*. "It is a law, the negation of which is inconceivable, that in passing from any one stage to any other *all intermediate stages must be passed through*."<sup>2</sup> To this statement the "Wisdom Religion" says *Amen!* True, man is potentially divine—"a god fallen into matter"—but this enfolded deity unfolds gradually through a definite process of evolution.

Yet again Nirvana does not mean annihilation, but the *extinction of material desires*. Jesus defined it in the words, "He

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<sup>1</sup> Walter Old F. T. S.

<sup>2</sup> "First Principles," H. Spencer.

that loseth his life (the lower life of the personality, *i. e.*, material desires) shall find it" (*i. e.*, the higher spiritual life). In reality Nirvana means the *highest expansion of consciousness*. Jesus refers to Nirvanic consciousness when He says: "The Father and I are One." "If ye have seen *Me* (the mystical 'Christos'—the 'Christ-principle in man' to which St. Paul also refers—not the historical Jesus) ye have seen the Father" (reached the Nirvanic consciousness known technically among students of occultism as "the plane of the Father"). The great difficulty in grasping this thought is shown by the way in which Christendom has distorted this statement. We cannot conceive of life outside of form as we know form, yet "*Real life is a conscious existence in Spirit not matter.*"<sup>1</sup> Another biblical passage which refers to this plane is found in Rev. iii, 12: "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of My God and *he shall go no more out,*" *i. e.*, whoever overcomes his lower nature—material desires—controlled his outgoing energies would "*go no more out*"—to rebirth or had attained Nirvana. Theosophy regards the Heaven world (or *Third world* as it is sometimes called) as itself impermanent—as the period of rest, or spiritual gestation between earth lines. Does not the bible tell us that the "Heavens shall roll up like a scroll," and does not Jesus say "the Heavens and earth shall pass away but my words shall not pass away?" There are many significant passages in the bible referring to the impermanency of the heaven world which Christian expounders seem to have overlooked. This higher consciousness cannot be realized; in fact, we cannot even desire it until the soul has gathered and assimilated all the experiences which can be gleaned from the personality. The word Personality is from *Persona*, meaning *mask*, and refers to the perishable part of man's constitution; the word Individuality is used in the sense of permanency and refers to the immortal part of man. They are known technically among theosophical students as the *Quarternary* (*i. e.*, the Personality), and the *Triad* (*i. e.*, the Individuality). The idea of annihilation with which Nirvana has been associated is the annihilation of the

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<sup>1</sup> H. P. Blavatsky.



quarternary—personality; hence the student can easily see how this misconception has taken root.

Most emphatically theosophy does not “require” its followers to become vegetarians—that is entirely optional. A distinction must be made, however, between being merely a member of the Theosophical Society and being a real student of occultism. Unfortunately, at present, they are not synonymous. Any one of good moral standing who will accept the idea of Universal Brotherhood may become a member of such a society, and he may be as carnivorous as he pleases. Man is as yet totally oblivious to the fact that he is in a measure responsible for subhuman evolution. The “Wisdom Religion” recognizes subhuman and superhuman evolutions. Man is the link between. In proportion to his helpfulness to those below him in the scale of evolution is he able to receive help from Those above him. “Give,” said Jesus, “and it shall be given unto you.” The great majority, at least in the western world, are under the delusion that *God made the animals for us to eat!* When a member of the Theosophical Society becomes imbued with the exalted ethics and teachings of theosophy—once he has caught a glimpse, be it ever so faint, of the glorious possibilities that await him—he understands that the animal is a *fellow pilgrim*, and he can never again sacrifice its evolving life to his abnormal appetite, for if he aspires to be a *real student of occultism* his love and compassion for all must develop; he must begin the purification of his physical, astral and mental bodies. For only the “pure in heart” can “see God,” *i. e.*, attain to knowledge *first-hand*. The real student knows that he cannot have a body that will serve him as a delicate responsive instrument if it be fed upon coarse animal food. What he needs for his work, if he would verify for himself the truth of theosophic teachings, is a body that will respond to higher and higher vibrations. If the brain be clogged, the appetites and passions stimulated with alcohol and animal food, he is simply unfit for the work he wishes to perform. Body and mind have gradually to be brought under the perfect control of the *will*. Such a goal is before all, but the training time is optional with each. They may drift with the great unthink-

ing majority or they may hasten their evolution by consciously working in harmony with Nature's great Law—*Nature is conquered by obedience*. But before we can hope to transcend and control the law we must first learn to obey it.

Furthermore, it does not require its adherents to be celibates; on the contrary, domestic duties form a very necessary factor of the training of the soul. No demands of life are to be disregarded. It is only by the rigid discharge of the duties belonging to the station in which each finds himself that he becomes fit to undertake the more arduous. "Noblesse oblige"! The reply to this question involves the distinction made in the previous question, *viz.*, the difference between being merely a member of the Theosophical Society and being a real student of theosophy. The latter understands that he cannot waste a force and conserve it at the same time. The sexual force is one of the strongest forces man has. This force is to be gradually transmuted on to higher and higher planes. It is absolutely absurd for a man to stimulate his already strong passions by the use of alcohol and animal food and then talk about leading the life of a celibate! When a student of occultism sees a man whose food is not pure pretending to celibacy, he knows that he is simply a fraud, no matter what he may call himself. There is a significant passage in the Bhagavad Gita which says: "From food creatures become." In all ages real students of occultism have been abstemious. In the ancient school of Pythagoras—based upon the teachings of the "Wisdom Religion"—the candidates for admission were required to discharge, first, all duties pertaining to domestic life, then those pertaining to the state—the political duties—and only after these had been undertaken and faithfully discharged was the candidate considered fit to become a celibate, or to be "initiated into the mysteries" of real knowledge. Real knowledge confers power, and power in the hands of the selfish and uncontrolled is dangerous because it is always subverted to selfish ends. Few, very few, are fit for the advanced stage of celibacy. Karma yoga, or the path of duty through action, *i. e.*, union with the Supreme through the performance of duty, is the problem before the great western world. Because theosophy justi-

fies and renders intelligible the bases upon which morals are built, therefore does it show us how to solve this problem.

Under all the changes of external forms certain elements of belief have ever remained constant. It is these constant elements of belief which are the basic principles of theosophy. They may be briefly summed up as follows:

First. One Eternal Incognizable Real Existence.—*Upon this all speculation is impossible. It is unthinkable, yet cannot be excluded from consciousness.*

Second. The Manifested God unfolding from Unity to Duality, from Duality to Trinity.—*All force manifests as a trinity, i. e., Substance, Energy, Intelligence.*

Third. From the Manifested Trinity many Spiritual Intelligences guiding the Kosmic order.—*Law is the uniform activity of Intelligences.*

Fourth. Man a reflection of the manifested God, therefore fundamentally a trinity, his Inner and Real Self being one with the self of the universe.

Fifth. Man's evolution by repeated incarnations into which he is drawn by desire and from which he is set free by knowledge, becoming divine in potency as he had ever been divine in latency.

Theosophy thus includes, reconciles and explains Pantheism, Monotheism and Polytheism. It is the opponent of none, the exponent of all. The real student of the "Wisdom Religion" sees in each man's religion merely *his stage of growth*, therefore he has charity for all; he knows that the Brotherhood of religions must be demonstrated if the Brotherhood of man is ever to be realized; he possesses the key that will unlock the doors leading to the accumulated knowledge of the mighty past! Herbert Spencer has shown how all human opinions pass through three stages, *viz.*, "the unanimity of the ignorant, the disagreement of the inquiring, and the unanimity of the wise." While western students of comparative religion and mythology attribute this striking resemblance in the fundamental principles of religions and mythologies to the first of these stages, *viz.*, "the unanimity of the ignorant," the students of theosophy attribute it to the last of these stages, *viz.*, "the unanimity of the wise." The former hypothesis is based upon the phenomena exhibited by

animism, solar, ancestor and phallic worship, but fails satisfactorily to explain whence the appearance among savage races of *ideals higher than these races could have evolved unaided*,\* and which also fails to explain how it is that the highest civilization has always existed side by side with the rudest savagery, for no matter how far back we penetrate into the night of time we find evidences of high civilization. In his "Six Great Systems of Indian Philosophy," Max Müller infers that this striking resemblance in fundamental teachings implies "a unity of source." This accords exactly with the theosophic view. The great founders of all religions had reached the same plane of consciousness—the *Nirvanic plane*. They taught the same fundamental principles because *they saw the same truths* from the same view-point. When the plane reached is high enough there is no conflict of opinion. The differences are merely differences in the "intellectual moulds" into which the same truths are poured. These "intellectual moulds differ, according to race, age and stage of development." Once the student begins to realize the meaning of this unity in essence, Universal Brotherhood is no longer a theory, but a fact—the *Ideal becomes Real!* That the ancient Egyptians understood this unity in essence can be seen from the sublime hymn to Ammon—Ra :

"The gods adore Thee, they greet Thee, O Thou One Dark Truth !  
 The gods bow before Thy majesty by exalting the souls of *That* which produces them ;  
 And say to Thee, Peace to all the emanations from the Unconscious Father of the Conscious Fathers of the gods !  
 We adore the souls which emanate from Thee !  
 Thou begettest us, O Thou Unknown !  
 And we greet Thee in worshiping each god-soul which descendeth from Thee and liveth in us !"

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\* See Andrew Lang's "Making of Religion."

## CENTERS OF FORCE.

BY F. LANDON.

I was much interested in a paper in a previous issue of *MIND*, in which the "centers of astrology, and the 'serious weeds of error' that in this connection are 'silently growing' in the American mind," were discussed. As an American, it has been to me a continued source of regret to observe that, just as public interest is awakening to the truth, importance, and the dignity of the time-honored science of astrology, the attention of our people is being diverted and their confidence shaken by vagaries claiming to stand on an astrological basis, and which are put forward with all the "business push" contingent upon the belief on the part of the originators that they have "hit upon a paying thing." The pursuit of truth is not altogether consistent with that of the "almighty dollar," as our English friend gently suggested.

In the article referred to, the statement was made that "until the end of the soul's pilgrimage in its physical casket, it is for the major part of its manifestation concerned with mind and matter, and therefore, polarized towards the earth," and this is one of the few instances which I have found in the writings of an astrologer a statement of the true basis of astrology. Astrology, if it is anything, is an exposition of the effect upon a given center of the direct rays of the "stars" with which it deals, and in order to be practical in the affairs of earth, it must interpret the influence of heavenly bodies upon the earth as a center. It is most certainly true that the sun is the center of the solar system, but astrology is not concerned with the effect of the life, or light rays of the members of that system upon the sun, it is not supposed to be a science by means of which the conduct of affairs upon the sun are to be determined; we must be satisfied to leave the direction of the august affairs of that orb to those to whom such affairs are entrusted, and confine our attention to the beneficent or malefic influences

that the solar companions of our planet are pouring so directly and continually upon her.

A perfect understanding of astrology would furnish the thread by which we might be safely guided in an exploration of the perplexing labyrinth of the numerous and diverse agencies which are projected upon the earth by means of planetary rays, their correlation, and angles of incidence. All formulation is effected by means of straight lines and their resultant angles. The circle itself, the direct expression of the mother principle of nature, is produced by the meeting at right angles of straight lines of force,—the line of tangential force and that proceeding from the center, or focal point. Any substance, sufficiently responsive, subjected to the attack of a line or lines of vibratory force, will take shape in accordance with the quality of the attacking force and its angles of incidence. Interesting experiments have been made in this direction by means of the projection of waves of light and of sound, even grains of sand ranging themselves in geometrical figures when attacked by a sound wave.

In order to understand stellar influence upon the earth we have but to extend this law in its application to planetary rays as they are focalized upon the earth, and to remember that we are dealing with lines of force which are not only formulative in their effect, but that these rays contain in themselves chemical constituents which actually enter into and become a part of the substance attacked, and that the form assumed by that substance, material or immaterial, is in harmony with the quality of the ray, and, consequently, of the planet from which it comes. It is needless to add that this influence is as potent in its immaterial as in its material manifestation, for nature exhibits the utmost impartiality in the administration of her laws; whether she is working in gross matter or in the more highly developed realm of human thought and destiny, she exacts the same unerring obedience to the same unchangeable laws. The continued application of identical laws upon continually ascending planes of existence is the only means of unveiling her mysteries.

When it appears that astrology deals exclusively with the

descent of creative or life potencies upon the earth and the phenomena attendant thereupon, as evinced in the changes constantly occurring in life and its surroundings—in the human as well as in its lower forms—it becomes apparent that the science is distinctly that of involution, or the polarization of the creative energies toward substance, material or immaterial, mind or matter, which is to be acted upon and take shape in accordance with the life ray which is involved.

The Oriental conception of involution is a beautiful one—that of the “ray dropped into the mother-deep;” and Oriental teachings follow the journey of that ray through the seven worlds of Maya, or manifestation, until it finally reaches “Manu, the thinker.” But the ray from the Eternal Source that “shot through the virgin egg the ray that caused the eternal egg to thrill and drop the non-eternal germ”—this ray through all the subsequent journeys of its return to the Eternal Source is a point of focalization for the never-ceasing inflow of creative energy; or, in other words, toward it there is a constant polarization of the stellar rays embodying the qualities necessary to its growth and maturity. This ceaseless inflow we term involution, and the science of astrology concerns itself with the laws and phenomena connected with this descent of creative energies; and a very exact science it was when the heart of the great mother lay bare to the youthful race, when she entrusted her inmost secrets to her children. But astrology fell when the race fell, and, as the people sank deeper into materialism, it became in its degeneracy scarcely worthy to be called a science. In late years, however, there seems to be a reviving interest in astrology and a returning recognition of its value and dignity. Especially is this true in England, where some effective work is being done in this direction.

In identifying the science of astrology with that of involution, let us mark the distinction between growth as considered from the standpoint of involution and that of evolution. The processes of involution move from the exterior to the interior. Growth is the result of life energies focalized upon, polarized toward, the individual. Webster's definition of the term justifies the inference that the involutionary processes are those

by which the individual is *involved*, "surrounded," "entangled," by conditions from which he is to derive needed elements. Evolutionary processes, on the contrary, are from the center outward, the gradual "unrolling," the "revealing," of a central principle; according to Webster, it is "to disentangle and exhibit clearly and satisfactorily." And as the interior man, the individual center, gains in power and strength, he naturally gains in the ability to take command of surrounding conditions, in other words, of the involutionary forces of which he finds himself the focus. Viewed from this standpoint, it is clear that, although astrology is distinctly concerned with the involutionary or focalizing life energies, yet in determining the character of these forces it necessarily furnishes no small indication of the development and qualities of the evolving principle. Nevertheless, it must be admitted that the influences with which it deals, the cosmic rays, whether stellar or zodiacal, move from without toward the center; the inner principle is, so to speak, a focal point toward which there is a polarization of attacking forces, which, moreover, in essential particulars are constantly changing throughout the life of the individual, both as to quality and angles of incidence. The value of astrology depends upon its ability to determine what these changes will be and when they will occur. That the character of the individual entanglement, as indicated by conditions active at birth, should furnish the means by which this may be done, is in accord with universal order, for chance has no place in the divine plan, and did we but understand the action and interaction of natural laws, the future in its minutest details would hold no secrets.

If, therefore, we admit that astrology is the science of involution, we find ourselves confronted by the very evident conclusion that there also exists a science of evolution, reaching its deductions, as does astrology, by means of a study of cosmic forces, but that its calculations, instead of being made, so to speak, from periphery to the center are from the center outward; that it does not deal with the polarization of planetary influences toward the individual as the given focus, but that it considers the individual as a central or evolving principle



which is to be measured and studied by the qualities and influences which radiate from it, formulating and controlling that by which it is surrounded. We all admit the existence of such a principle; moreover, it is clear that, as a central power, it bears in essential particulars the same relation to the physical body and the world of nature that the sun does to the solar system. We may even go further and assert that in all particulars that relation is the same, and I shall endeavor to show that the authority for studying it as a solar principle is as worthy of respect and veneration as that upon which astrology itself rests; and that, consequently, in the examination of its growth and character—*i. e.*, in the science of evolution—we must make our calculations from a solar basis instead of from the earth as a focal point, as does astrology, the science of involution, and that thus the science of evolution is necessarily a solar science.

In seeking a cosmic basis for the study of human evolution we must first inquire into the nature and origin of the evolving principle as manifested in racial development; in doing this I shall closely adhere to racial tradition as found in the Cabalistic, Biblical, Egyptian, Indian, and like records.

Our first ancestors, those androgynous beings who first appeared on the earth, were an immaterial ethereal race who had not yet descended into matter. A physical body and sense system and the resultant intelligence, mind, were to be developed by the slow processes of involution by which they were to be entangled in the cosmic life. They belonged to the noumenal world, that of ideation, ruled by Uranus. The Greeks tell us that Uranus was their father, that this first race was followed by the offspring of Saturn, then by that of Jupiter, by which we are made to understand that each succeeding race left the archetypal world of ideation, the immaterial, ethereal existence, farther and farther behind, and incorporated more and more fully the grosser life substances into a material body, thus perfecting an animal nature, a sense system, and the intellect, which is the result of the experiences of sense life, until finally the involutionary processes will reach the fulness of animal, sensuous, intellectual life which is under the rule of Mercury.

In thus tracing the descent of the virgin soul into matter—the immaculate virgin who through all her wanderings remains unsullied by the material world—we are following the course of racial involution; we journey from the mystic realm of Uranus until we pass under the immediate sway of the physical Mercury, whose fierce ray beams directly upon the last and lowest step into matter, and who, from the involutionary standpoint, bestows all that is most fortunate and desirable. The life of our first ancestors was the soul life, a living in the divine consciousness, partaking of its joys, swayed by its will, and illumined by its cognition; but from the Edenic state they plunged into material, or sense experience, sinking step by step until, finally, they were literally buried in gross matter. For long centuries the soul gave little evidence of its presence further than the work of building and regulating the physical body and directing the involutionary processes, which, however, sufficiently demonstrated the unimpaired powers of its pristine state. Of late years metaphysicians have been startled by remarkable glimpses of this soul-existence, called by some of them the subconscious mind.

The plunge into materialism, or the experiences of sense, meant simply a descent into the life currents, “entanglement” in the cosmic energies; and as these currents have grown more and more potent the fires of life have burned ever brighter, and from the sublimated essence arising therefrom an interior principle, the mind principle, the Logos, “Manu, the thinker,” has been evolving. Like the genie of the fable who slowly takes shape from the wreaths of curling smoke, so this divine principle of command, this master, to the magic of whose word all life responds, gradually grows into form from the etherealized potencies rolling up from the fires of transmutation. This process is that of human evolution, the revelation, the disentanglement, of an interior principle.

The principle thus evolved as the product of sense experience, or the cognition of that which is exterior to the individual, is necessarily allied to the world of form. Its sphere of activity is that of formulation of thought. It is the mind principle which finds expression in the Word, the Logos. It is the Christ,

the Son of God. On the contrary, the soul, which is the original or, so to speak, the foundation principle of man's nature, reigns in the inner sanctuary of his being; the loves, sympathies, and emotions are under her control. She works in the vital currents, is the chemist and receives and disposes of the involutionary currents. Through the centuries she has builded and controlled the physical organism, and she has been so closely linked to the creative mind that her work has varied but little from the creative plan; but as the individual mind, the Divine Son, gradually takes form as the result of her diligence, she slowly transfers her allegiance, and he assumes command of her functions; she looks to him to direct her work.

When this relation between the mind and the soul, the subjective and objective consciousness, has been fully established, man enters upon his divine heritage; he has taken the dominion, for all those mighty powers, that god-like knowing, which characterized the race during the golden age, the age of the soul life, and which were only called into action at the volition of the creative mind, are now at the command and under the absolute direction of the mind and will of the individual. Aye, more, the soul has heretofore been one in consciousness with the creative spirit, she was the crown of the *anima mundi*, its ruling principle, and she has known nothing beyond that plane. She was called a lunar principle by ancient mystics, and certainly the moon directs the character of her work; no matter what their quality, the involutionary currents are polarized by her according to the moon. On the contrary, the intelligence evolved from the transmutation of these currents, the Christ principle, belongs, by virtue of its more refined and exalted quality, not to the creative but to the spiritual plane; and when her union with him has been perfected she will be lifted by him to a state of spirit consciousness. All those wonderful powers which have identified her in the mind of the race with the primeval gods who once walked the earth will then be active on a higher and more potent plane. She will be one in consciousness with the Father, he who rules the creative spirit and all pertaining to the *anima mundi*.

The Master called the establishment of just relations between

the Divine Son and the soul a betrothal, and such it is, for, as the reasoning or masculine principle, he stands looking out into the world of form, and thinks, plans and executes, while she, holding a counterpartal relation to him, belongs to the inner sphere, and turns her face toward the great world of causation and there sees, knows, and executes and gathers to herself and to him. In another sense she is the immaculate virgin of whom the Divine Son is born. The Christ, or evolutionary principle, was known among the Egyptians as Horus, who is at once the son, the brother, and the consort of the holy virgin. It is interesting to note that the immaculate virgin and the Christ are everywhere associated. We know of no people, ancient or modern—except possibly the savage of the lowest type—whose religion does not possess a Christ born of the Virgin.\*

It has been necessary to treat the matter thus fully in order to assure a definite conception of man's dual nature, for the two departments of his being are directly related to the involu-

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\*In making the statement that man is a dual being, it is not intended to set aside various subdivisions made by different philosophies. The universe of which he stands at the head, and of whose laws and principles he is the embodiment, is a dual organism. Positive and negative, exterior and interior, male and female, is the universal order. The two principles underlie all other distinctions; after these comes the mystic signification of three, four, seven, etc., according to the phase of truth we may be considering. The phenomena of the objective and the subjective sides of man's nature have too long occupied popular attention not to make the consideration of him in his twofold aspect at once the most natural and the most practical. Indian philosophy (theosophy) itself, which most insists upon man's seven constituent principles, practically makes the distinction that I have made when it explains that there exists in nature a triple scheme of unfoldment, which at every point is interblended,—the Monadic or Spiritual, the Intellectual, and the Physical. When we learn that the Monads, or Divine Sparks, are the "Lunar Ancestors," and that the Intellectual is represented by the "Solar Devas" (Secret Doctrine), we find just what I have given above, except that Cabalistic and Biblical philosophy makes a distinction between the terms "ethereal" and "spiritual." The plane of unfoldment which the race is approaching is the *spiritual* one, and not that unsubstantial, *ethereal* condition which preceded physical experience; in other words, the race is not destined to return to the condition whence it came.

tionary and the evolutionary currents. The soul is a focus toward which are drawn the involutionary forces, while, on the other hand, the mind, the Logos, is a center from which radiates the power which is to control and formulate that by which it is surrounded. This distinction must be clearly made in the effort to find a cosmic basis for the science of evolution, in contradistinction to astrology, that of involution.

It may be well to emphasize another thought in connection with the study of the two great currents of creation, the ascending and the descending, the incoming and the outgoing, the involutionary and the evolutionary. In a cosmic sense the involutionary forces leave the "unsubstantial world of ideas," with which Uranus is identified, and descending, planet by planet, they seek the grosser more material Mercury. The currents of evolution, following an opposite direction, lead from the fiery and vital Mercury, through all the intervening planetary steps, until they reach the mystic Uranus. Consequently, astrology values the favors of Mercury, while the science of evolution must look toward Uranus, which belongs to the mental and not to the vital activities, as the ultimate of its ideals.

There are certain pivotal truths around which the higher thought of all ages and all nations has revolved, and under such circumstances we may absolutely rely upon racial intuition, for nothing but truth possesses sufficient vitality to defy time, and amid change and upheaval maintain its hold upon the faith of a world. Conspicuous among such truths is that which identifies the Christ principle, the Logos, with the solar principle. The Cabalistic student Meyer says: "The cosmic mystery is a spiritual idea symbolized in the matter-world." Clement, of Alexandria, makes the declaration that Christ "came to men as cosmic." Mysticism has universally recognized the Logos as a spiritual utterance of the word proclaimed by the center of the solar system; the inherent qualities and the function and phenomena of the life of the one are, upon the spiritual plane, identical with those of the other upon the material plane. Truth is ever twofold in its manifestation; its existence involves a soul, or spiritual mystery, and a physical

body, or its expression in the "matter-world," and an exact knowledge of spiritual truths can only rest on the basis of a study of the laws governing, and the nature of, their material expression. So absolutely is this true that an understanding of cosmic law would enable us to read, as in an open book, those sacred mysteries that have been withheld from the world of the uninitiated.

Nor is the conception of the Christ as a spiritual expression of the solar principle confined to mysticism, for it is a well-known fact that, in obedience to the law of material and spiritual correspondence, the people of every age and every clime have recognized our cosmic sun as the material expression of the Christ, the Divine Son. Every nation, from the almond-eyed Orientalist to the aborigines of our own country, has traditions concerning its Christ, and so striking a uniformity exists in these traditions as to indicate a great central thought around which they cluster. Evidently this pivotal idea is a perception of the fact that the Christ is an incarnation of a solar principle. The events connected with the lives of these various "Incarnations" resolve themselves into solar phenomena as related to the earth. Swedenborg says that "the history of the soul of the man regenerate corresponds to that of the sun, as the vitalizing center of the physical system, and has accordingly been described in terms derived from the solar phenomena as indicated in the zodiacal planisphere." This is more circumstantially true of the life of Christ Jesus than perhaps of the Christ of any other religion. Did it not involve an unwarrantable elaboration of our subject, it would be interesting to trace this correspondence from his birth, which, together with that of Buddha, Mithras, Osiris, Horus, Hercules, Bacchus, Adonis, and other reputed "Incarnations," is said to have occurred on the birthday of the sun—the time when, after the rest from his last round of earthly experience, he again enters upon his task as savior of the world—to the death and the three days in the "heart of the earth," where, as does our cosmic sun, he lingers before he again rises upon the world in the vigor and glory of a new life.

The whole range of occult thought does not contain a truth

more perfectly established and more universally recognized than the fact that Logos, the Mind, "the Thinker," is a solar principle, and can only be treated and understood as such; and the science of human evolution rests upon just this cosmic basis, nothing more, nothing less—that the mental characteristics are to be studied from a solar standpoint, and that in their determination we must make our calculations from the sun and not from the earth as a center. As the outcome of the *transmutation* of currents poured upon the earth the mental constitution does not belong to the earth plane of life's ascending scale, but to the one next beyond, that is, its composition is essentially of solar elements. The mind is not the inspirational or receptive side of man's dual nature; its province is not to submit itself to be played upon by zodiacal currents from every point, until, by the very weight of accumulation, it is buried from sight; that is the office of the soul, whose functions are distinctly feminine.

The mind is connected with the vital currents only through the soul; its plane of manifestation is that of their sublimated essence, which is a solar plane, and by virtue of which its work is to formulate and control. The determination of mental quality by zodiacal influence focalized directly upon the earth, is very like judging the wine by the juices of the grape before they have passed through the processes of fermentation and refinement. The astrologer who does not perceive the fact that mind is a solar element, and that its quality must be determined by making his calculations from the sun as a center, is as grossly in error as the enterprising individual who tries to make astrological calculations from the solar center. Neither makes the necessary distinction that the human nature is dual, the function of one part being to receive the life energies, that of the other to formulate them; that the constitution of one part is of earth elements, that the other is composed of solar energies.

But it must not be understood that in determining mental quality from the sun as a center we pursue methods of computation similar to those used by astrology in connection with the earth as a center. Here, again, we must make the distinc-

tion between the processes of involution and those of evolution, the functions of receptivity and those of formulation and control, the effect and the cause, for in considering the relation of the sun and that of the earth to their companions of the solar system it is just this difference that we must observe. Astrology views the earth as in a receptive attitude, a focus for the involutionary rays, their qualities and angles of incidence, and she calculates the effect of these influences upon terrestrial affairs. On the contrary, the solar science of evolution sees the sun as an evolving principle whose agency controls its surrounding system; and, consequently, zodiacal and planetary influences active therein are but an expression of its own qualities and energies, the result of the solar emanations, and not in any sense a focalization upon the sun. Therefore, the use of the term "center" to indicate the base of computation in both the science of involution and in that of evolution is misleading, as in the one case the life rays are polarized *toward* the earth as a center, and in the science of evolution they are supposed to radiate *from* the central sun; the one is a center of receptivity, the other of radiation and formulation. Consequently, the planetary and zodiacal influences and conditions by which the sun is surrounded at any given time indicate the solar constitution at that time, and they also determine the mental constitution of an individual born at that time. His mind will be characterized by those particular qualities all through life; culture and training may modify and improve, but the texture of the real man remains. Neither is he in his solar relations, nor is the sun, affected by the aspects, angles of incidence, etc., of the planetary rays focalized toward the solar center, for the solar principle and its conditions are the cause and not the effect of zodiacal influence. Of course, during life he may be somewhat affected by changing solar conditions, but only to the degree that solar influence—mark you, not the direct zodiacal rays—chemically affect the permanent basis of his mental organization.

We have remarked that the human mind is influenced by the direct cosmic rays only through the soul, also that the work of the soul, which is the crown of the *anima mundi*, or the ele-



ments of earth life, is largely directed by the moon, in fact, that ancient mysticism claims that the soul is a lunar principle; consequently, we may readily see that the solar principle, the Mind, the Thinker, is polarized toward the earth through the moon; that its task of taking control of the soul functions, and through them of the vital energies, must necessarily take the direction of the soul activities, which are under the sway of the moon. Therefore, although the mentality is purely solar in its constitution, yet it is polarized towards, or linked to, the earth through the moon, or through the soul, which, in effect, is the same thing.

Another point is to be observed, the individual mind being thus linked to the earth, of the twelve signs of the zodiac—which are the great radiations of the twelve solar qualities—that in which the earth was immersed at the time of one's birth forms the base of his mental organization. But it must be remembered that this is simply giving preference to one of the solar emanations which takes the lead in the man's mental nature because of his polarization toward the earth and the fact that the earth was immersed in this quality when he was born.

It may be asked how the planets can give expression to constantly changing solar conditions. We have seen that there is a radiation from the sun of twelve distinct qualities of life emanations, its aura. We also know that man is the epitome of the universe, that the ultimate toward which creation reaches is the arrangement and harmonization of its twelve constituent elements in the order in which they appear in the human organization; man is Nature's ideal, the highest that she knows. Therefore, the solar emanations are not without order, and the order of their arrangement is in twelve distinct divisions, which, according to their separate qualities, follow each other in the succession in which the same qualities exist in man,—first, Aries, the cerebrum, that division, or quality whose function is intellection; second, Taurus, the cerebellum, in which sensation is dominant; and so on down through the entire man. Thus, in his chemical order, the man of the heavens encircles the sun, head and feet meeting. Now when

the elements of ideation and mysticism have the ascendancy in the solar conditions, and, consequently, in the organization of an individual born at that time, Uranus, the planet allied to that quality, appears in Aries, the head of the solar man. In like manner, whenever any one of these seven vital, or creative, principles—which are the seven qualities ranging from Aries to Libra—asserts itself in the solar constitution by reason of its unusual strength and activity, the planet especially allied to that principle is found immersed in its quality; and always the individual born at such time is dominated by that principle. In this way the position of the planets indicate what quality or qualities are especially active in the solar life.

In presenting this line of thought regarding the solar side of the human nature I have not advanced any new ideas, but have simply made practical application of truths found in the oldest records of which the world has any knowledge. We are, of course, dealing with an occult subject, and, while the argument rests upon as substantial a basis as is possible in that realm of thought, yet the only absolute demonstration of what we find there is the result obtained by putting its truths to the test of actual use. In the present case this has been done. The solar science has been put into form, although it is, as yet, in an elementary and unfinished state, and I have found it a most satisfactory method of studying mental organization. A beautiful work will be given to the world when it receives a complete exposition of the solar science of evolution in connection with its counterpartal science, astrology—the study of involutionary forces. When these two sciences, together with their mutual relations and interaction, are perfectly understood, we will possess an absolute method of determining the character and events of human life.



“The mind that is parallel with the laws of nature will be in the current of events, and strong with their strength.”

—Emerson.

## EDITORIAL DEPARTMENT.

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### A WORD OF EXPLANATION TO READERS.

The present issue of MIND is dated May and June. We have found it necessary in order to catch up and to be able to bring MIND out at the usual time of the month to issue a double number.

Late in February the printing house that has heretofore printed MIND was burned out. Since then we have encountered many difficulties in trying to bring out the publication on time.

We have made arrangements, however, whereby MIND will be issued not later than the 20th of the month preceding its date. While we have made a double number of this issue we do not intend that our subscribers shall pay for a year and only get eleven numbers, but every subscriber will be continued for one month after the expiration of his subscription.

We hope that this explanation will satisfy the subscribers and readers of MIND who have been inconvenienced for the last three months.

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Elsewhere in this number the readers will find the first of an interesting series of articles entitled "The Religions of the East." A few words will not be out of place to introduce both the contributor, Mr. Sarat C. Rudra and the subject of his articles.

Mr. Rudra hails from Calcutta, India. He is a Hindu by birth of the Kshatriya or Military caste. His education in India and Europe in the natural philosophies, mental and material sciences, coupled with his extensive travels in various countries,

make his reflections and observations worthy of careful thought and attention.

The subject he proposes to deal with is most interesting. Religion in the broadest sense is the most important study in the upbuilding of man; we might say it is the life of the soul. The unthinking mind is filled with misconceptions concerning *a religion*. The Christian, the Buddhist, or the Mohammedan religion is looked upon by its different devotees as "The Religion," instead of *a religion*.

True it is that through *a religion* an inquiring mind can arrive at a knowledge of truth. The followers and believers of the different religions throughout the world invariably lay claim not only to the superiority of their religion over others, but also ignore the fact that truth co-exists in thought and actions no matter how expressed. The consequence is deplorable. In the name of religion more war has been waged, hatred and contempt kept alive, crime and persecutions wilfully committed between nations and individuals than the greed for land or supremacy of commerce has ever evoked. These conditions are only possible when the majority of mankind in their blinding ignorance take the shadow of Religion for its substance and becomes intolerant of those who happen to differ in their opinions.

People who have outgrown the circumscribed limits of *a religion* have learned to sift and assimilate truth whenever and wherever found. Such persons are the true interpreters of religion. All that is fundamental in each and every religion is only a part of the one great religion. Religion is the active principle of man in the spiritual and mental planes as ether is the active principle of matter in the visible Universe. Like the invisible forces in nature, religion is always shaping, fashioning and molding the mind, even though one fails to recognize the fact. Alike in infancy, youth and old age it is ever present

in the life for the uplifting of mankind ; therefore, it should be of interest to the seeker of truth to make a deep and careful study of not one only, but of all the well-established religions of the world.

Students who have left records testify that a study of comparative religion broadens the mind and sharpens the intellect. Through such study even a sectarian can obtain better knowledge concerning his own religion and will undoubtedly also learn to respect the religion of others. Among the religions Mr. Rudra will write of, will first of all be his own, Hinduism. In later articles, Judaism, Buddhism, Taoism, Shintoism, Confucianism, Zoroastrianism, Christianity and Mohammedanism will be carefully reviewed.

Surely in these various religions there is plenty of room for thought and reflection, and we venture to say that when the readers of MIND have finished these articles they will have more comprehensive knowledge of Universal Religion.

CHARLES BRODIE PATTERSON.

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### THE SOURCE OF ENERGY IN MAN.

Man is the visible expression of manifestation in nature of the Universal spirit. The word Man comes from the derivative meaning "one having a mind." All things and objects known to be matter are also expressions of the same Divine will. Energy, in its ordinary accepted meaning, is the power to do work. The ways and means by which matter acquires energy are many, but in man there is only one source—the Self or Ego, from which it emanates. Although the Self is the original source, energy issues through the mind, the receiver and distributor. We cannot see the mind, but through its own

functions can recognize its nature. The mind is the seat of all desires, and all actions are the outcome of those desires.

The success of human actions are, however, conditional. The stronger the desire, the greater is the amount of energy supplied to overcome obstacles.

Man is the epitome or model of the whole Universe. In him resides the Spirit and manifests intelligently, having requisite forces necessary for the completion of evolution and manifestations. The Self or the Ego which appears distinct in individuals manifests in man in the active form. Energy which is being supplied from its source which knows no exhaustion.

When the mind realizes this truth and recognizes the Spirit in Self, the power of man becomes boundless because his energy could then be directed with unfailing success through matter, space and time.

SARAT C. RUDRA.

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### CONCENTRATION.

Of all the functions of the mind there is none higher than Concentration. Ordinarily, we speak of concentration meaning deep thought, but the real significance is infinitely higher. Indeed, it is the highest function of practical importance which a man in his mind is capable of developing. There is no object in the Universe which cannot be accomplished through concentration. In the world of manifestation we realize every day that concentration can accomplish phenomena of the greatest magnitude; for instance, an inventor brings out his invention not by giving attention to the subject in a casual way, but by fixing his close and undivided attention to it. A painter of the highest attainments will not be able to reproduce a picture of even ordinary merit, if during the process of paint-

ing, his mind is not wholly given to the object. Every one of us at some time or other have noticed that while a man is engaged very intently on a subject, mental or material, he is unconscious of the fact that any person has approached close to him, or he does not notice loud knocks at his door. These effects are due to the fact that his mind is concentrated on one subject only to the exclusion of all others.

In chemistry, concentration means boiling down a substance; in metallurgy, the getting together of the metal. In each, the thought of the mechanical designer or of the experimenter is expressed in the elimination of the dross from the pure elementary substance. Concentration, when applied to the mind, signifies the same purifying method, but on the mental plane. When one looks deeper into the workings of nature he cannot fail to observe the process of crystallization going on in all the three kingdoms, Mineral, Vegetable and Animal.

Varied and bewildering are the functions of the mind. It is so difficult to use a few of them at a time. To exercise concentration is to try to eliminate or drive away all other thoughts but the one under contemplation. Such concentration directed to the material plane brings out results of greatest importance to the social and material well-being of man, but when this is directed to the spiritual plane the result is most transcendental and far-reaching. To develop the power and practise of concentration on this spiritual plane is the duty of every man and woman.

Through concentration alone and by this means only a man can break through this great illusion of manifested Universe, and can arrive at the divine knowledge of the individual Self emanating from the Universal Self. Attainment of concentration and its perfect control depend on time and constant exercise. Whether for the purpose of material or social gain or for the attainment of the highest knowledge of nature, the

Soul of Nature, Self and God, concentration is the only means through which success is possible.

SARAT C. RUDRA.

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"Those who have spiritual discrimination call him wise whose undertakings are all free from desire, for his actions are consumed in the fire of knowledge. He abandoneth the desire to see a reward for his actions, is free, contented, and upon nothing dependeth, and although engaged in action he really doeth nothing; he is not solicitous of results, with mind and body subdued and being above enjoyment from objects, doing with the body alone the acts of the body, he does not subject himself to rebirth."—*Bhagavad-Gita*.

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### AFFIRMATION.

BY URSULA GESTERFELD.

With reverent recognition of my birthright,  
 I claim my sonship with the Almighty.  
 I am in harmony with my source.  
 The Infinite Health is made manifest in me.  
 The Infinite Substance is my constant supply.  
 The Infinite life fills and strengthens me.  
 The Infinite Intelligence illumines and directs me.  
 The Infinite Love surrounds and protects me.  
 The Infinite Power upholds and supports me.  
 I have the freedom of the Sons of God.  
 With all that is in me I rejoice and give thanks.  
 God and man are the all in all, now and forevermore.

\*\*\*\*\*

"The greater part of our life is made up of our relations to other people, and to idealize our lives we must idealize our relations with others."



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### CONTENTS

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- II. The Rational Man
- III. The Psychic Man
- IV. The Spiritual Man

#### Part Two

##### THE SON OF MAN

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